$1
MAY

# VOGUE

SPECIAL
ISSUE

THE
LIFE
AND THE
LOOK
THAT'S IN
FASHION



# THE AMERICAN WOMAN 1969...

HER LOOKS... HER LIFE... HER MEN... HER MIND




# When was the last time he saw you blush?

We're not suggesting you don't blush.
Of course you do. But underneath heavy foundations
those charming blushes are invisible.
New Liqui-Creme® make-up
changes that. It lets you come through.
There's never been a foundation this light, this
translucent, this natural. Liqui-Creme
make-up gives you the face you've
always wanted. Your own. Only lovelier,
with all the beauty and naturalness of youth.
Come on now. Start blushing. And let him
see how pretty you look.

**Liqui-Creme: the light foundation for that younger look.**




Charles of the Ritz

VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

Our peripatetic dress. Ready and able to be seen in all the right places. Italian pongera of fibranne rayon in white-and-black. $145.



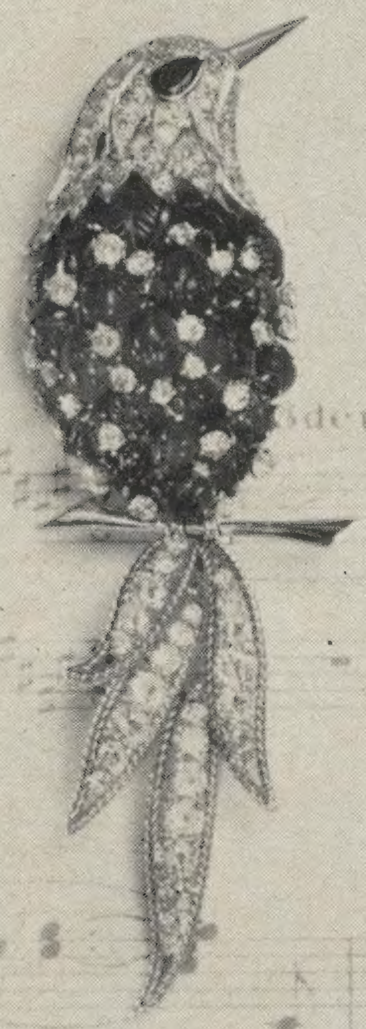


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# VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

*World-Famous Jewelers*

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS, INC., 744 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK · PALM BEACH · PARIS · LONDON · GENEVA

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MAY, 1969

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

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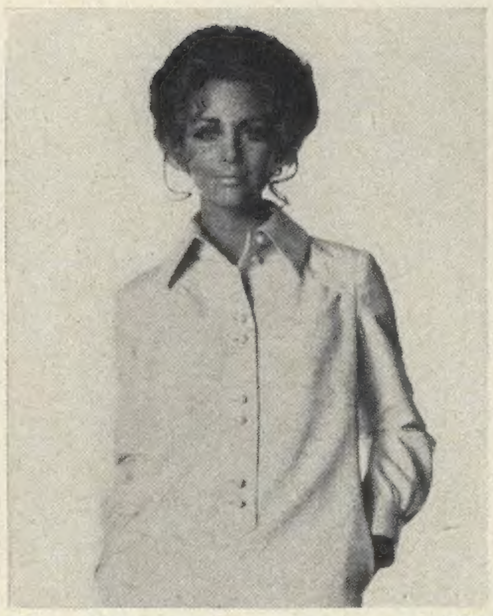
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PENN

COVER: The look that's in fashion for the great American summer—the longer shirt-tunic over pants . . . pale pink grainy silk with a surprise up both sleeves . . . one is bright pink, the other yellow. By B. H. Wragge. About $180. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Rich's; Hudson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Napier earrings: Bonwit Teller. . . . The face that's in fashion wears Illumination Whisper Pink on the mouth, a blush of Lumina Peach on the cheeks—and an eyeful of news: Minute Lashes, named after the no-time it takes to put them on (see Ready Beauty for details). All: Helena Rubinstein. Alan Lewis of Kenneth coiffure.

## FASHION

145 Vogue's Eye View
204 Leigh Taylor-Young in little black dresses with a bathing-suit look
208 The new black bathing suits
214 Fisherwives' skirts for the great American summer
218 U. S. fashion Sunchamps—transparency in pants, tunics, jumpsuits; brown and white for shorts, shirtdresses, little beach coverups; sweaterdresses short and long; bare midriffs; crisp white day dresses; the jeans idea with shirts and scarfs
238 Vogue's Own Boutique of Suggestions, Finds, and Observations

## FEATURES/ARTICLES/PEOPLE

146 The Passionate Rebels. By Stephanie Harrington
148 Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, IV; Mr. and Mrs. Peter Edelman
152 In America, the Great Brain Divide. By Mary Ellmann
153 Mrs. Paul McCartney; Mrs. Carter Burden; Mia Farrow
158 Mrs. Richard Milhous Nixon
160 American Uniques in France—the Shrivers
168 Mrs. Martin Luther King, Jr.; Dr. Mildred Mitchell-Bateman; the Hon. Shirley Chisholm; Miss Elma Lewis; Dr. Dorothy B. Ferebee
174 Rose Cutler and Alexandra Gardner
176 Where American Women Are Now. By Margaret Mead
178 Mrs. Vincent Astor; Dr. Mary S. Calderone; Jane Jacobs
182 The Lindsays of New York
190 The Rugged Art of Social Climbing. By Stephen Birmingham
192 People Are Talking About . . . Goldie Hawn
194 Lee Bontecou; Buffy Sainte-Marie; Barbara Jo Rubin
252 Puzzles to Devil the Mind. By Ivan Morris
256 On Proceeding M. A. By T. S. Matthews
259 Where I Live. By Ilse Aichinger

## FASHIONS IN LIVING

141 Vogue's Decorating Finds and Ideas
249 Hot-Dog Diet—The Three-Star Way

## BEAUTY

40 Vogue's Ready Beauty
58 Beauty Checkout: The proud and the beautiful—five stars
66 Beauty Checkout: This is belittling? A well-sauced diet
198 Beauty Bulletin: Aromatherapy; perfume pointers

## DEPARTMENTS

120 Vogue's Notebooks: In Hartford, Rome, Miami, and Paris
128 Vogue's Spotlight: Movies. By Anthony West
130 Vogue's Spotlight: Books. By Albert Goldman
132 Vogue's Spotlight: Money. By Henry C. Wallich
134 Vogue's Spotlight: Art. By Barbara Rose
136 Vogue's Spotlight: Movies. By Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.
138 Vogue's Spotlight: The Underground. By John Gruen
143 Men in Vogue . . . Notes, Quotes, and Votes
258 Vogue's Travelog
260 Vogue's School and Camp Directory

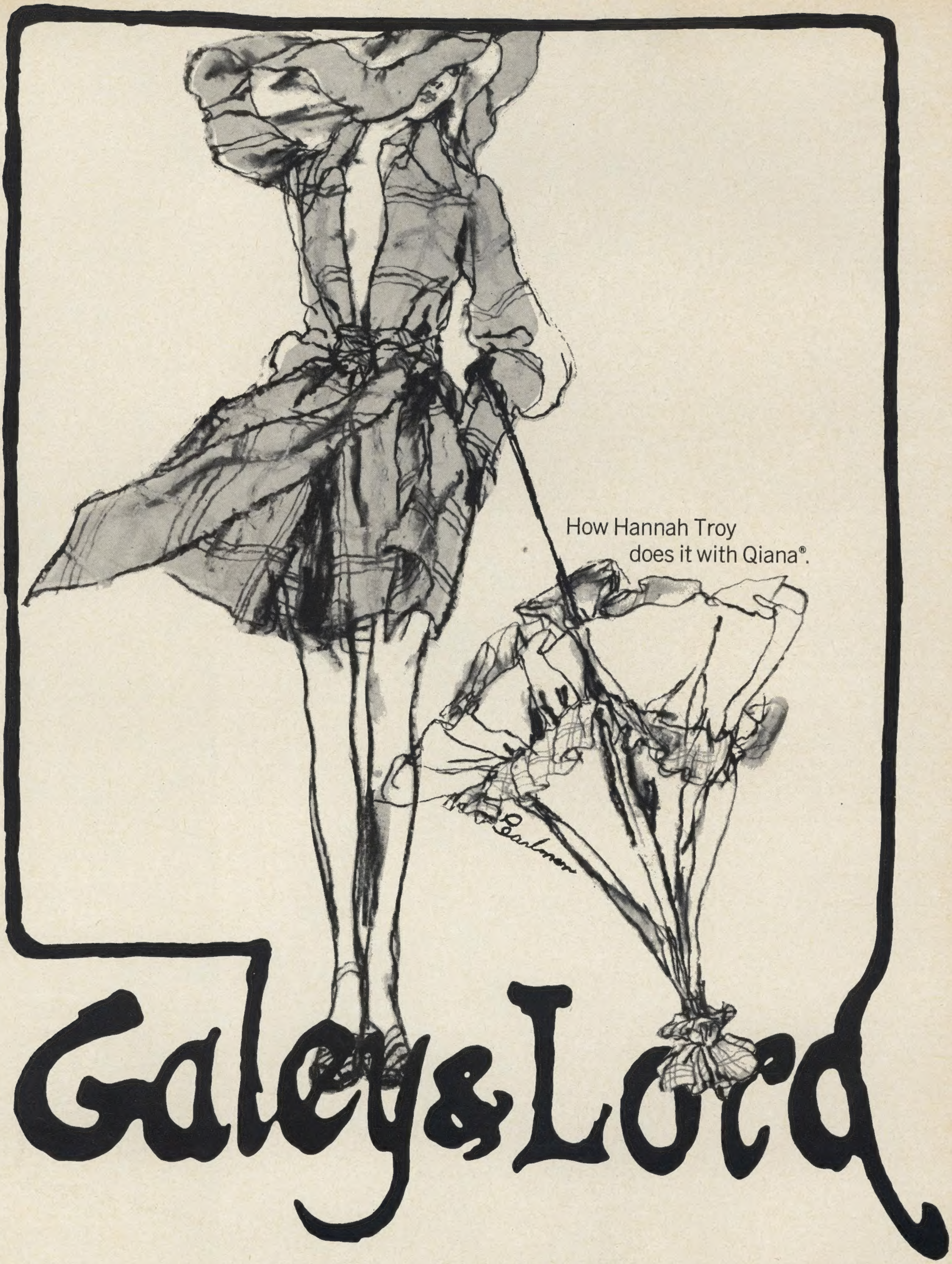
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KENNETH PAUL BLOCK



PURE CHARISMA:
THE GALANOS PLEATS AT BONWIT'S

Miniscule tucks ripple with news as they race
to meet a flurry of pleats. It's the Galanos
shirt-jacket costume in silk chiffon, the dress beneath belted
with wooden squares
and everything colored a divine
chocolate mousse
shade of brown. 1055.00
Designer Salon
New York

BONWIT TELLER



*If there were a best-dressed list for faces, this makeup would put you in the top ten.*

# 'Ultima' II creates

**A revolutionary new *2-phase* concept in makeup that gives your face a luminous new dimension of color—*and seems to take 10 years off the texture of your skin.***

It's the first makeup that actually 'controls' the light around you—never lets your skin be seen in anything but its youngest, most flattering light. The stranger-than-fiction fact is: Applied one upon the other, these two silky, *compatibly-colored* phases 'filter out' the dull, muddy light-rays—and reflect only the pure, fresh, skin-praising tones. Only this unique 2-phase formulation could literally 'select' the light values most flattering to you—and keep your makeup looking superb, *under all lighting conditions*—(daylight, artificial light, even harsh fluorescent light). Now no light in the world can 'wash out' your coloring, sallow your skintone, or rob you of glow.

# The 'Perfect Makeup'

*Only a 2-phase makeup could give you such perfect texture, too.* Flawless, impeccable, refined to the last pore. And uncannily, the *two* weightless fluids (brilliantly bottled in separate flacons) feel lighter on your skin than *one*. Yet they are so rich, you need no under-makeup moisturizer! This, then, is 'The Perfect Makeup'. We'd *love* to see your face when you try it.

---

'ULTIMA' II. Created by Revlon for the woman of elegance.



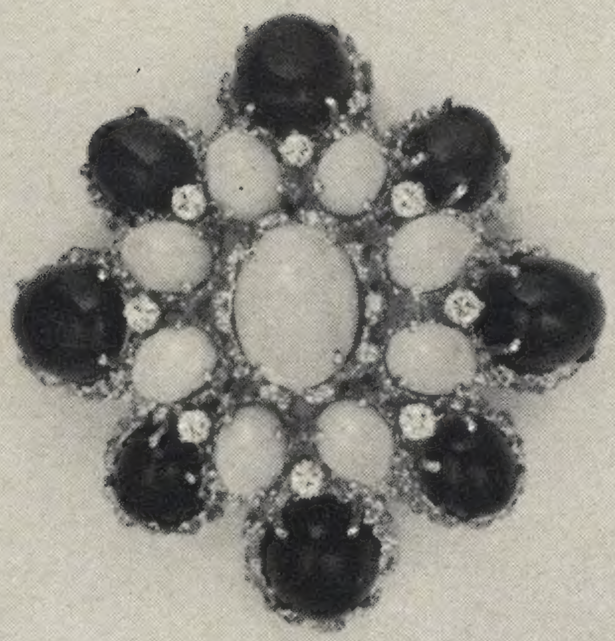
12 PERFECTLY BEAUTIFUL SHADES.

*Phase I:* a tinted liquid 'primer' that flows on an underglow of color—and emollience. Seems to *resurface* your skin and render it poreless.

*Phase II:* a tinted 'finishing fluid' that gives your skin an 'extra dimension' of color-and-light. And completes the *perfect finish.*

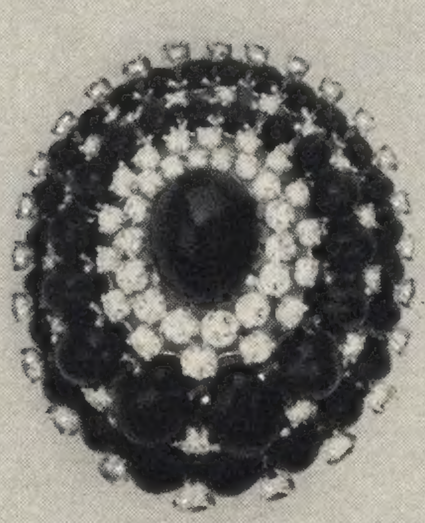
*And now there is 'The Perfect Powder'.* A glowing, translucent facepowder that adds a blush of color, and a soft, see-through finish. The look? Radiant. Flawless. In a word, *perfect.*

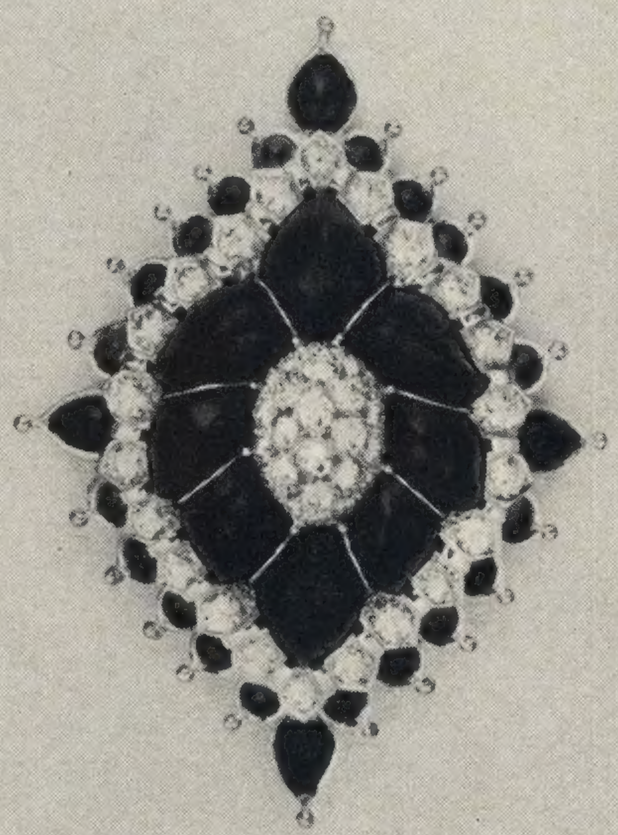




*From our collection*
*of lapis lazuli pins with*
*diamonds set in platinum*
*and eighteen karat gold.*
*Others with turquoise.*









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# THE BLACK & WHITE HORIZON

All sand and sun and ease. In the offing, our white nylon swimsuit, zipped in black, $40. From the Beach Shop. And the refreshing lightness of "Black & White" Scotch. The Scotch for people who know the difference.

"BLACK & WHITE" SCOTCH WHISKY

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue





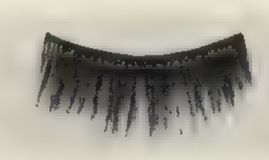
# *Revlon invents 'eye-lushes'*

*(We call them 'Fluffy-Full')*

They're the lushest, plushest eyelashes around. (We've perfected a sexy, shaggy, 'feather-cut' that's the absolute *end* in eye-lushery.) Yet they feel so light on your lids, you wouldn't know them from your *own*. What else is new? They're permanently shaped and curled. (Even waterproof!) So you can swim in them. Sleep in them. Weep in them. *They'll never wilt. Or droop. Or lose their 'eye-lush' look.*



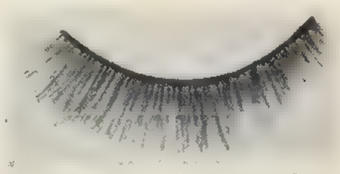
***'Fluffy-Full'*** Extra-lush, extra-full—yet *featherweight*. With an exclusive 'out-of-sight' lash base that bends and curves to your eye-shape. Clings a little closer (and a lot *longer)* even at the corners.



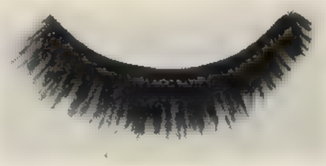
***'Demi'***
Little 'jiffy' lashes (half a lid-length). Just enough to zoom-up your eyesize, undetectably.



***'Natural Full'***
Double-thick lashes done so naturally they look *real-er* than real, even at high noon.



***'Ultra Fine'***
Light, refined 'fill-ins'—the perfect *street-length* lash. Permanently shaped and curled—even when wet.



***'Ultra Full'***
The ultimate fullness in lashes. Triple-thick. Staggeringly sumptuous. Elegant to their feather-tips.



***'Natural Blend'***
So softly color-blended they're doubles for your own lashes. Curled and shaped to *stay*.

See the new collection of fool-the-eye lashes now, at your Revlon counter—where Revlon's lash expert will show you how to put them on like a 'pro'.

*The incomparable collection of eyelashery by*

# *Revlon*

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# azurēe

**a new bath collection by Estée Lauder**

**that makes your next dip into water**

**an extraordinary beauty experience.**

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European Mineral Bath Salts
Fresh Milk Bath

a new way to feel richly smoothed with:
Body Satin Rub
Pressed Dusting Powder

a new way to feel soothed and silken with:
Tender Creme Bath
Fresh Water Bath Oil Soap

a new way to feel scented and luxurious with:
Perfumed Bath Oil
Cologne Spray Concentrate
Sparkling Friction Lotion

**azurēe® a new bath collection**

**created by Estée Lauder**

# A Taste for Apricot

## Estée Lauder's new Re-Nutriv makeup in warm-and-tender colors

The tempting tang of apricot—the tawny, tender glow. That's what Estée Lauder had in mind for this delectable new makeup where everything is irresistibly Apricot. Whether you choose just a taste-ful or the total glow, begin with Apricot Bisque, newest shade of Re-Nutriv Creme Foundation. Enriched with Estée Lauder's creme of creams, it's whipped to a texture so good your skin will eat it up. The perfect complexion from now on? Apricots-and-cream, with:

Re-Nutriv Creme Foundation: Apricot Bisque
Re-Nutriv Lipsticks: Apricot Mousse, Apricot Glacé, Nectarine
Cream Rouge: Fresh Apricot
Eye Shadow Glow: Apricot Chiffon, Smoky Apricot

*Estée Lauder*








*B. H. Wragge creates in cotton...*

*sleeveless cotton ottoman, belted in calf with a signature scarf caught on a brass ring. Deceptively simple, decidedly Wragge. 6 to 16, black or white. $105 The Specialty Shop, Rich's, Atlanta*

RICH'S

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COTY

*Want him to be more of a man?*
*Try being more of a woman.*




EMERAUDE BY COTY. PARFUM, PARFUM DE TOILETTE, PURE SPRAYS, SPRAY MIST, DUSTING POWDER, BATH OIL.



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MIDRIFF EXPOSÉ EXPERIENCES HAWAII'S PERPETUAL SUNSHINE FLICKERING THROUGH THE COOL, OPEN-AIR MESH. LITHE FLARE LEG PANTS, CHAINED AT THE WAIST AND A CROPPED-TOP BY COLE IN FAULTLESS WHITE, S,M,L, 40.00. THE SPORTS SHOP.

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THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE DESIGNS CIRCLE FOR A GEOMETRIC LANDING ON MALIA'S MINUS-MIDRIFF SHIFT. A FRESH, COOL CALIFORNIA FASHION . . . ADAPTING EASILY TO HAWAII'S TROPICAL CLIMATE. 8-16, 28.00. IN OUR SPORTS SHOP.

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BE SURE TO TAKE ALONG THIS TOTALLY NEW KIND OF MOISTURIZER FROM THE PRECIOUS 'GEL' OF THE ALOE VERA PLANT. A NIGHT CREME THAT LEAVES YOUR SKIN VELVETY SOFT AND RADIANT, 7.50. COSMETICS.






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THE SILKY BODY SHAPES
SEEN BASKING ON THE SANDY
SHORES OF WAIKIKI. CHAINED-IN
SHOULDERS, BROWN OR GREEN, BY ELISA-
BETH STEWART, 6-12, 27.00. SPORTS SHOP.

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OH SUN...OH SOL...JET ME TO THE ISLANDS OF
ENCHANTMENT THE FASTEST WAY OF ALL...VIA
THE PROUD BIRDS FLYING THE VIVID BLUE SKIES.
CONTINENTAL'S GOLDEN FANJETS TAKE YOU TO
HAWAII FOR THE MOST EXCITING HOLIDAY UNDER THE SUN.

## FASHION TAN®/AFTER TAN®

FASHION TAN HELPS PROMOTE A RICH, GOLDEN TAN WHILE
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BURNING RAYS. AFTER TAN HELPS YOU KEEP YOUR TAN AND
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family traditionalist

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a dashing relation

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chic enameled beauty
making its debut

**From the House of Guerlain**



The 1969 Fleetwood Eldorado. Cadillac Motor Car Division

The Fleetwood Eldorado represents the finest possible investment in personal motoring. Its front-wheel drive combines with the largest production V-8 engine in the world to produce an unequaled measure of driving satisfaction.

Cadillac
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

Is an Adele Simpson

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Collage

NOT ONLY FASHION, BUT NOW A FABULOUS FRAGRANCE.

Lucien Piccard



Imported Swiss. 2 oz. $825.

We can create only 53 of these timepieces. One may be reserved at your Lucien Piccard Agency. It will become available to you in October.
Your reservation is not an obligation to buy. Lucien Piccard, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036

# Rona.
## If you know what's good for you.



Midriff accent dress
of rib-weave yarn dyed cotton.
In white/black, white/brown.
Sizes 6 to 16. About $45.
Rona, 498 Seventh Avenue,
New York, N.Y.
A division of Genesco.

COMFORTABLE · CARE-FREE
COTTON




It would take the average man a thousand days and nights to describe the American woman.
Coty did it in one fluid ounce.
Élan. Our tribute to the American woman.



THE SOFT LIFE AT **paraphernalia**® THE SOF

Dress $40.

T LIFE AT **paraphernalia**®THE SOFT LIFE AT

Suit $60.

Dress $40.



THE SOFT LIFE AT **paraphernalia**® THE SOF

Shirt About $17.

Pants About $17.




T LIFE AT **paraphernalia**® THE SOFT LIFE AT

Dress $40.

THE SOFT LIFE AT **paraphernalia**® THE SOF

Shirt and Shorts $30

Satin Shirt $25

Panné Shorts About $17

T LIFE AT **paraphernalia**®THE SOFT LIFE AT

Top and Shorts $23.

Dress $25.

# One by one, we've done away with every reason

## Helena Rubinstein triumphantly brings you the world's easiest-to-apply lashes: new Minute Lashes.



They go on in a minute with their own exclusive Lash Applicator

You think lashes are a bother? Not Minute Lashes™. Pre-cut. Pre-trimmed. Pre-feathered. Permanently curled. Waterproof.

You think lashes feel heavy? Not Minute Lashes. The extra thin, extra flexible band makes them practically weightless.

You think lashes aren't you? Try new Minute Lashes. They look like you grew up with them.

# Minute Lashes Helena Rubinstein




In brown and black.
Natural. Demi. Full or Shaggy. Lower lashes too.



you've ever had for not wearing false eyelashes.



Polaroid portrait by Marie Cosindas commissioned by Helena Rubinstein, Inc., 1969. ©1969 Helena Rubinstein, Inc.

# Naked Perfume.

The first full-length after-bath fragrance, designed to warm to naked skin.

Naked Cologne. A fresh, sea-spicy scent that makes the senses swim a little.

Eau de Parfum Spray. Light, seductive. And very cling-y on bath-awakened skin.

Naked Perfume Oil. For bath and body. Anoints warm, moist skin with ultra-lasting scent.

**From the new 'Moon Drops' Collection for the Bath invented by Revlon**

# Dry skin? Sleep it off.

'Moon Drops' Moisture Balm. A silky, flowing creme that super-wets your thirsty skin, all through the night. So light it sinks in completely, leaving no greasy film on top. Your skin wakes up looking rested, replenished—and feeling deliciously moist—young and springy to the touch.

**'Moon Drops' Moisture Balm invented by Revlon**


# VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

## *You're a false eyelash dropout?*

A piercing probe into our crystal ball reveals that there soon may not remain an un-fake-lashed female eye in this hemisphere. Helena Rubinstein has done all sticky-fingered dropouts a noble service with her new Minute Lashes. These come packaged with a neatly maneuverable eyelash-shaped plastic applicator that clamps the lashes firmly, permitting you to approach your lid like an expert. Also included: a first-rate glue and a clever wood pick which spreads it on the lash strip. Press the applicator-held lash against lid line for a moment, and there you are—fringed like a frond. We, who heretofore needed full daylight and who invariably emerged with messy fingers and gritted teeth, flashed on a pair of Minute Lashes, late the other night, in a trice. The lashes are silky natural, pre-trimmed, and permanently curled.

## *Remember the mane*

In an immortal Jean Harlow film, her lover was heard to murmur impetuously that he wished to walk barefoot through her hair. Our feeling is that, what with all the lacquer, teasing, soot, and sundry one's hair is currently soggy with, it is imperative that Bio-Kur be pressed into service before admitting a strolling admirer. To Bio-Kur conditioner (women with formerly distraught hair have written poetry to it) have been added two new blessings. Bio-Kur Shampoo, a rich, protective formula, has an unbelievably revivifying effect on even the most lacklustre locks—and does not strip colour from tinted hair, which is always gratifying. Bio-Kur Styling Creme, a combination setter and conditioner, turns out a good, firm hairdo without a trace of residual stiffness or flaking. Both products are spilling over with the original Bio-Kur concentrate.

## *Oil refinery*

The approach of hot weather tends to make all the lucky creatures with oily skin forget that they are going to look younger longer, and remember only that dripping faces encourage boo-boos and discourage honeyed phrases. With admirable timing, the Almay hypoallergenic experts have just batted out three impressive strikes against oil. Matte Make-up, which comes in a tube, gives superb coverage, douses shine, keeps its colour, and refuses to cake. Neither it nor Blemish Cover contains any oil in its canny formula. Blemish Cover is opaque, discreet, and blends on under makeup to hide anything from a birthmark to under-eye smudges. The Blotting Powder Compact holds a marvellously absorptive translucent cake powder that goes on blotting away oil as long as it's on your face. (More Ready Beauty, page 114)



Beauty is a State
of Mind. And Body.
So when are you going to

# do something about your hips?

Beauty is a state of mind. That also means making up your mind to do something about whatever it is that makes you prettier. Like those "hippy" hips . . . that "wandering" waistline . . . the tummy and thighs that have become *un*becomingly flaccid.

But exercise, you say, is just not your bit. Takes too much time . . . too much effort. Yet somewhere along in your busy day you probably have about 30 minutes or so that you spend reading . . . watching your favorite TV show . . . or just dreaming.

**Know what? You could be reducing the size of those unbecoming figure areas at the same time! How? With Relax-A-cizor . . . the no-work beauty exerciser that tones your muscles while you take it easy!**

**It's Effortless!** While you rest, read, watch TV, talk on the phone . . .

Relax-A-cizor tones and firms the muscles of your own natural girdle. That's what reduces the size of hips, waistline, tummy and thighs. Relax-A-cizor makes those lax muscles hold you in more. No weight loss!

**Here's Why Relax-A-cizor Works!** Many women lack good muscle tone because they don't get enough exercise. Relax-A-cizor gives effortless, concentrated exercise to such figure areas as hips, waistline, tummy and thighs. Regular use causes these areas to reduce in size measurably to the extent these muscles lack tone because of insufficient exercise. And the less the muscle tone the greater the degree of size reduction. ©Relax-A-cizor, 1969

**FREE!** Send coupon for free illustrated "Your Figure," by Burton Skiles.

RelaxAcizor.

PRINCIPAL OFFICES: LOS ANGELES, CALIF., 980 No. La Cienega Boulevard, OL 5-8000 / NEW YORK, N.Y., 575 Madison Ave., MU 8-4690 / CHICAGO, ILL., 29 E. Madison St., ST 2-5680 / Representatives in cities nationwide! Available in Canada, Mexico City, Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore. (Overseas franchises available.)



Free!

Relax-A-cizor, Dept. 20-610
980 No. La Cienega Blvd.
Los Angeles, California 90054

Please rush me fully illustrated, fully detailed information that tells how to reduce size of hips, waistline, tummy and thighs. No cost. No obligation. Sent in plain envelope.

☐ MRS. ☐ MISS ☐ MR.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

ZIP_____ PHONE_____

☐ I am under 18. ☐ I am over 18.

☐ I am also interested in a selling career with Relax-A-cizor.

20-610-905

# The nude leg.


When you're as nude
as you can get and get away with it,
the last thing you need are
pantyhose that cover you up.
You need pantyhose that are
sheer to the eye and silky to the touch
and sexy to a fault.
Pantyhose that fit so well there's
never a sag or a bag to say they're there.
Actionwear® pantyhose. (Or stockings,
if they're what you wear.)
To let the real you through.
actionwear:
Actionwear by Monsanto

# To go with the rest of you.

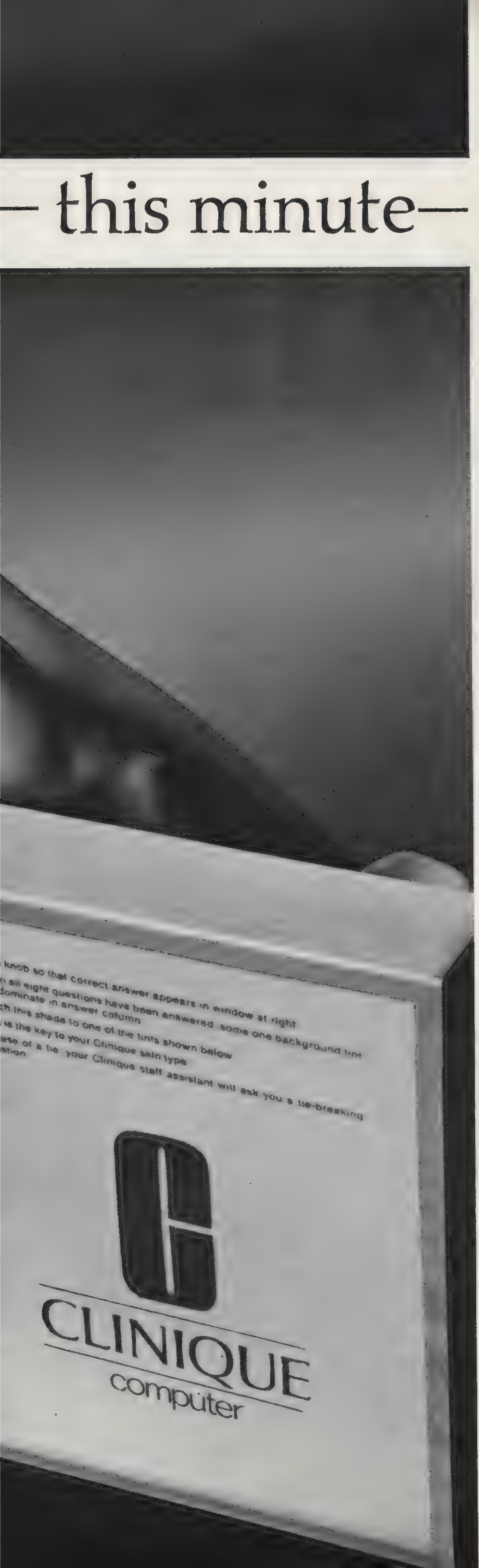


they do a lot more than fit.

Dress by Jon Haggins

Clinique –

© 1969 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.




# — this minute— is where all beauty will be twenty years from now.

As a leading woman store president has said, "With the development and introduction of Clinique, beauty has turned the corner..." It has indeed.

Because for the first time, a system of treatment and makeup has been created that is **allergy-tested and 100% fragrance-free,** based on a woman's **personal skin index** as determined by the revolutionary Clinique Computer.

Because this beauty breakthrough permits **biologically correct skin care** for each skin type. It is the simplest, fastest and surest ever devised, scientifically guided every step of the way by a group of leading dermatologists.

Because Clinique has proven itself with performing products that women believe in. And these **believers** have become constant users. With the constant use of Clinique, they have seen their skins look better and better.

Because Clinique makeup is equally innovative. It's makeup that is clean and healthy but so ahead of the fashion times it could very well change the direction of makeup in the next decade. **Clinique is the future of beauty.** And it's already arrived.

Clinique Laboratories, Inc., 767 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

CLINIQUE

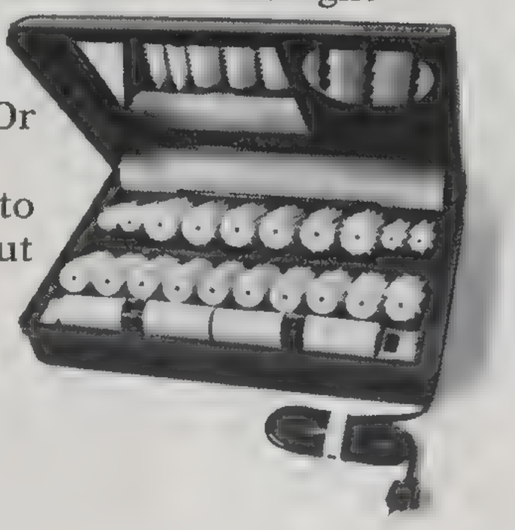


# THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE*.
# THEY TAKE THEIR HAIRDRESSER TO ACAPULCO.

And if they can do it, why shouldn't a beautiful person like you?

Just pick up the Carmen "International" Instant Hairsetter and go. (It's from Clairol's line of Beautiful People* stuff, all of it based on what the real live beautiful people do to stay so beautiful.)

The Carmen comes in its own sleek little traveling case, with two mirrors that light up: one to do your eyes by, one to do your face and hair by. And to help with the hair part, the Carmen's got 6 jumbo, 10 large and 4 small rollers. Which should do you for all sorts of smooth, flippy jobs. Or big fat tumbles of curls. Or maybe one of those thirties things.



You don't even wet your hair to use it. Just plug it in (it adapts to any current anywhere), set your hair with the pre-warmed rollers, and in about 15 minutes you're done.

All in all it's probably the chicest little thing you can take to Acapulco this year.

And of course darling, you *are* going to Acapulco this year.

## CARMEN INSTANT HAIRSETTER BY CLAIROL.

*TM © 1969 Clairol Inc. The Beautiful People is Clairol's trademark for a group of special beauty products.

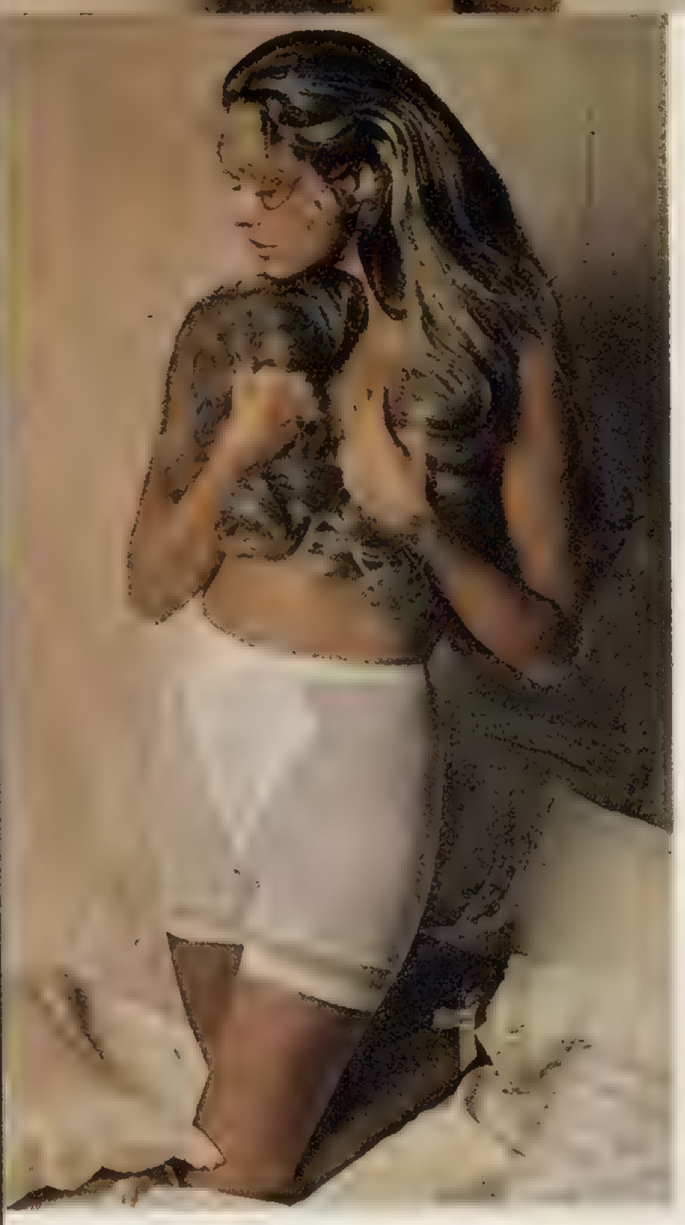












# You have only one body. Doesn't it deserve Flower Bali?

You're a woman. If you feel beautiful, you look beautiful. And feeling beautiful is what Bali is all about.

Try on our Flower Bali® bra. It's soft, feminine, supple crepe, with the Bali fit. The girdles move with, not against you. The Crepeset® tricot lingerie has elegant details like filmy see-through panels and lots of little flower embroidery.

The Bali concept has always been the ultimate in quality, design, and comfort, with an emphasis on perfect fit. Try on a Bali, any Bali. You'll see why nobody deserves one more than you.

The Bali Company, Inc., 16 East 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Bali

Who but Aziza could invent SunShimmers

# & MoonShiners

## 16 super-frosted shadows you buff up to a smash new sheen.

New Aziza SunShimmers & MoonShiners are here! Shy eye shadows loaded with frost that you buff up to a wild shine and a soft shimmer—or leave be sheerly delicious. They come in sets of Pales, Pastels, Neutrals and Brights with 4 shadows in each case—color schemed so you can contour and highlight too! With buffer and applicator. Aziza SunShimmers & MoonShiners. Girls with a case of them have a little more polish . . .



Aziza does only two things. Beautiful eyes.

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is one
original
that
can't
be
copied




MADE, SEALED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE. AVAILABLE AT FINE STORES.

# People who appreciate the finer things prefer Lark. Two to one.

In fact, people who insist on the finest think there is no other luggage. Because Lark is in a class by itself. Light and strong. Durable and beautiful. Framed in aluminum and magnesium that are steel-tough and next to weightless. Covered in 35 remarkable materials that stay beautiful practically forever. Like this DuPont Dorzan, a featherweight fabric that simply can't be cut, scuffed, punctured or stained. Virtually indestructible.

We make Larks in more than 30 shapes and sizes, all uniquely convenient to use. With features that make packing as simple as child's play.

And that, like all our other qualities, is something that everyone appreciates. Eventually.

Lark

LARK LUGGAGE CORP., EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK 10001

TORI RICHARD does a jumpsuit that jumps. Jumps out of the commonplace with a bold monoprint, a neckline that almost forgets to stop, in a fabric that knows best how to express summer: bullseye cotton piqué. Crisp, cool, *comfortable*. With a

# COTTON: YOU CAN FEEL HOW GOOD IT LOOKS

white that's paint white, and colors that are always on target. Yellow/white (shown), turquoise/white, pink/white; sizes 6 to 16. About $50.00 at stores listed below and other fine stores across the country.
COTTON PRODUCERS INSTITUTE, BOX 12253, MEMPHIS, TENN. 38112.




Lord & Taylor, New York & branches, Marshall Field, Chicago & branches, I. Magnin, all stores

DO ELEGANT SPANISH LADIES BATHE IN PERFUME?



YES.

With a gay, light fragrance
that stays with them all
through the day. After a bath.
Even after a shower.
Part jasmine, roses and
Spanish moss, this
intoxicating scent is the
perfume of Spain.
And it is called Maja.

Do elegant Spanish ladies
actually pour Maja
into their bath?
No, the makers of Maja
do it for them by
pouring exotic Maja
perfume into a soap.
No hollow bubble, this
exquisite soap contains the
richest of Spanish olive oils.

To nourish and soften
the skin. Because it's so
lavishly laced with
Maja perfume, it too is
called Maja. So is
a dusting powder.
These imports from Spain
are found at the
loveliest stores.



MAJA
MYRURGIA PERFUMERS

# *Introducing the Lady Sunbeam Facemaker Complexion Care Kit*

(a) Face-Age idea! New Lady Sunbeam Facemaker. (b) Remarkable complexion care kit that turns everyday soap and water into an everyday beauty treatment. (c) Furry-soft brush that vibrates gently. Tingles deep into pores. Lifts out make-up. Scoots city soil away. (d) Ingenious massager. Leaves you blushy and relaxed. A delicious way to apply creams and lotions. (e) Refreshing Cold/Hot pack. Two beauty-making treatments in one.

New Lady Sunbeam Facemaker Complexion Care Kit. Cordless, waterproof and rechargeable. With beautiful travel case.

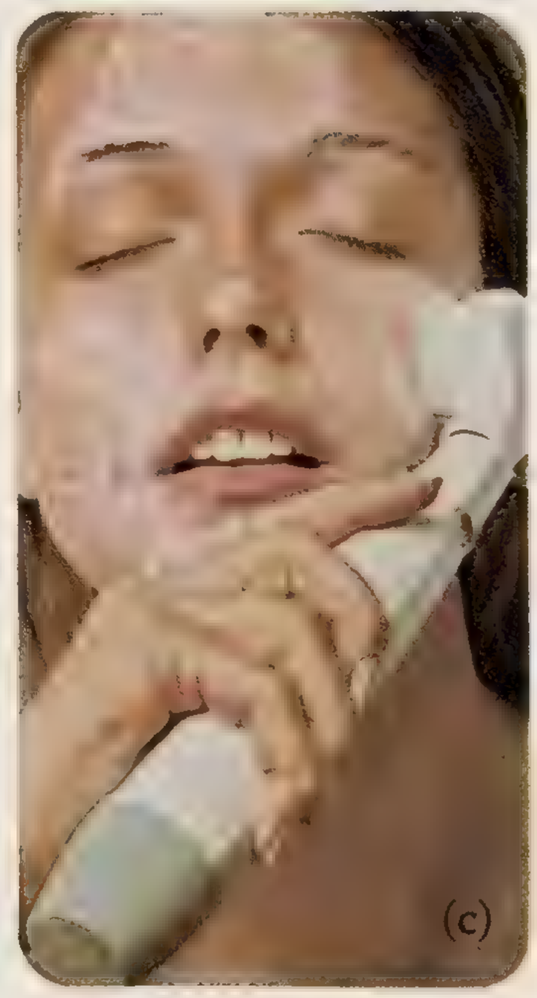
Sunbeam

*Like all Sunbeam products, built with integrity, backed by service.*
















*Your city skin will think you've moved to the country.*



Be aloof.
Be ladylove.
Be a la mode.
But be sure.
Sure as new Kotex napkins –
now with deep-downy
Soft-Impressions®!

THE FINEST FEMININE PROTECTION COMES FROM KIMBERLY-CLARK

GOWN BY MODERN COUTURE—JEWELRY MIMI DI N.—SHOES BERNARDO

New centers of softness in Kotex® napkins absorb faster, protect better.



Lord & Taylor and branches,
and other fine stores.



For the Good Life, by David Smith.

The romper suit, for tennis or any other sport. Plus a separate skirt to wear or not. White with a navy zipper. In washable Arnel® and Nylon. 6-16. $26.

DS
by David Smith

David H. Smith Inc., 1407 B'way, N.Y.

# BEAUTY CHECKOUT

*May*

*The proud and the beautiful*

As soon as things quiet down a bit, we are planning to do a complete overhaul of the Seven Deadly Sins. We thought we'd kick off with pridelessness, which is probably the most lethal of the lot. **Betty Bacall** (Lauren is her public name) was talking about pride not long ago, and she said that it ruled her both as a woman and as an actress. "I can be up to my eyes in misery," she said, "but when people look at me, I want them to think that I never looked better—that I must be the luckiest, living-est woman on earth." We murmured that her skin, her hair, and her figure had to give her a considerable edge. "You can't take any of that stuff for granted," Betty said. "I discipline myself to go twice a week to this ancient gym and stick with my isometric exercises because they keep my body supple and taut, and they force me to be conscious of my posture and my walk. You know the most marvellous thing is feeling in *command* of my body, feeling that it's young and tireless, that I can walk for miles and dance all night and give eight performances a week . . . you don't think I'd ever let that change." She laughed in that sub-throat, sporty, Bacall way. "I *use* my body. It's not going to sit around, ever. I even see kids with spreading middles. Wouldn't you think they'd have too much *pride?*" . . . If you've been Laughing-In, you realize how sexy it is to be funny. Specifically, how delicious it is to be **Goldie Hawn.** Goldie has extremely large blue-green eyes, extremely blond hair, and believes that protein is a girl's best friend. She said she longs for enough time to take dancing classes to keep fit, but in the meantime she is a chain chewer of high-protein pills, eats protein-packed meals, and does keen ankle and leg exercises. Apparently she is doing everything right, because she looks great in pants. Goldie is also working like a demon in *Cactus Flower,* and since she needs a steady eight hours of sleep every night, there's not much jazzing around at the discos. Well—she's engaged, she's adorable, and she gets a steam facial every week. First things first. . . . The protein kick has spread (apparently if *it* does, *you* don't) to **Tina Sinatra,** who cleaves to meat and cottage cheese to keep her revved up and pared down. She lives in Europe where she has been working on two German television specials called *Romeo and Juliet 70.* She said that Europe is a great place for walking and bicycling, which she'd much rather do than exercises. Fourteen glasses of water a day keep her skin and hair healthy, and Blistex is responsible for the protective, provocative shimmer of her mouth. Tina's view of herself is understated-sexy. "Tailored," she said, "that's me. Tailored, but with a message." . . . **Jane Fonda** had to have her glorious hair cut short for *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?,* and now she plans to keep it that way. She said it makes her feel light and free. She stays light and free, figure-atively, with ballet class, organic vegetables, and a self-induced aversion to spaghetti and ice cream. Perhaps her most enchanting aspect is the way she embraces her husband's pleasures. He adores seashore life, so Jane, who has the thinnest possible skin, wears a huge hat and enjoys the beach with him. . . . The most flaming passion flower around is **Julie Harris,** who in *Forty Carats* plays a forty-year-old woman with whom a boy of twenty-two falls seriously, totally, believably in love. Her hair is a sex symbol in itself—thick, swinging, rivettingly red-gold. Her shape is enchanting; her clothes delight the eye. But it is Julie Harris herself, sending out waves of tentative, late-blooming, utterly magnetizing sensuality, that ensnares every man and woman in the audience. "I think myself into the part," she said. "I mesmerize myself into walking, standing, sounding like a woman who is unshakably young and desirable in middle age. She's not me, but I become her. . . ." We took that home with us to mull over. . . . (More Beauty Checkout, page 66)

# The Relaxed Woman.

She's twilight cool. She's poised, like quiet green. She's you, with hair relaxed by Ultra Sheen.

Ultra Sheen relaxes your hair gently, so there's no need for a heavy oil base. And Ultra Sheen leaves your hair soft, glowing, but full of body so you can style it freely, elegantly.

In today's hurried world, be a woman relaxed. Let your beautician relax your hair with Ultra Sheen Permanent Creme Relaxer by Johnson Products.

## Ultra Sheen
## Permanent Creme Relaxer



# THE SPANISH COUTURE SALUTES



Photographed at The Court of the Lions in the Alhambra, Granada, Spain

Henry Clarke

Lino of Madrid

fabric by cadena S.A.

Flamenco fantasy for nights in the gardens of Spain. Gigantic flowers printed on a pink and white silk long sleeved gown with sweeping skirt slit high on one side.

# THE AMERICAN WOMAN



Delicious way to look for evening. Flowing culotte of green printed silk has a draped halter top with deep plunging back.

**marbel junior**
of Madrid

fabric by *Farrero, s.a.*

# Taji creates The New-Fangled Turkish Bath

Baubled and bangled...Rich and be-spangled.
Your fantasy flight dream...Arabian Night dream.

PHOTO: GEORGE RATKAI PAUL DOME




## Taji transforms your bath into an exotic experience.

It does all the things a Turkish Bath should do—tender care of your skin, making it soft, supple, keeping it young looking while it refreshes, relaxes, renews your inner spirit.

Then Taji adds a new-fangled angle and bathes you in fragrant aromatic oils to make your psyche glow with feminine mystique.

In the mirror, could that be you, kidnapped by the glorious past, tempted by modern magic, ransomed by the Taji Turkish Bath.

The Taji New-Fangled Bath Collection including Mood Music to Bathe By. Collection starts at $2.50.

THE ART OF

Justin McCarty



A natural for summer . . . the ease of Justin McCarty's zip front shirt-dress with on-or-off sash and colorful scarf. Natural tone Dacron® polyester, rayon and flax stitched with brown. Sizes 6 to 20. About $28. JUSTIN McCARTY, a division of Parkland of Dallas, 429 Second Ave., Dallas, Texas 75226.

**HYTKEN'S** .... *Louisville, Kentucky*
**SATER'S** ..... *Evansville, Indiana*
**HINKEL'S** ..... *Wichita, Kansas*

# BEAUTY CHECKOUT

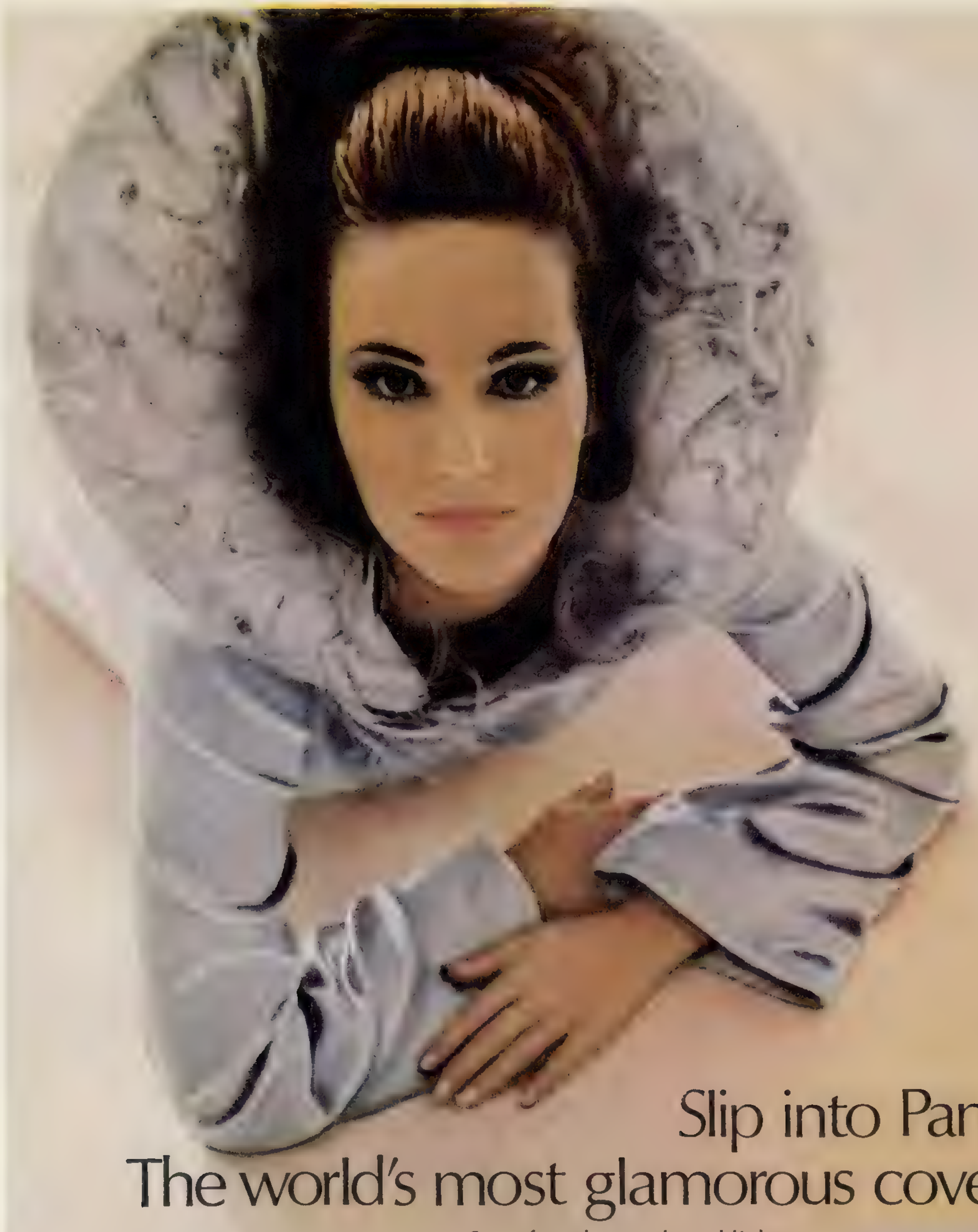
*May*

*This is belittling?*

We found the Paragon Dieter cooking up *Pot de Crème* for breakfast. Putting a *Mousse au Chocolat* in the fridge to "freeze until firm" before lunch. Selecting from a menu that included cold crab, steak, shrimp curry, broccoli with Hollandaise, and a well-dressed salad as dinner possibilities. Jotting on her blackboard a proposed Wild Strawberry Champagne Frosted to have sometime before Johnny Carson said good-night and the Late News said hello. And telling us that this was a 900-calorie diet, indeed. . . . What she'd most recently latched onto was a particular diet that could erase, on the average person, up to four pounds a week—with full nutritional sanction. Carnation's Slender, the powder you mix with milk for outrageously delicious results, is the instigator. Stocked with all the known needed vitamins, minerals, and a high, appetite-consoling percentage of proteins, Slender turns from powder to satin froth instantly, lumplessly—and comes ten ways. (Its French Vanilla way went into the Pot de Crème; Dutch Chocolate into the mousse; and a wild, wild Wild Strawberry was slated for the champagne frosted.) . . . Four generous Slender-with-milk servings will belittle you healthily through the day. But the Paragon approached it calculatingly, slipped in a number of chewy ploys. For instance, she mixed Slender with non-fat dry milk instead of whole milk, thereby subtracting not a whit from the nutritive bonanza, just from the calorie count: down went a Slender package from 225 to 144. ("Since regular American milk bears no resemblance to the thick, grass-filled creaminess of my English childhood, one might as well use the skimmed stuff for dietary purposes," she reasoned.) . . .

*The well-sauced diet*

With mathematical precision, Paragon Dieter arranged six charming confrontations with food and drink per day. "You just have to get out your calorie book, plan ahead, and hew to 900 calories. For instance, you can make three perfectly decent *Pots de Crème* just using two egg yolks, evaporated skimmed milk, and a packet of vanilla Slender. That's a mite over 100 cals per *pot*. That leaves you 300 to fool with. Mid-a.m.-and-p.m. snacks of raw vegetable sticks, bouillon, diet soft drinks measure maybe 10, 7, and 3 calories, respectively. Lunch could be a coffee-flavoured Slender (144) and a slice of raisin bread (60). Then you can have a really well-rounded dinner, a square meal with nothing *square* about it. For instance, shrimp curry (8 big shrimps in a low-cal curry sauce); green salad with tomato-juice dressing, pineapple for dessert—all told, 145 calories. . . . That leaves over 400 calories for fruits and more Slender that you can distribute throughout the day as you want to. Perhaps a glass of Slender at cocktail time or bedtime with wine in it. As well as Wild Strawberry, the Cherry Jubilee version of Slender is good with wine in it. When you blend it with a split of champagne (3 oz.) you add only 75 calories to the total, and I personally find every one of those calories most exhilarating. . . . Of tremendous help for the dinner menu is a repertoire of low-calorie sauces. A salad dressing of tomato juice, peppered with lemon juice and a tablespoon of chopped onion, means only 4 calories the tablespoon. Lean Hollandaise can be made from cottage cheese, lemon juice, and seasoning, whipped into a thick cream into which is then stirred two egg yolks over low heat until thick. Whip, in two cups of water, four tablespoons of non-fat dry milk, a couple of tablespoons of flour, and seasoning; blend until foamy, stir over high heat, and you have a Mini-Cream sauce. (Curry its flavour for curry dishes.) To each of these dressings might be added parsley, green pepper, horseradish, mustard, but the important thing is to use only a dollop." That's the important thing about the whole diet. Moderation. No more than half a cup of vegetable or four ounces of meat at a sitting. And no less than three glasses of Slender a day. Mind your Peas and Quinces (neither one of which is advised)....



Slip into Pan-Stik.
The world's most glamorous cover-up.

So soft and smooth and light, you could be wearing nothing. Yet you're completely covered. Your skin is velvet to the eye. Satin to the touch. Marvelously moist and glowy. Not a freckle or flaw or fault shows through. That's the glamour of Pan-Stik. Just swivel it up and slip it on. It'll change the whole complexion of things.



Pan-Stik® Make-up
by Max Factor

© 1969, Max Factor & Co. Available in Canada

# Virtue's Smartsets:
## naturally, they're in vogue.

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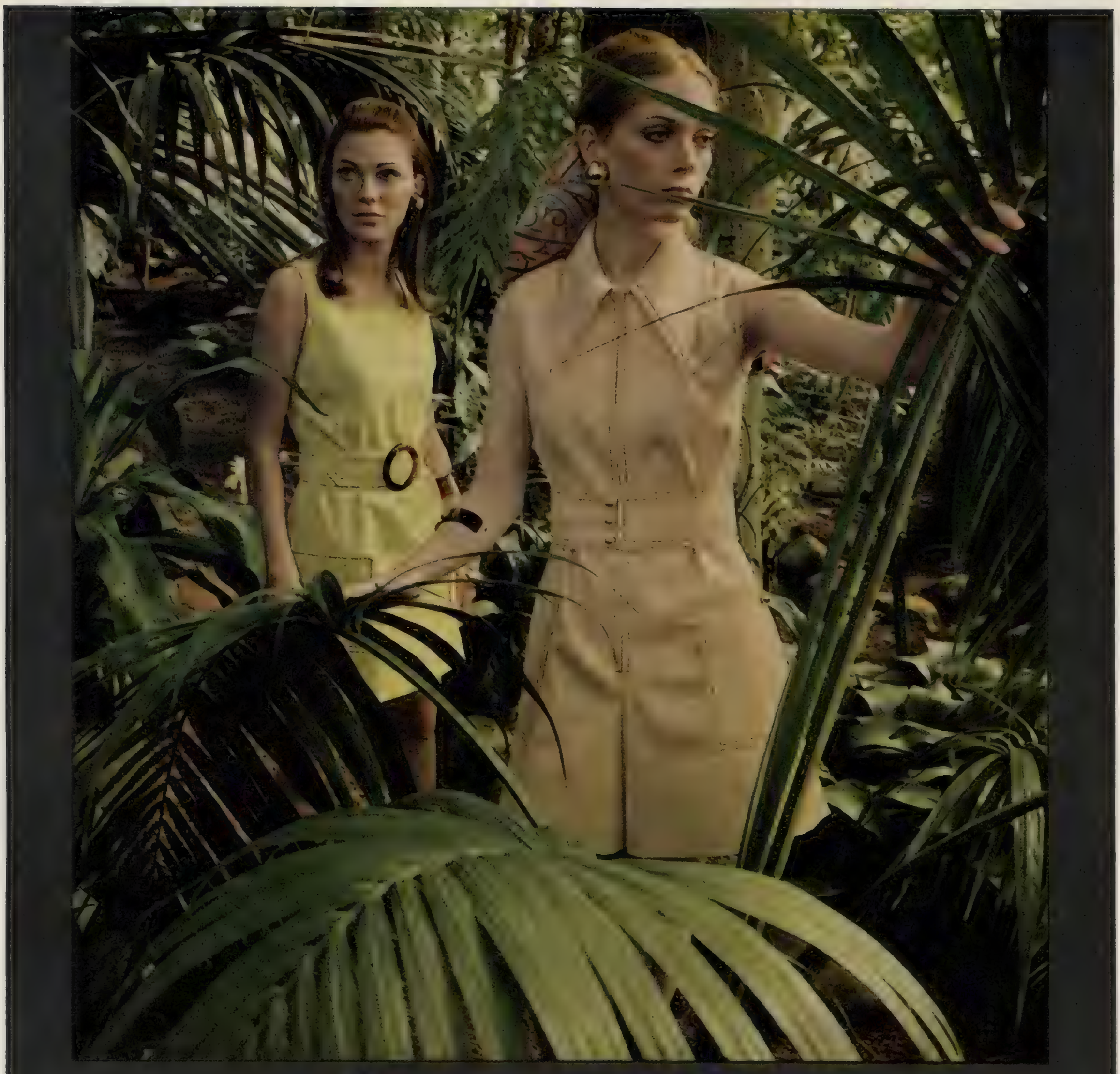
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# MIA FARROW *"her thin-skinned courage"*

## *By Polly Devlin*

Mia Farrow has learned a lot since she grew up and cut her hair, left *Peyton Place*, and became a superstar. She still has a lot of learning and a lot of growing to do, but, at twenty-four, the learning shows, her eyes are scarred. She looks grieved. "She was born old." said a friend. "She was born cynical," said another, "and thinks she was born wise."

Certainly she was born beautiful with her small and elegant young head, her long narrow neck, her small ears with their disappearing lobes, her sharpened, flaring senses stringing up her body. A body whose bones skim under skin, threatening to surface, but she is no more bony than a gazelle and looks as fleet, attuned, wary.

An absolute professional, who knows concisely how to dictate to colleagues and to the camera, she composes every angle of her body and, having done so, can turn her famous sense of the ridiculous onto herself. "How do you feel about your profile, Mia?" "*Not* very strongly."

The conventional film world finds her unconventionality startling, her totally uninhibited language a source for hushed and rather admiring gossip, but in a more polished, acid, and cosmopolitan world, her unconventionality at times is tiresome and her manner lacking in mannerliness.

Mia has become a superstar, a dream creature for audiences to worry over, identify with, and fantasize about, not simply because she was married to Frank Sinatra but because she is wholly herself and possesses that elusive mystique, that tantalizing secret *fact* of star quality.

Clam-contained and private outside her professional life, Mia wanders around the world. a beautiful vagabond, unrecognized in most crowds, and dreads being found out by celebrity seekers. Her enthusiasm, her gusto to delight her friends, and when she discovers the unexpected—a special place, a strange ornament, an unpredictable chance remark from a predictable person—her whole face splits with a huge grin. She knows London better than many of its residents, said, "I think of nowhere really as home, but London is where I'm *most* at home; perhaps because I have spent more time there than anywhere else." Home means possessions for Mia Farrow and a cluttered life; and clutter she keeps to a minimum. "She's still one of the most acquisitive people I know," a friend said ambiguously.

Her look of helplessness is false—assumed, along with shrinking vulnerability, for audiences and the camera. When she is being photographed, her eyes shift flatly from guarded to beseeching; she becomes in turn a shattered, fragile refugee who in better days would be escorted to school dressed in good grey flannel, Mia-the-Imp, and the Cocotte, worldly and wise. While the camera records this face like a quick-change artist, her mind is on other things and so is her sharp, light, but insistent voice.

When the camera stops, so does the vulnerability; for this knowledgeable and fascinating

(Continued on page 92)





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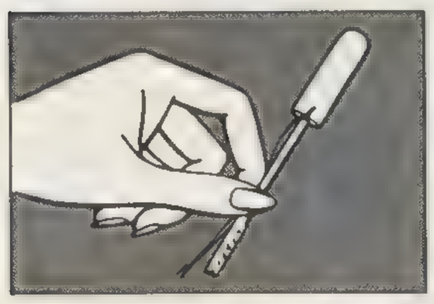
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How Mrs. Hansberry has found time to manage her growing business enterprises and maintain her many social interests is just as mystifying as her secret formula for the product that started it all . . . Hollywood Special Formula Bread.



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Wake up to the great taste of Hollywood Special Formula Breads—Light and Dark. Each is thin-sliced with a golden sesame seed crust. And each has its own unique, delicious flavor. Try both toasted with jam, honey, cinnamon, or for a special treat...

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For a late-morning brunch, serve Hollywood French Toast: bread slices dipped in a mixture of eggs, milk and cinnamon, browned slowly on each side. To serve, sprinkle with brown sugar and roll up like crepes.

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## Wears Mollie Parnis

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Tuna Orientale: mix tuna with soy sauce, lemon, garlic, and a small amount of pineapple juice. Serve on quarter-slices of Hollywood Bread with a pineapple and watercress garnish.

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## *by maidenform®*

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## *Mia Farrow*

(Continued from page 80)

actress, who can whip a scene from another star (and did so consistently from Elizabeth Taylor in the shabby twilight-film *Secret Ceremony*), is a fighter who has learned to be tough. There has always been a hint of the demented in Mia's performances, a feeling of imploding, careening panic; she seems simultaneously to be a strange child playing at being a woman, a woman playing a little girl, a doll with a label saying, "This plaything is dangerous." And next year in characteristic, not to say inevitable casting, she may play Peter Pan in the film of J. M. Barrie's disturbing and slightly unhealthy play. That famous ambiguous rôle seems exactly to suit her—for she has played the ageless waif so long it appears her second nature. Good-natured, tranquil Mia Farrow seemed buried with no hint of light relief anywhere. But now, in her latest rôle, as Mary in *John & Mary*, with Dustin Hoffman, she plays a normal, balanced, pretty American girl and does so naturally. For audiences this may be the strangest Mia of all—but not the strangest Mary. Later, she will play Mary Queen of Scots in the film of the same name. According to legend, this strange, doomed, fey Queen, whose tragic story and personal magic still grip the world's imagination, had skin so fine, so fair, so white and fragile that when she drank red wine it could be seen coursing through her throat. If any actress in the world can match her thin-skinned, proud courage, Mia Farrow can.

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Greenwich . . . . . Ginny's
Hamden . . . . . Richard Thomas
Hartford . . . . . G. Fox
Madison . . . . . Eleanor Knox
Manchester . . . . . Carriage House Salon
Meriden . . . . . Weil's
New Canaan . . . . . Cherida
New Haven . . . . . Esther's
Old Mystic . . . . . House of 1833
Waterbury . . . . . Freedman's

FLORIDA
Daytona Beach . . . . . Susan & Katinka
Delray Beach . . . . . Nina Raynor
Ft. Lauderdale . . . . . Dainty Apparel
Jacksonville . . . . . May Cohen's
Naples . . . . . Harold Grant
Orlando . . . . . Gibbs-Louis
Pensacola . . . . . Mary's Corner Shop
St. Petersburg . . . . . John Baldwin

GEORGIA
Albany . . . . . Crawford-Woods
Americus . . . . . A. Cohen & Son
Augusta . . . . . Punch Mulherin
Savannah . . . . . Levy's

MAINE
Yarmouth . . . . . House of Styles

MASSACHUSETTS
Belmont . . . . . Town & Country
Boston . . . . . Lord & Taylor
Falmouth . . . . . Dee's of Falmouth
Gloucester . . . . . Adasko's
Lowell . . . . . House of Erwin
Pittsfield . . . . . Miss Agnes Fashions
Salem . . . . . Newmark's
Wellesley . . . . . The Triangle Shop
Worcester . . . . . Ulian, Inc.

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Hanover . . . . . Town & Country Shop
Manchester . . . . . Blauner's c/o Floyd's
New London . . . . . College Sport Shop

NEW JERSEY
Asbury Park . . . . . Dainty Apparel Shop
Bayonne . . . . . Mademoiselle
Flemington . . . . . Flemington Sample Shop
Haddonfield . . . . . Lillian Albus Shop
Haddon Hts. . . . . Debbie Shop
New Brunswick . . . . . P. J. Young D. G. Co.
Plainfield . . . . . Tepper's
Point Pleasant . . . . . Nanette Shop
Spring Lake . . . . . Liz Ambrose
Summit . . . . . Miss Nellie
Trenton . . . . . Nevius-Voorhees
Westfield . . . . . Felice

NEW YORK
Albany . . . . . Vogue & Vanity
Amsterdam . . . . . New Paris Shop
Binghamton . . . . . Drazen's
Cooperstown . . . . . Smart Shop
Dobbs Ferry . . . . . Elegant Fashions
Elmira . . . . . Gorton Coy
Gloversville . . . . . Evelyn Gibbon's
Hornell . . . . . MacBride's
Ithaca . . . . . Holley's
Jamestown . . . . . Nord's
Kingston . . . . . Up-To-Date Co.
Middletown . . . . . Kassel Bros.
Newburgh . . . . . Fieldton, Inc.
New Hartford . . . . . E. Cramer & Son
Painted Post . . . . . Mary Kirkland
Poughkeepsie . . . . . Up-To-Date Co.
Schenectady . . . . . Musler's
Tonawanda . . . . . Jenss Dept. Store
Troy . . . . . Lord & Tann

NORTH CAROLINA
Charlotte . . . . . J. B. Ivey Co.
Fayetteville . . . . . The Capitol
Greensboro . . . . . Meyers Co.
Morgantown . . . . . Burand's
Newton . . . . . Lucy Lou
Roanoke Rapids . . . . . Fannye's
Tryon . . . . . Betty Sturgis

RHODE ISLAND
Lincoln . . . . . Jean Hein's Village Shop
Providence . . . . . The Outlet

SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston . . . . . Blossom Krawcheck
Greenville . . . . . Halfacre Osborne
Orangeburg . . . . . Maude Bryant
Spartanburg . . . . . Aug. W. Smith
Sumter . . . . . Town & Country

TENNESSEE
Bristol . . . . . New Fashion Shop
Jackson . . . . . Kisber's
Memphis . . . . . Lowenstein's

VERMONT
Bennington . . . . . Vogue & Vanity
Woodstock . . . . . Town & Country

*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

# FOGARTY DOES FOGARTY



"COLLECTOR'S ITEMS®"BAN-LON® DRESS IN A PRINT OF BEIGE/WHITE, BLACK/WHITE. $50.* SIZES 4 TO 14.
AT LORD & TAYLOR, ALL STORES. AT FINE STORES LISTED ON OPPOSITE PAGE. ANNE FOGARTY INC., 550 SEVENTH AVENUE, N.Y. 10018.




GM Stylist Sue Vanderbilt, seen through sun roof of GM dream car, makes final check of appointments.

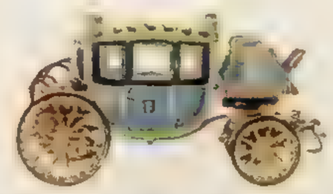
# Who thinks women should help make dream cars practical?

## Fisher Body does.

That's why they rely on stylists, like Sue Vanderbilt, to help design GM car interiors. Even when psychedelic fabrics are being experimented with, Sue's right there to make sure that the car seat it covers is contoured and installed at just the right height to accommodate women's smaller frames. She also keeps in mind things like ladylike exits when designing GM's wider-than-ever door panels.

It's this practical approach to pleasing women that can make GM dream cars come true. So much of the buy is in the body. And Body by Fisher makes GM cars a better buy.

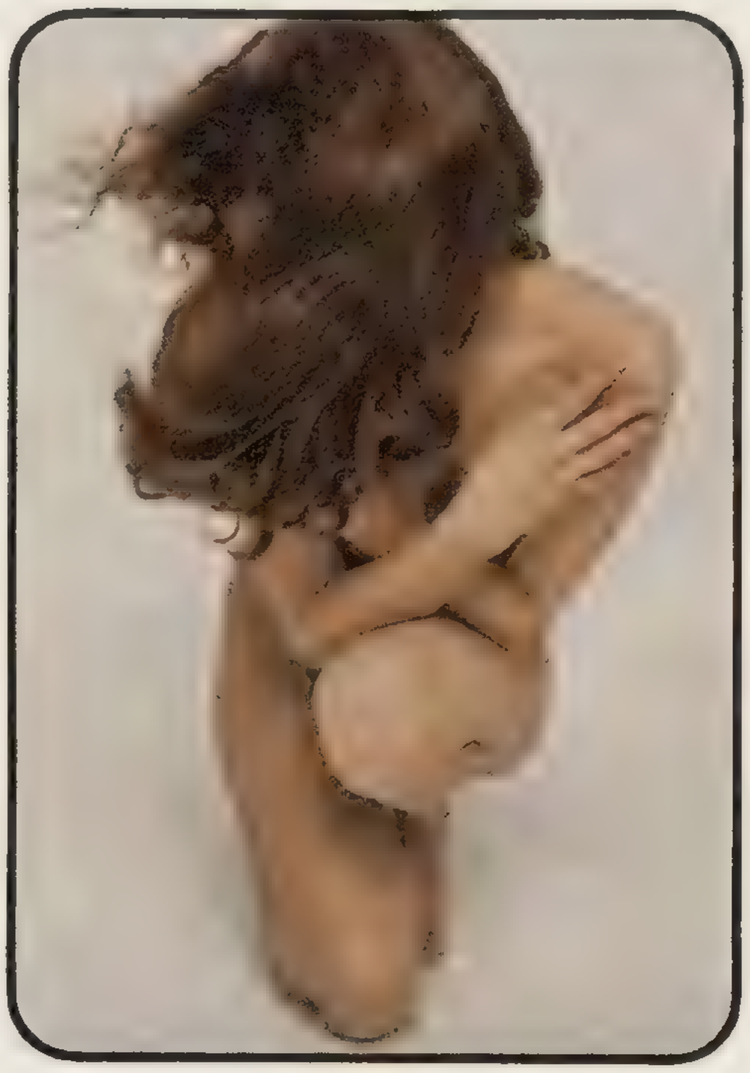
Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac.



**Body by Fisher**

General Motors Symbol of Quality

# PLAYTEX* INVENTS THE FIRST-DAY™ TAMPON



### IS YOUR FIRST DAY YOUR WORST DAY?

Maybe you've never thought about it. But with a lot of girls and women, the first days of the period are always the worst. With others, it's the second day. Doesn't matter. Whenever you flow the heaviest, you need the greatest protection.

### LET'S BE HONEST.

Lots of tampons simply don't do the job they ought to. Particularly, when you're on the go and can't change as often as you'd like. That's when mishaps most often happen.

### PLAYTEX HAS CHANGED ALL THAT.

By designing a better-protecting tampon. It's totally different, both inside and out. So different, we felt it deserved a new name.

### WE CALL IT THE FIRST-DAY TAMPON.

Because that best describes its improvement over ordinary tampons. It's so absorbent, it even protects on your first day, your worst day. That's because it's self-adjusting—it fans out and adjusts to your own personal inner figure as no other tampon can. Protects every inside inch of you.



### THINK OF A FLOWER.

A tulip, that's closed. Now, imagine it open, in full bloom. That's the way the Playtex first-day tampon acts to protect you. It blooms. Flowers out. Fluffs out. Forms a cup to absorb moisture in a new way. And the more it absorbs, the more it blooms.

### HOW IS IT DIFFERENT FROM ORDINARY TAMPONS?

They're straight up and down, and retain this shape even when exposed to moisture. So there's nothing to stop a heavier flow.

### SEE THIS UNIQUE BLOOMING ACTION YOURSELF.



By dipping a Playtex tampon and an ordinary tampon in water. The ordinary tampon thins and flattens out, doesn't change its shape appreciably. But moisture makes the Playtex tampon fan out, expand, take on a different shape.

### TESTS PROVED WE HAD MADE A BETTER TAMPON.

For more than a year, we conducted laboratory comparison tests, and in every case the Playtex tampon proved to be more absorbent. Actually 45% more absorbent on the average than the leading tampon. So now you don't have to worry about mishaps anymore.

With all this extra absorbency, you can't help but feel secure.

### WE ALSO DESIGNED A BETTER APPLICATOR.



To make insertion easier. Those stiff cardboardy applicators sometimes pinch. Not so with ours. It's all soft, gentle, clear plastic, so its smooth, satin finish acts like a self-lubricator. Makes it easier to use your first day or last.

*Playtex is the trademark of International Playtex Corp., Dover, Del.
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playtex self-adjusting tampons

PLAYTEX FIRST-DAY TAMPON. IT DOES EVERYTHING A TAMPON OUGHT TO. HONEST.


The words "Levi's," "Sta-Prest," and "Fortrel" are registered trademarks.
Now
the Levi's Fit
fits you.
The low rise. The lean legs. The fabulous fabrics. Everything you ever liked about men's Levi's® are now in Levi's for Gals. Only the proportions have been changed. They're a little wider at the hips. A bit narrower at the waist. In all, you can choose from over 200 pairs of Levi's for Gals (many of them Sta-Prest,® most of them fortified with Fortrel polyester). Plus Jamaica shorts, an outrageous A-line jeans skirt, a chambray work shirt, and an authentic Levi's jeans jacket.
LEVI'S® Levi's for Gals. Try a pair on for size.
Levi's for Gals



Discover the no-color color of

# CornSilk Complexion Blend Pressed Powder

Take the most translucent pressed powder you can find, (CornSilk, of course) add a dash of complexion color *without losing one smidgen of translucence* and voilà—a marvelous new discovery: CornSilk Complexion Blend Pressed Powder.

As sheerly different from regular pressed powder as your lipstick is from those "nifty 50's" jobs.

So, now you can have pressed powder matched to your skin tone that gives youthful translucence back to your face instead of stealing it away . . .

- No more heavy powdery look—instead the see-through clarity of young skin.
- No more repeat repair jobs—because Super-absorbent CornSilk just lifts off oil and leaves your make-up intact.
- No more caking and turning orange—instead the tone of your natural skin made consistent and translucently lovely.




cornSilk
Complexion Blend
Pressed Powder

Wear Bellodgia day and night.
Because love comes without warning.




Bellodgia by
CARON

DUSTING POWDER, COLOGNE, EAU DE TOILETTE, PERFUME. EACH FROM $5.

DRESS BY BILL BLASS

Your letters say more on EATON'S

FINE LETTER PAPERS IN MISTY COLORS BY EATON PAPER CO., PITTSFIELD, MASS. GORHAM DIVISION OF textron


Victorian


Scent-A-Letter


Parfait Rose


Misty Color Engraved




# Monaco, Luxembourg, and Liechtenstein invade the U.S.

It all began when Nine Flags introduced a collection of men's shaving colognes, made from essences imported from nine different countries.

Little did we realize we hadn't considered essences from Monaco, Luxembourg, and Liechtenstein.

In fact, little did we realize these countries even existed. Till they threatened to invade America.

Their war cry was: "Ours are as great as theirs!" And after intensive sniffing, Nine Flags admits it's true. So we now present our new collection of colognes: "Sea Amber," spicy as the warm winds of Monaco. "Wild Cedar," fresh as the deep green forests of Liechtenstein. And "Meadow Grass," mellow as the sunny fields of Luxembourg.

Now, we just hope that Zanzibar, Penguin Island, and Antarctica don't hear about this.

**Nine Flags®** shaving cologne

No man should be without a country, however small.

© The Colton Co. / Essences Imported / Blended in U.S.A. / At fine stores everywhere.

The new BELVEDERE Silverplated Holloware

# RICH RELATION




To complement the four elegant Lunt Sterling patterns shown, the new *Belvedere* line of Lunt Silverplated holloware. Related in each graceful line. In its beautiful carving. In its quality and workmanship. Now your table can completely reflect the taste and rich heritage that is **LUNT STERLING.**

*For information write: Lunt Silversmiths Dept. P-9, Greenfield, Mass.*



THERE ARE A DOZEN COUTURE SHOE NAMES,
BUT IN SANDALS THERE IS ONLY ONE.

In sandals, Bernardo stands alone.
The "Triumvirate" Sandal rises to power on a platform,
or takes its stand on the flattest of soles. Designed by
Eva Sonnino in a legion of colors, from the Bernardo collection,
$10 to $50 at: Bloomingdale's, New York; Strawbridge &
Clothier, Philadelphia; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.;
Burdine's, Miami; H. & S. Pogue, Cincinnati;
Woolf Bros., Kansas City; Dreyfuss & Son, Dallas; Nordstrom
Best, Seattle; Bullock's, Wilshire; or write
17 East 22 Street, New York, New York 10010.

BERNARDO



Shopping in the Casbah
Months for a vacation
Eloquent fluidity
New poshness for knits

This is
**THE TREVIRA ERA**

**GOLDWORM** takes the fluid drape Trevira brings to knits and does pant turnouts with the wit and style of The Trevira Era. In un-pale pastels that glisten subtly, fall alluringly, while every inch sends out a great fashion message. Sizes 6-14, in textured Trevira® polyester. The three-part combination, lilac, blue and gray: $90. Yellow and white tunic and pants, also in navy and white, $70. At Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores. SLIGHTLY HIGHER ON THE WEST COAST.

TREVIRA® POLYESTER
The Extraordinary Fiber

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PHOTO: JACK COWLEY

*Look! Look into my eyes!*

# Here's Almay's new stroke of brilliance – super-gleam, powder-in-cream eye shadow!

*So pure, it's hypo-allergenic!*



**Look! Almay's pretty pair of high-sheen eye colors! *Softlight*, all tender color and shine; *Superlight*, luminous over-glow. Both yours in Almay Softlight Eye Shadow Duo!**




# ALMAY®

## Hypo-allergenic eye make-up

**for the fabulous look of fashion that delicate skin never dared till now!**

© 1969 Almay, New York

Fling-of-a-Ring designed by Lee Menichetti for Almay



# Do you ever use your good towels on yourself?

Does it make sense to buy a big, fluffy, beautiful, four-dollar towel and stash it away in a dark old closet to wait for your company?

Whoever said that the good towels were only for company?

You deserve them too.

Stevens-Utica® makes good towels. And because they're good, they're expensive.

These Executive Line towels were designed by Bettina. They're all cotton and they cost about four dollars.

But then isn't it about time you started to treat yourself as well as you treat your company?

If you'd like to know who sells Stevens-Utica towels near you just call 800-243-1890. If you live in Connecticut, the number is 325-4336. It won't cost you a thing. J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc.

**Stevens-Utica.**
**Expensive towels for every day.**


Designed by Edith Thais.
Ah the See, by the See, by the beautiful See.
Sheer sophistication in DuPont nylon and Dacron® polyester. CATALINA®

# 'Body Cremes' by Warner's

## Just one handful of a slick new fabric makes a girdle so supple you forget you have it on.

Pull one on. It feels delicious – like smoothing yourself with body lotion. These new 'Body Cremes'™ are made of Trico–Net,™ a fabric specially knit for Warner's alone. It's lively (for sweetly rounded curves) but kindly (no squeezing, pinching, or poking). The 4-oz. BodySuit (about $15) gets you ready for the new closer-fitting dresses, the 3-oz. pantie girdle (about $8) for sportier things. The deep-plunge bra (about $4) is a perfect companion – lightly contoured for shapeliness. All in White Vision and delicate colors.

*Another loving touch from*
Warner's®
THE WARNACO GROUP

# A young girl's hair needs Gentle Care to keep it soft and shining.

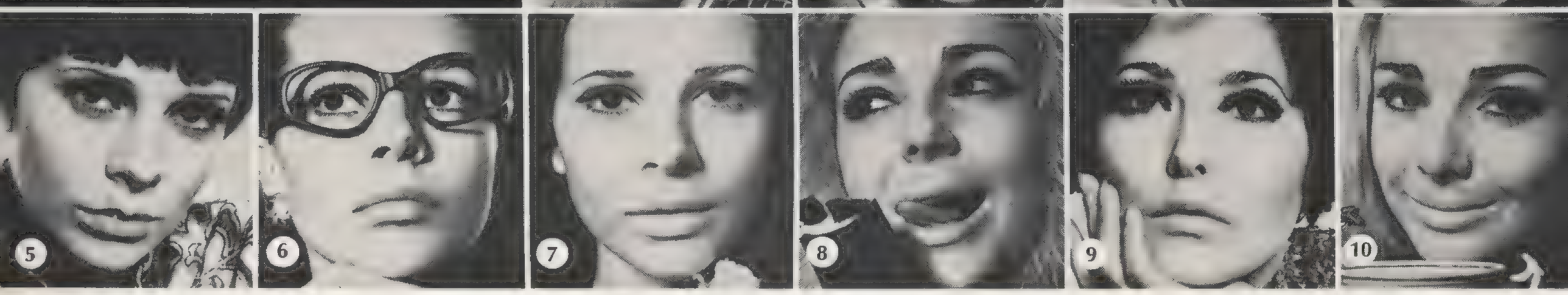



Gentle Care is a truly fabulous hair conditioner.
Because in just one minute, it can turn damaged hair into soft, silky, shining hair.
Hair that's bright, alive, and like satin to touch.
Hair that glows with youth, swings, glints, gleams.
Romantic hair. Fantastically fast. With Gentle Care.

**Gentle Care® instant hair conditioner**

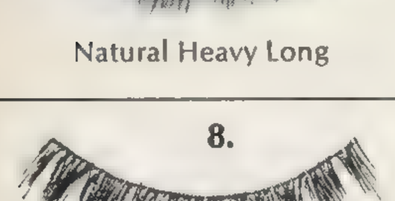
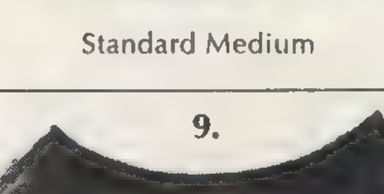
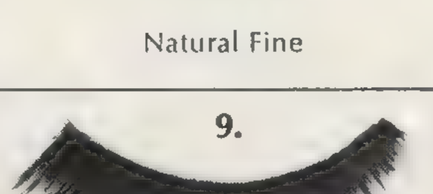
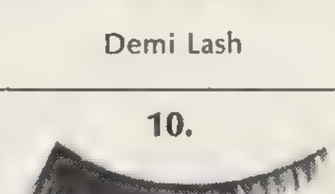
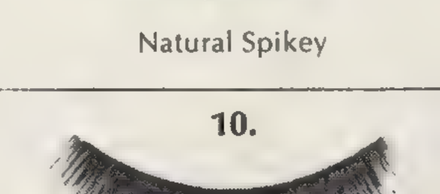
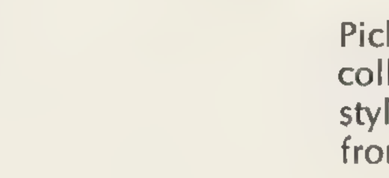
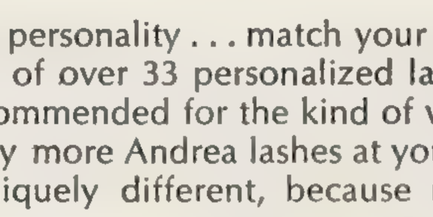
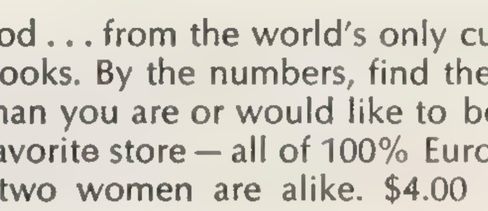
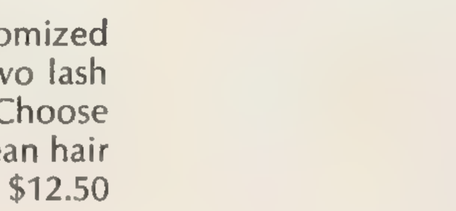
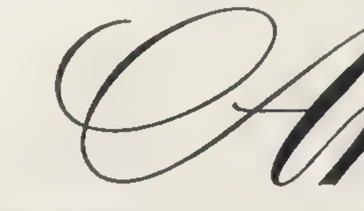
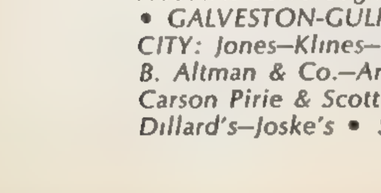
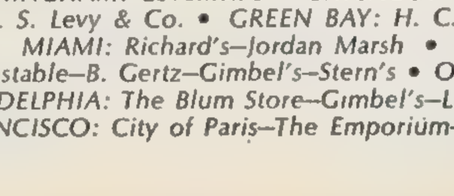
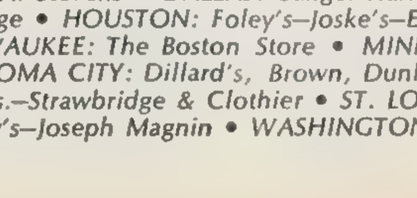
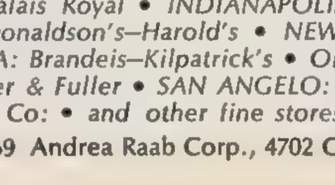
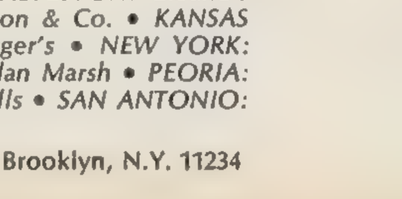
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# What kind of woman are you, anyway?




1. Outdoors 2. Career 3. Feminine 4. Romantic 5. Mod 6. Intellectual 7. Natural 8. Child-At-Heart 9. Sophisticated 10. Home-Loving

# Eye-dentify!

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1.  1-2-3 | 1.  Splash lash | 2.  Standard Heavy | 2.  Lower Lid | 3.  Glitter Lash |
| 3.  Natural Triple | 4.  Natural Heavy | 4.  Natural Deluxe | 5.  Standard Shaggy | 5.  Standard Sweeps |
| 6.  Natural Heavy Long | 6.  Standard Medium | 7.  Natural Fine | 7.  Demi Lash | 8.  Natural Spikey |
| 8.  Sunburst | 9.  Natural Shaggy | 9.  Standard Spikey | 10.  Flared Demi | 10.  Natural Medium |

All styles available in black or brown

Pick your personality . . . match your mood . . . from the world's only customized collection of over 33 personalized lash looks. By the numbers, find the two lash styles recommended for the kind of woman you are or would like to be. Choose from many more Andrea lashes at your favorite store — all of 100% European hair . . . all uniquely different, because no two women are alike. $4.00 to $12.50

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The week's over. You're tired and tense. But an hour from now, your Beechcraft King Air lands in Nassau. Then you suit up, stroll out and conform to the warm sand. No business. No phones.

Escape becomes an art when you have your own private Beechcraft. It's so easy to change your scenery that business and pleasure begin to overlap.

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Founded 1749 & BROOKS

# Celebrate everything with it.




New Year's Day.
St. Valentine's Day.
Ground Hog's Day.
St. Patrick's Day.
Mother's Day.
Arbor Day.
Father's Day.
Graduation Day.
Flag Day.
Independence Day. Bastille Day. Labor Day. Columbus Day. Election Day. Thanksgiving Day. Christmas Day. Etc.

*(With J&B Rare Scotch, the rest of everything is up to you.)*

Cheers.




J&B Rare Scotch. It only costs a few cents more.



(More on flowers in the house, page 141)

# *Tip sheet for indoor flower care*



*Green Cymbidium orchids seem to grow out of tropical leaves in a twig basket. By Antonio, 64 E. 55th St., N. Y.*

Stephen Barany, 149 E. 72nd St., N. Y., is a florist in love with his work. He searches the world for extraordinary flowers, the exotics, the out of season, has them flown in daily. A happy fringe benefit is that they last and last. From Nice, for example, come huge poppies, rose-like ranunculas, the fringed Malmaison carnations whose scent is a spicy forecast of spring. Here, for all flower lovers, his recipes for prolonging the life of cut flowers and a tip about the care of plants.

***ALL FLOWERS:***
Always cut them with a knife as scissors crush their stems.

***Anemones:*** Add one cup of vinegar to every four cups of water.

***Tulips:*** Live longer in copper containers, or add pennies.

***African daisies, agapanthus:*** Hate metal containers, love fine crystal ones.

***All lilies:*** Add a half cup of vinegar to each quart of water.

***Hyacinths, daisies:*** Add six drops of oil of peppermint to each quart of water in the vase.

***Delphinium, larkspur:*** Add two tablespoons of alcohol to each quart of water in the vases.

***Lilac:*** Never pull off foliage near the flower, it conducts water to the bloom.

***Apple blossoms:*** Cut only when in bud, crush ends of stems with a hammer. Add one tablespoon of ammonia to each quart of water in the containers used.

***Peony:*** Add two tablespoons of sugar to each quart of water.

***Roses:*** Add two tablespoons of salt to each quart of water.

***POTTED PLANTS:***
Be careful what you say in front of plants. It has recently been discovered that plants have a nervous system, react to certain emotions and frequencies. When a leading plant pathologist at the Bronx Botanical Gardens attached a lie-detector to a philodendron recently, then threatened to kill it, the lie detector went wild.

***Bulb plants:*** Water them from the bottom, setting the plant in a saucer of water. Never leave any potted plant in burning sunlight.

***California florists:*** Two florists making news in Beverly Hills are: David Jones, 8609 Sunset Blvd., L. A., 90069, and Potpourri, 9122 Sunset Blvd., L. A. 90069. In San Francisco, Merryvale, 3640 Buchanan St., has become famous for potted topiary shapes of ficus or ivy, trained on wire frames. They will ship them anywhere.

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Golden Times — original link designs, interesting watch shapes. Left to right: Eldorado, about $27.50; Watchworks*, about $30; Continental, about $17.50; Imperial, about $28.50. At Bonwit Teller, New York; Sakowitz, Houston; Filene's, Boston; Jordan Marsh, Florida; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles — (and branches) . . . and other prestige stores everywhere. For store nearest you write Schiaparelli Watches, 425 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10016.

Schiaparelli WATCHES

Other Schiaparelli Watches from $100 to $13.50. Slightly higher west of the Rockies.

*Pat. Pending & Reg. App. for

# VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

## *You and eye*

Polly Bergen, of the ugly friend and the preposterously beautiful eyes, believes wholeheartedly that one should not only decorate the windows of the soul, but also keep them clean and clear. Her new Eye Care Kit would appear to be the first of its kind, and a boon to the smarting set. The Eye Pads, agreeably spectacle-shaped, are saturated with a special soothing formula that not only calms your eyes, but even helps to de-puff the lids, and leave the skin satiny. Eye Clear works in and on the twinkling of an eye. Two drops of this and your orbs feel fresh as tulips. Deep Cleansing Cream, which is crammed with Oil of the Turtle, takes off *all* makeup tenderly and assiduously, even eye shadow and liner, without drawing tears. Oil of the friendly Turtle abounds, too, in the Eye Care Stick, which lubricates and moisturizes that treacherous eye skin around the clock . . . you can wear it, greaselessly, under or over makeup.

## *Water wings*

Unless you are presently basking on the Côte d'Azur, you might like to slip into the soul-soothing deeps of an Estée Lauder-powered tub and let your mind float fecklessly off to that amiable ambience. Among the new Azurée bath delights (see page 202) from Lauder—and there are enough to make even your head swim—are European Mineral Bath Salts, which are loaded with natural softeners like seaweed, churning up indescribably fragrant sea-blue foam; Tender Creme Bath, which emulsifies as it hits the water, saturating the skin with smoothers and bracing the air with birch; Fresh Milk Bath, a soothing bubble bath most blissfully followed by Body Satin Rub. Truly, one's bath runneth over.

## *A battery of talent*

Executives are sitting ducks. They sit endlessly in meetings, in taxis, in restaurants where the specialty is *mousse au chocolat*. All of this is splendid for the soul, but lethal for the shape, which is why our watchful friends at Relax-A-cizor have brought out the Executive. It has all the firming, inch-whittling possibilities you have come to know and love in a Relax-A-cizor, but this one runs on transistor batteries so it can be whisked to the office, where it tones up your muscles tactfully and unobtrusively while you are telephoning, dictating, or just pondering. The working unit lifts out of its case, making it a cinch to carry, pack, or tuck into your desk drawer, and the newly designed hound's-tooth-checked belts are more comfortable than ever. There is even a special new gel for the pads. The Executive was designed for men, but that hasn't stopped women from

borrowing it, or—if that doesn't work—buying it. In point of fact, we were comparing calories at lunch one day with a blazing beauty who said that her husband, generosity itself in most categories, was unbearably chintzy with his Relax-A-cizor. Driven to the wall, she bought a duplicate for herself and keeps it under lock. It is worth noting that this breathtaking creature is twenty-three, stands five feet nine without shoes, and weighs one hundred and nine pounds. She explained that in her teens she used to be rather amorphous, and now, willow wand that she is, her hips have been known to get blurry. "Never again," she said firmly, clutching the key to her Relax-A-cizor closet. (For more details, write Relax-A-cizor at 980 N. La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90054.)

## *Get set—GO*

Unless you spend six days a week at the coiffeur's, there are bound to be moments when the unplanned event catches you with your hair down and out. Instead of crouching piteously at home, missing who-knows-what pleasures, you can let Toni give you the solution. Lektro Set is name of same, a cheerful blue aerosol can its container. You simply spray any limp sections of hair with the new formula, roll them, and turn on your dryer for a fast ten minutes. The heat activates the solution into providing a bouncy, expert result. And if you're too busy for the dryer, just double the waiting time.

## *Soap? Or cleansing cream?*

You're jogging in place, 100 canter steps the minute, 20 high jumps at the end. He's watching you, inquiring huskily, "Are you sure you should be doing this—I mean, at your age?" This might well be the point when you search your pores and inquire of them: Are you too old for soap, too delicate for anything but cream cleansing? . . . Then again, you might be all of eighteen and feel that your skin's still too edgy for soap and water laundering. . . . In either case, chances are you're probably wrong. There's room in your face life for both. Cream for the instant grime removal, soap for the hard-core cleansing. Nothing beats soap, clinical dermatologists tell us, if the soap and the skin are well mated. Clinique, the computerized skin treatment system that classifies your skin type according to dermatological dicta, plays the mating game carefully. Soap Mild for Clinique Types 1 and 2 (usually fair-skinned and dry—or partly oily, partly dry). Soap Extra Strength for Types 3 and 4 (oil-prone and usually dark enough to tan easily). Lather controlled to require a maximum of five rinses (getting the residue off the skin is as important as using the right soap), Clinique soaps are clean-smelling, non-scented, allergy-tested. They fit almost every skin except the outrageously sensitive one—the kind that bridles at even the most gentle May breeze. For that one, Clinique just happens to have a cleansing cream.




Golden Grandeur—17-jewel watches in bold and delicate designs. Left to right: Cannes, about $42.50; St. Tropez, about $35; Deauville, about $45; Moritz, about $65. At Bonwit Teller, New York; Sakowitz, Houston; Jordan Marsh, Florida; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles—(and branches) . . . and other prestige stores everywhere. For store nearest you write Schiaparelli Watches, 425 Fifth Avenue, New York 10016.

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Schiaparelli
WATCHES



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# VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

*A celebration of art in Hartford, Connecticut*



1

A baroque Venus shimmered through huge pulsating balloons in "Air Place," an environment designed by Les Levine, who programmed an aurora borealis of coloured fog in the Austin Gallery for "The Ball," celebrating the reopening of the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford. Between dancing to hard rock by 'The Other One' and to show tunes played by Peter Duchin's orchestra, more than a thousand guests wandered through more than four million dollars of surprises. Among them: the James Lippincott Goodwin Building and the E. Clayton Gengras sculpture court, new links with the museum's 1844 Gothic Revival castle. Capping a fortnight's inaugural fun and benefitting America's oldest public art museum, "The Ball," said one guest, "was a mad pad."

1. Guests in "Air Place," surrounding a seventeenth-century sculpture by Pietro Francavilla. 2. Mrs. James McKim Symington and Mr. Peter Duchin. 3. Mrs. Robert M. Pennoyer and Mr. James McKim Symington. 4. Dancers in the Austin Gallery. 5. Mr. and Mrs. Richard S. Eaton. 6. Director of the Wadsworth Atheneum, Mr. James Elliott, with Mrs. Elliott. 7. Mr. David Bradshaw, Mr. Robert Rauschenberg, Miss Deborah Hay. 8. Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Lord. 9. Mrs. Peter Duchin and Mr. W. Sheffield Cowles.



2



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9

**The pajamas by Evan-Picone. The fiber by Enka. The photograph by James Moore.**



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**This fiber is Enkalure®. The fabric is Crepe D'Art by Carson Fabrics. Satiny barrel-cuffed midriff shirt and sashed pachyderm pants by Evan-Picone. In Yellow, Green, Taupe. The shirt about $19, the pants $26. At Bonwit Teller, New York; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Charles A. Stevens & Co., Chicago; J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles.**

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*and fine stores throughout the world.*


# VOGUE'S

## *A spring-light wedding in Rome*



1



2



3

Her winter wedding spring-stung with lilac, lavender blue iris, and white lilies, Mlle. Sophie Politis, daughter of M. and Mme. Jacques N. Politis, married M. Spyros Rossolimos, in the church of Sant' Andrea in Rome. The bride, dressed by Marc Bohan in organdie snowed with flowers, had as attendants a kittle of bright-eyed young bridesmaids and pages. In the church, His Eminence Mélétios, the Metropolitan of France, led the Greek Orthodox ceremony witnessed by H.M. King Con-

# NOTEBOOK



4

stantine of Greece. In an exceptional ecumenical gesture, His Holiness Pope Paul VI sent his benediction to the couple.

After the ceremony everyone moved on to a reception and dinner at the Circolo della Caccia. This hunting club that's not at all about hunting was translated, for this party, into a spring planting of more lilac, iris, and lilies.

1. The wedding ceremony. 2. The bride and groom with, in the background, their witness H.M. King Constantine. 3. M. and Mme. Jacques N. Politis, parents of the bride; Mlle. Atalanta Politis, sister of the bride. 4. H.M. the Queen Mother Frederika of Greece, H.M. Queen Anne Marie of Greece. 5. King Constantine signing the witness book. 6. His Eminence Mélétios, the Metropolitan of France. 7. Alexandre, who flew from Paris for the wedding, doing the bride's hair, as her governess, Mlle. Lily Morzier, watches.



5



6



7


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# VOGUE'S

*The rosy glow of the Flamingo Ball in Florida.*



1



2

When a flock of stinging-pink birds can serve as take-off point for a party that raised $200,000 for The American Cancer Society, someone is thinking. This season in Miami the committee for the Flamingo Ball thought pink, flamingo pink, until guests felt they were dancing inside rose-coloured glasses. At the Hialeah Race Course, where that afternoon the $75,000 Hialeah Turf Cup Handicap had run, seven hundred guests—most of the women dressed in pinks, from hunting to pearl—arrived past a Flamingo Fountain jetting pink water to have dinner in a pink silk-lined pavilion



3



# NOTEBOOK



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at tables striped pink-and-white, centred with pink-horse piñatas.

Later, Valentino showed his spring collection of clothes brought from Rome, and fireworks shot sprays of new pink stars under a full moon. In Hialeah's infield, the pink oblivious flamingos paced. 1. At Hialeah Race Course, where the ball was held, near the Flamingo Fountain. 2. Mrs. Theodore S. Gary, Executive Chairman of the Flamingo Ball. 3. Four models in Valentino fashion show. 4. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, Mrs. Samuel E. Bogley, Mr. Courtney F. Ellis. 5. Mrs. M. Fraser Wall, Mr. Charles F. Chaplin. 6. Mlle. Chantal Dumont, Signor Valentino Garavani. 7. Mrs. David M. Trapp, Mr. Trapp, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney.



7

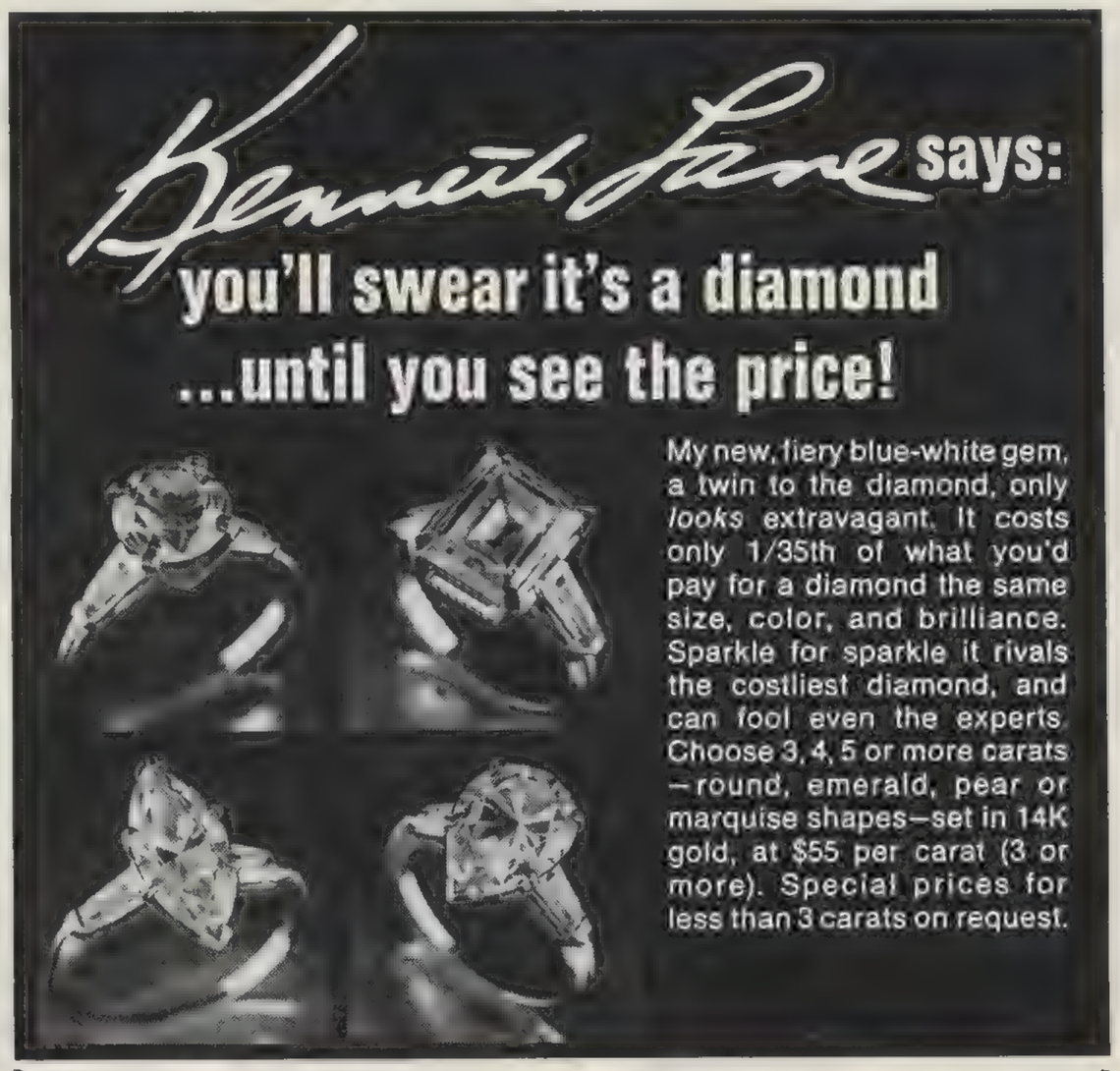




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DAUGHTER TO POLLY BERGEN ON MAKEUP:

# "If I could

*only put on makeup the way you do, I'd never worry. But I can't even decide which kind to use, which look I want."*

"You'll try a lot of looks in your lifetime, Kathy. But first you have to think about makeup the way you think about clothes. Some things basic. Some accessories.

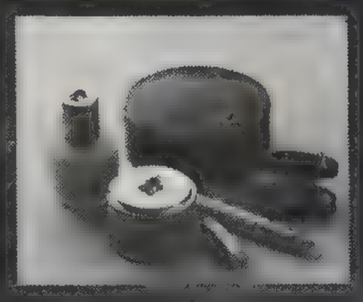
"My basic makeup wardrobe item is my foundation. It's important to choose one you can handle easily, without fear of making a mistake, and one that does good things for your skin. For me, that's a feathery-textured cream with Oil of the Turtle in it. It keeps my skin in perfect condition all day. And just by varying the amounts I put on, I get a sheer transparent skin tone or glamorous coverage.

"Then, because nobody's perfect, my second basic is Perfection Stick. It makes up for lost sleep and nature's mistakes. After that comes what I call instant health, the glow I get from my cream rouge—the glow you were born with.

"Final basic in my makeup wardrobe is transparent powder, because it's truly transparent and won't change to that awful orangey color. It also keeps my makeup fresh. You might pass it up now for the shiny look, but it will be a basic for you some day.

"There are the fun-accessories like Liquid Shimmer Foundation. Then lipstick and eye makeup. I'll get to them later. OK, luv?"

*Polly Bergen's Basic Makeup Wardrobe. Moisture Blend Cream Foundation, Liquid Shimmer Foundation, with Oil of the Turtle. Perfection Stick. Whipped Cream Rouge. Transparent Powder.*



from the Polly Bergen Moisture Blend Makeup Series for dry and normal skin.



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The Year of the Turtle.

# VOGUE'S

## *An I-love-Paris party in France*



1



2

Annibale Scotti, who is Italian and spends slabs of the winter in St. Moritz, Switzerland, loves Paris. So, wanting all his friends to enjoy the city as much as he, he gave a party at Maxim's. No guests of honour, no benefitting charities, no sell, just a whee of a party, starting with champagne downstairs and moving upstairs to a winter-white extravaganza of trees, branches, snow, stars: all white, all lit from the glowworm-green floor with a phosphorescent glitter.



3



5



4

# NOTEBOOK



6

Indecently good food, with some of the best-looking slivers on two continents gobbling lemon soufflé wrapped in crêpes; a recorded blast of rock-and-move music for the same slivers to dance the calories down by—an evening all about having a good time, that's what it was. Dottor Scotti's guests are glad he loves Paris.

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7



8



9

JOHN ENCOMBE


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"And I'll go into Scrub later. It's a real find for problem areas!"



*Polly Bergen's Basic Skin Care Plan. 1. Cleansing Foam. 2. Freshener. 3. Foam Moisturizer (Night Concentrate for special dry areas and Scrub occasionally for problem areas.)*

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The Year of the Turtle

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# VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

# Movies

BY ANTHONY WEST

## *The Wanderer* "*a full-bosomed weepy*"

Older moviegoers who have at any time wondered whatever became of Brigitte Fossey, the enchanting six-year-old girl who played the leading rôle in the French film *Forbidden Games* some fifteen years ago, will find her looking lovelier than ever, yet still astonishingly like her old self, in Jean-Gabriel Albicocco's *The Wanderer*. This is a film version of Alain Fournier's novel *Le Grand Meaulnes*, a very delicate and refined book that inspires very strong feelings of either reverence or loathing in the breasts of its French readers. It was published in 1913, a year before the outbreak of the war in which its author was killed at the age of twenty-eight, becoming one of the two million young Frenchmen who were either dead, blind, or permanently disabled by their mutilations when the struggle ended.

As Alain Fournier's book was an almost perfect expression of the sensitive adolescent's desire to escape from the life of crude material realities into a dream world of passion and feeling, and of the sense of loss that goes with the business of growing up, discarding dreams, and coming to terms with things as they are, it became something of a cult object for those who were mourning either for the lost youth of France or for the passing of their own youth.

Those who loathe *Le Grand Meaulnes* are Classicists who detest its sentimentality and its softness in the face of the terms of the human condition. They say that the book represents all that is weak and, in the pejorative sense, feminine in French literature and in the Romantic tradition. Albicocco is no Classicist: he has made what is very much the film of the book, and it has come out as a full bosomed weepy that is beautiful in the sense that *Elvira Madigan* was beautiful, and very much for the sort of moviegoer who liked that picture.

For those who know and love or like *Le Grand Meaulnes* as a novel there are likely to be problems. Albicocco's casting is almost faultless, and the settings are dead right, but the principal ingredient in the book, its magic, turns out to be unfilmable. What happened to the great lout of a boy called Le Grand Meaulnes was that he got lost in the odd, sour-soiled, everyday Sologne countryside one day, and strayed into a part of it where he found his most secret fantasies being acted out on the plane of reality by a group of mysterious people at once completely familiar and entirely strange to him.

The problem of getting an event that is at once an actual happening and a boy's dream onto the screen unhappily defeats Albicocco, who can only fake his way out of the difficulty by throwing up a lot of trickily blurred glimpses of what could be any old provincial fancy-dress ball. One feels that there must have been more to the affair to spook poor Meaulnes and his friends for life. There is a bad break at the end, too, when the sight of Meaulnes blubbering over his dead wife's baby arouses the dormant Classicist that lurks somewhere in even the most besotted Romantic's brain. One realizes, inescapably, that the silly fellow wouldn't have had anything to cry about if he'd thought to send the poor girl a postcard every ten days or so to let her know where he was and how he was doing. The image on the screen escapes from Albicocco's control, and speaking for itself tells one that Meaulnes was more of a fool than even a Romantic hero should be.

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# VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

# Books

BY ALBERT GOLDMAN

## *The Strawberry Statement,*

## *"Catcher in the Riot"*

Originally called "Diary of a Revolutionist," this behind-the-barricades view of last spring's student strike at Columbia University was, when it appeared first in *New York* magazine, one of the real journalistic coups of 1968. Written by a nineteen-year-old student (under the pen name Simon James) and read by older people against the sombre background of incipient racial revolution and widespread anxiety over the moral dissolution of the younger generation, this diary exploited as did no other document of that time the humour, pathos, and, above all, the irony of student revolution. The perfect timing of its publication contributed enormously to the splash it made.

For here was the University—symbolically, our civilization—beset by hordes of student Vandals and Visigoths dressed up in Che Guevara costumes, breaking into Low Library, rifling President Grayson Kirk's private files, hooking down his brandy, and puffing his cigars. Opposing them was an army of cops and reporters and professors trying desperately to stem the barbarian tide and making an ugly mess with their muscles and their Mace, their slanted stories and limp compromises. Then, just as this roiling imbroglio reaches hurricane intensity, out of the whirlwind comes a voice, the only focused, believable voice of that clamorous hour. Wry, self-deprecatory, funny-sad, it was a familiar voice; it was—*My God! Another Holden Caulfield!*

Yes, behind the mountain-lion hair and the alien berets of the Great Outrage were the same beguiling, appealing boys and girls that J. D. Salinger had made famous in literature. Who but the hero of *Catcher in the Rye* would await the "bust" that will "screw" his future, hunched over a typewriter pecking out these self-critical observations: "I am not having good times here. . . . It's possible that I'm here to be cool or to meet people or to meet girls (as distinct from people) or to get out of crew or to be arrested. Of course the possibility exists that I am here to precipitate some change at the University." Who but such a nice gentile boy would slip out of the beleaguered Library to report for afternoon crew practice, or worry so much about the water that gets spilled on President Kirk's floor when the waste-baskets are filled in expectation of a tear-gas attack?

No less self-doubting than Holden Caulfield, Simon James is, in the final analysis, a very different sort of citizen. Confronted with a political situation, he acts first and then lapses into soliloquy. Whether stoically awaiting punishment or patiently enduring guilt, he steadies himself with this thought: "Babies are being burned and men are dying and this University is at fault quite directly." So much for anomie.

In its present form as *The Strawberry Statement* by James Simon Kunen (Random House), the revolutionist's diary seems oddly thin, self-indulgent, and opportunistic. Stretched out with anticlimactic stuff about the author's post-revolutionary fortunes and out of synch with current events at Columbia, last year's journalistic dynamite fizzles like a wet powder train. Too bad that the idealistic revolutionist, otherwise so impatient of capitalist boondoggling, should jump at a publisher's offer and fall into line with that blind rule that every successful magazine article must become a book for the trade.


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# VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

# Money

BY HENRY C. WALLICH

## *The cheapest and the highest—tourist bills*

Eight days is not much time to do Europe. It is even less when the traveller is the President of the United States and his eight days are a continuous sequence of ceremonial occasions and intensive discussions. Not quite so obvious perhaps is the difficulty of even the leisurely traveller in penetrating a new environment.

Both European and American travellers are chronically misled, for instance, about living standards and costs in each other's countries. The American almost everywhere except in expensive France is struck by the low cost of tourism. The European is startled and dismayed by what he has to pay in the United States.

It happens, however, that the prices travellers are most concerned with—hotels and meals—are least representative of the purchasing power of money both in Europe and America. Restaurants and hotels are "service intensive," and services are cheap in Europe, dear in the United States. The American in Europe sees what is cheapest, the European in the United States sees what is dearest.

When travellers begin window shopping, the impression changes. Food and clothing offer no great bargains in Europe, they often do in the United States. But most travellers on either side never really have occasion to explore what are the cheapest things in the United States and the dearest abroad: a good-sized car and a home. It is only after pitting an American Ford, Chevy, or Plymouth, and an American six- or eight-room house against their European counterparts that the other side of the money equation becomes visible. All things considered, the dollar still buys a lot.

Travellers on both sides of the Atlantic are apt to misconceive not only standards of wealth but of poverty. Europeans tend to be impatient with the American poverty line of $3,350 for a non-farm family of four in 1967. In most other countries, that is pretty close to the average income even after allowance for purchasing-power differences. If the European traveller has been driven through Harlem and similar areas and has noted that the curbs are parked as thickly there as on Park Avenue by cars that to him look equally big, he is apt to be confirmed in his suspicion that American poverty is pretty rich.

What the European can not know, nor the American in Europe, is the quality of living behind this façade. The European thinks in terms of the homogeneous population of his own country. He takes for granted a high minimum standard of education, an environment of law and order. He is accustomed to pervasive social services that provide security, prevent hunger, guarantee health care. Were he to immerse himself in the American scene he would quickly discover how badly all this is lacking. The American poverty standard is far above the European, but the quality of life at that standard—except for the big car and other consumer durables—does not compare nearly so favourably.

Europeans are not rich by American standards but they make the most of what they have, and we do not.



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Dior

# VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

# Art

BY BARBARA ROSE

## *de Kooning and the old masters*

That Willem de Kooning is one of the greatest painters of this or any other century is not a judgment likely to be reversed by any future revolution in taste. In the light of the unfavourable criticism evoked by his late work, this was, perhaps, not entirely certain until the recent Museum of Modern Art retrospective in New York. The exhibition, covering the artist's entire career, from his arrival as a young Dutch immigrant to the present, establishes beyond the shadow of a doubt de Kooning's place among the immortals of art history. The irony, however, is that he has won such a position not on the strength of the works that gained him international fame—the leering, shattered, Gargantuan women of the 'fifties—but on that of the haunting and poignant masterpieces of the 'thirties and 'forties, when de Kooning was an underground figure with a reputation only among painters.

Containing many works exhibited for the first time, the exhibition held a number of surprises. It revealed, for example, that the amount of rhetoric about de Kooning's vanguardism had obscured his connection to the old masters. A great draftsman, whose sinuous fluid arabesques recall the grace and rhythm of Ingres's line, de Kooning could never completely free himself from the disjunction between the linear and the painterly that separates the old masters from the modernists. He came closest to a completely uninhibited painterliness in his landscape abstractions of the late 'fifties, in which line per se disappears, although gestural passages continue to evoke drawing, even if they do not literally create contours and closed shapes. Generally, these pictures, in which tumultuous splattered waves of paint twist, crash, and collide with one another, held up better than one might have expected given their apparent lack of structure. Ten years after they were made, their still fundamentally Cubist organization is clearer perhaps than it was during the waning days of painterly abstraction, when so many lesser artists were tied to de Kooning's coattails.

If one were to plot de Kooning's career graphically, its curve would swing in an amazingly symmetrical arc from the small lyrical figure studies of the 'thirties, build to a crescendo in the dramatic, frenzied women and abstract landscapes of the 'fifties, only to subside again in the intimist nudes of the 'sixties. For the paintings de Kooning has created in this decade were done entirely in opposition to the prevailing taste for monumental decorative "optical" abstraction. Small in scale, they fall clearly within the easel convention; lathered with heavy pigment, they are obviously in the tactile Expressionist mode, which gives full play to the artist's personal dilemma vis-à-vis both art and life. Their surface is frosting-like, their pigment is viscous and gooey, and their colour is a range of pinks and roses we normally associate with the dressing table.

Yet one must respect the man who flaunts the taste of his time; despite how fashionable a painter de Kooning has become, these recent nudes are extremely unfashionable and, in their way, uningratiating works. They do not strike one as the mindless daubs of a great painter gone soft, but as the pathetically wrecked vestiges of a great tradition in its death throes. Like Van Gogh's and Soutine's tortured modernization of the painterly, de Kooning's late nudes testify to both a personal as well as a cultural desperation that wins its dignity only through veracity.

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# VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

# Movies

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

## *Teorema*, "rottenness with sex"

*Teorema* is the old one about the stranger who comes into a household and makes each member, one by one, discover terrible truths about himself. It used to be called, early in the century, *The Servant in the House* or *The Passing of the Third Floor Back.* The mysterious visitor then was ordinarily an angel in disguise. This time the modish Marxist director Pier Paolo Pasolini has reworked the old chestnut. The mysterious visitor is now the spirit of revolution, destroying bourgeois society by forcing its members to confront their own rottenness and to strive for salvation through self-laceration.

In the manner of our day, Pasolini identifies bourgeois rottenness with sex rather than with economic exploitation. His mysterious visitor is thus, according to the script, a young man of irresistible charm, though this is not notably evident in Terence Stamp's jaunty performance. When he descends on a wealthy Italian family, the maid opens her skirt to him; then the son crawls into his bed; then the mother strips for him; then the daughter swoons for him; then, believe it or not, the father takes him into the woods. Having seduced the whole family, the stranger departs.

In the aftermath each member of the family, unable to forget the beatific vision, goes mad—the maid imagines herself a worker of miracles; the mother solicits young toughs to make love to her; the painter son urinates on his canvas; the daughter falls into a coma; and the father, after starting to pursue a queer into the men's room of a railroad station, instead undresses and rushes naked into the streets.

The title of the film implies a geometric form of narration; and the *quod erat demonstrandum*, of course, is the decadence of bourgeois society. Lest anyone miss the point, Pasolini inserts at regular intervals shots of a barren, wind-swept, red wilderness.

Alas, we have been here before. Antonioni even called his underrated film on the sterility of bourgeois life *Red Desert.* Where Pasolini's film is not imitative, it is heavy-handed and portentous.

## *La Prisonnière*, "begins promisingly"

Pasolini is a philosopher and Henri-Georges Clouzot is only a specialist in Grand Guignol. But he too has kept up with the times, moving on from suspense *(Wages of Fear)* and horror *(Diabolique)* to sado-masochism in his new film, *La Prisonnière.* It begins promisingly with a French girl succumbing to the temptations of self-abasement against a stylish Op Art background, with the camera gently caressing the ropes, chains, and sinister statuary of a sadist's laboratory.

Then, midway, the film has a drastic change of mood. The sado-masochist couple goes off to a romantic Lelouch seashore where the masochist's ambition, all of a sudden, is no longer to abase herself but to be a happy bourgeoise mistress and where the sadist shifts from an exquisite decadent into a sappy mooncalf. The rest is soap opera. One feels that, having gone half the distance, Clouzot lost his nerve, or perhaps his interest. *La Prisonnière* is not a serious film like *Teorema* but, at least, it is not a pretentious one either.

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# VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

# THE Underground

BY JOHN GRUEN

## *By the Late John Brockman*, "*terrifying*"

John Brockman, the former promulgator of intermedia, and the brain behind any number of environmental techniques promoting consumer goods, motion pictures, and lightworks entertainments, has written a terrifying book, *By the Late John Brockman,* to be published by Macmillan in the autumn.

What's terrifying about this depressing book is its contention that not God but man is dead. Indeed, in language that is as cerebral as it is icy, Brockman maintains that everything about man—his consciousness, his feelings, his emotions, his mind, his ego, his spirit, his soul, and his pain—has today no relevancy whatever. "Man is dead," he proclaims, "man is an abstraction which he does not understand." But instead of espousing any new philosophical theory—a concept anathema to Brockman—he theorizes upon the forces of what he calls the "invisible" impulses impinging themselves upon the brain. The flicker emanating from the television tube, for example, is but one of the causes of man's "death." The signals of information, which Brockman calls "invisible non-linear impulses," are what control all of man's activities.

Brockman maintains that man operates on neural energy alone: There is no such thing as a state of consciousness. Brockman's deeply pessimistic view is that the oscillations of frequencies which transmit patterns of communication are the guidelines for man's every action. These guidelines are, of course, invisible.

"The invisible," Brockman wrote, "looks not to behaviour (environment), the past, but to the transactional ordering, the frequency synchronization, the brain adapting to change to maintain continuity and stability. The invisible realizes that his brain is continually coded in the continual present, and that the information for this coding is a function of the phylogenetic behaviour of the species."

This brief sampling gives only the barest idea of Brockman's aggressive concepts and literary style. While the concepts have an avalanche of contradictions and ambiguities, the style, in the guise of being coldly factual, is totally devoid of either wit or simple clarity. In fact, there is an undercurrent of disquieting hostility directed at the world in general and at man in particular.

To claim that the invisible "wavelengths" of communication are playing havoc with our senses is, of course, a provocative idea. But the suggestion that we are all walking around like so many coded and computerized robots seems more to reflect the author's deep-seated personal anguish than any statement about the human condition. While the mysteries of the brain and its functions is a subject of unending interest, to relegate human behaviour to deadening invisible impulses is to be as arbitrary as calling the visual absorption of print-type lethal.

"Knowledge is on the way out," said the author. "Egos don't exist. Everything is cerebral now. I am a process." What may be gathered from his book is that Brockman mistrusts his human responses to such a degree that to be rendered invisible, or "dead," seems his only salvation. With the advent of his book, his invisibility may well be insured.

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Gorham Sterling designs from left to right: Camellia, Chantilly, La Scala, Fairfax, Rose Tiara, Hispaña, Strasbourg

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VOGUE'S DECORATING FINDS AND IDEAS FOR

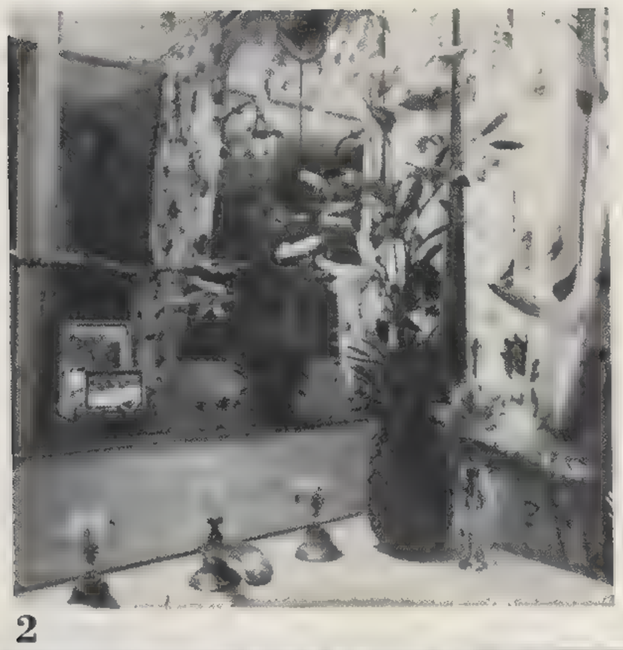
# FASHIONS IN LIVING

## *Flowers all over the house*



1

Mrs. Harcourt Amory uses flowers as witty bibelots: **1.** Mushrooms, parsley, and yellow ranunculas tuck into a halved salmon-and-yellow papaya in a tiny basket. **2.** A pretty, fresh pineapple is a vase for pink Turks-cap lilies. By Stephen Barany. Basket, The Very Thing. Both, 149 E. 72nd St., N. Y.



2



3

**3.** Mrs. Mortimer Hall, the actress Diana Lynn, loves table-top gardens of superb potted flowers in a colourful mix. Cardboard coasters hide underneath. Above, the dining table garden includes sweet scented hyacinth and freesia. Plants, from The Greenery, 306 E. 53rd St., N. Y.



5



4



6

**4.** Inspired by Portuguese flower sellers: bunches of flowers, each in a moss-covered glass, fill an oval basket. Potted plants might be used, strawberries scattered on the moss. **5.** Two-part vase: A glass bowl sits on a Plexiglas cylinder like sculpture on a stand. To order in clear or colours, in five sizes. Both ideas from Reinaldo Maia, 252 E. 62nd St., N. Y. **6.** Young Mrs. Bradford Walker's fill-in: a giant basket of Italian raffia flowers. It stands alone for colour, or with pots of greens. From Boutique de la Cuisine, 200 E. 61st St., N. Y. **7.** Unusual baskets filled with great flowers, like this splendid profusion, are a Parrish-Woodworth fame. 650 Madison Ave., N. Y. **8.** Young New York architect Derek Romley's sun-filled bathroom is an indoor garden with plants flourishing against treillage walls. Its humidity does the trick.



7



8

DAVID MASSEY

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Scotch
Soft as a Kiss



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# MEN IN VOGUE

## ...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

## *The big brim, the big news*

***The brim that started the boom: Stetson, American as May in Montana. Known around the world. Now at home on the beach, in town, or on the range.***



JACK ROBINSON

***Keep a good thing going*** . . . it's always a good idea. When it can be updated . . . so much the better. The all-time Western hat is just such a good thing. Suddenly now, everybody wants the swagger and masculine dash of a big, rolling, wide-brimmed hat. The slickest cowboy, top right, is the look with a hard black felt "Playboy" Stetson, silky black shirt worn open-collared, with a black silk scarf knotted rat-catcher style at the throat. The shirt, by Manhattan. The hat, with a grosgrain band, about $20. At Wanamaker's, Westchester.



BERRY BERENSON

***On the beach,*** top left, Indian headband—jet-black silk, on top: the "Gambler" by Stetson; $18. Centre left, summer scarf trick sparked by a squashy camel-colour "Duke"; $20. Both at Wanamaker's, Westchester. Under the hat, sorrel-brown silk headband. In the neck of a cocoa shirt, a silk scarf in acid green, yellow, and mahogany. Left, British version of the big hat for summer: white felt, black-banded; $35. Blades, 905 Madison Ave. Wear it with a dark blazer, white shirt, white flannels, bright silk neckcloth. Beyond that, it's all in the way you wear your head: high.



## Super Sheen Make-up

*for an instant summer look*

*A twist of the wrist and you have a glowing,*
*sun-blushed complexion...in shades of Pink, Peach or Apricot,*
*and for sun-bright highlighting—translucent Pearl.*

## Super-Bronze Make-up

*in two shining depths to make you look tan, or even tanner.*
*All together—a great look!*

Germaine Monteil

MAY, 1969

# VOGUE'S EYE VIEW OF AMERICAN WOMEN, WHERE ARE THE NEEDED ACTIVISTS?

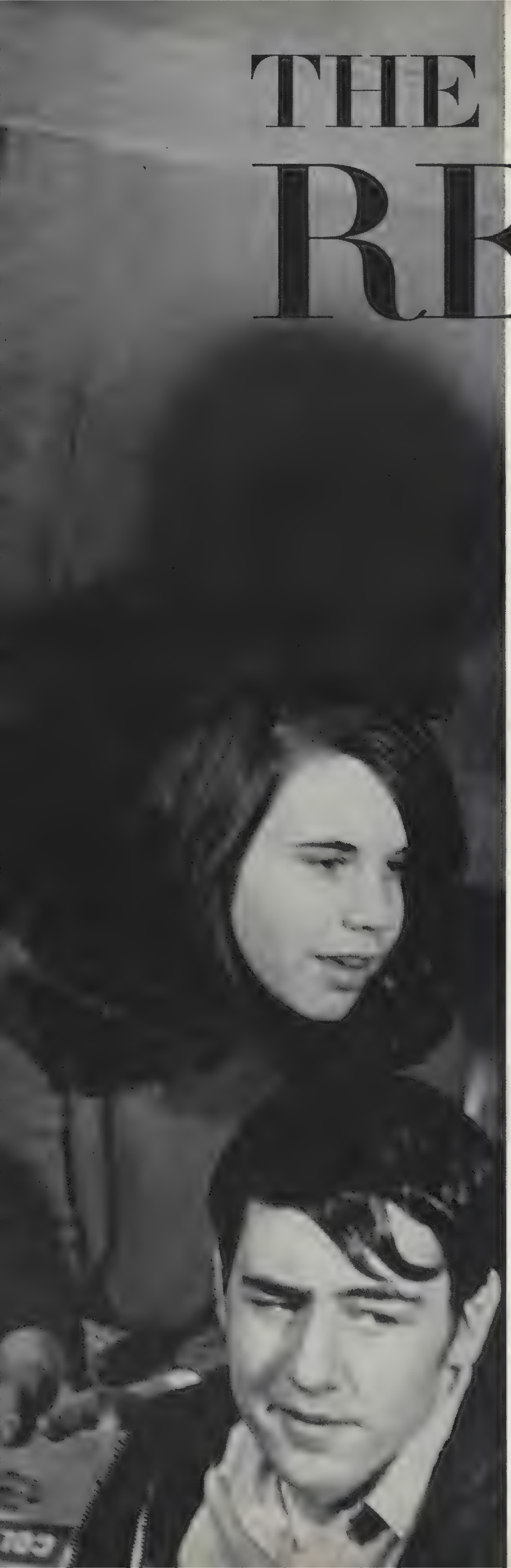
Activists—that is what most of the women in these pages are. They work not just for money but for the good. Like thousands more women they are for the most part married, for the most part have children. But the potency of woman power, especially of volunteer women including the professionals, is only rarely felt nationally.

Where are the women? Where are the women on either side of the abortion fight? Men, embattled, talk endlessly about it on television.

Where are the women in politics? In the hunger fight, where are the women? Everyone knows by now that more than 10,000,000 Americans, many of them women and children, are flatly hungry every day.

Only two million of the seven million poor children around the country are getting school lunches. Where are the women of those communities? Who bothers enough about the hungry migrants in their waterless shacks? And who should? The women of this country with their unmassed strength, working with men, with their husbands. It took only fifty-six men from thirteen colonies, some more than a week's ride from Philadelphia, to finish the Declaration of Independence. What the country needs is not necessarily breakthroughs by women, but more women as activists, keeping the private peace, doing the common housekeeping of a country.





# THE PASSIONATE REBELS

## "Once you start, you finish"

BY STEPHANIE HARRINGTON

There are women rebels who, not from party to party or polemic to polemic or march to march, but from day to day, in public gesture, and in the more common, unreported tedium of small details, carry out their resistance.

To rebel, according to one of its dictionary definitions, is "to manifest or feel utter repugnance." As a rule, that is understood as repugnance to a particular system, and that is a political rebel. But there are those whose repugnance is more objectively directed at, to paraphrase Malraux, the inhuman condition. They are young, they are middle-aged, their focus is often different.

There is, for instance, the young woman working in the city ghetto. She is not a professional social worker, not an agent from the Welfare Department, not a Junior League Jane Hull dispensing noblesse oblige in her spare time. She is one of the ones who are not just in the ghetto but of the ghetto, born there, raised there, and too stubborn to run away from her people still trapped there. She's a high school dropout but bright, articulate, sophisticated, scholarship material—with the proper incentive. She could have split, made out in a dozen ways. But her incentive propels her another way.

It makes her stand her ground and say something can be done and will be done. It makes her hustle foundation money to run her child day-care centre so the mothers in her neighbourhood can work rather than resign themselves to Welfare. It has her distributing free milk that she has shamed out of the well-meaning community above and beyond the ghetto walls. Or trying to set up a neighbourhood service centre to provide a job exchange, music and carpentry lessons, baby-sitting, the works. Or raising bail for a kid in trouble. Or just rapping with the kids, working on them, which is better than a social worker working *with* them, as the professional jargon goes, because she is one of them.

Her private life isn't much—a two-room tenement flat, (Continued on next page)

## BARNARD GIRLS AT COLUMBIA, *rebels in the cool pursuit of principle*

It would not have happened before 1969, yet by 1969 it was a Great Of-Course: a sleep-in by Barnard College women students in a Columbia University men's dormitory. No eruption of spring fever or souped-up sub for pantie raids, the sleep-in served to make a point so seriously, so forcefully that it shook college authorities into definite consideration of boy-girl living quarters. What point? Men remembering dorms that "smelled like the lion house at the zoo with some ape forever snapping wet towels in the hall," think women have gone daft to want any part of it. Yet 85 per cent of the Barnard women and 95 per cent of the Columbia men who answered questionnaires—as more than two-thirds of both groups did—thought both-sex living arrangements only right. A young woman reporter, not much older than the students, said, "Of course sex enters into it, but these kids are way ahead of us. They believe it is as arbitrary and unnatural to separate men and women in living as it is in education." Chewed by neither coyness nor guilt, these cool, practising rebels mean what they say they mean. Possibly, their generation never learned the word "but."





the life on the street. The occasional glamour of working with City Hall. Visions of her own future waste her time. She is just doing what she has to do. She's spent most of her life on the inside looking out. She knows how the perimeters of the ghetto cramp the mind, the body, the soul. She knows you can't afford the luxury of waiting for help from the outside; there's more leisure out there. In the meantime, somebody's got to try unlocking the door from the inside. So she just keeps picking away. That's it.

But rebels also happen on the outside. The real thing, too. Not the dinner-party Castro-ites, not the Saturday social worker whose commitment is managed within the limits of a commutation ticket. But a few rebels in search of a cause without even knowing it, without ever having experienced forced residence in the poverty ward, without ever having been political, without ever even having thought of themselves as do-gooders. They have simply been confronted by a situation of need that so moved them, they found themselves becoming voluntary inmates, not only working to alleviate someone else's lot but sharing it in the process. Vaguely, flickering somewhere between conscience and consciousness, there is the intimation that it is everyman's lot. Motivation may thus be implied, but there is still no definition and the manifestation is only in the deed.

Take, for instance, the middle-class girl from Virginia. Programmed by her family as most middle-class girls are—a comfortable job for a while, followed by a comfortable marriage, comfortable children, comfortable future—she has had "all the advantages." Particularly education. "Overeducated" is her word for it—B.S., M.A., three-quarters of a further degree.

And then, right there, three-quarters of the way through, she got hooked. Quietly at first. By, of all things, the plight of agricultural workers. Agricultural workers are not particularly visible to most of the American middle class—except if you happen to be three-quarters through a degree at a university in an agricultural area and you happen in on a meeting where a farm worker is telling his story. It's a story of subpoverty wages, inadequate living quarters, intolerable sanitary facilities—what there is of them. Courtesy of the big—often corporate—farmers. So you get hooked.

This particular girl started driving from campus down to the migrant town every weekend to help at the clinic, with the picketing, with organizing. And then, one day, the three-quarters mark became the exit point into reality. Driving bag and baggage south in her car (with payments still due on it), she became a full-time rebel for a cause she had only learned about weeks before. Her conditions were: a place to

## MR. and MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, IV,

### *rebels inside The Establishment*

They look too easy. Beautiful, handsome, rich, educated, young: All true, for the Rockefellers are a waking dream of the American Dream. And all false, for while people snark after what the Rockefellers seem to be, *they* are off somewhere else. Jay Rockefeller, a Democrat, was elected last November as the Secretary of State of West Virginia with the announced intention of stripping the job of its power. (The Secretary of State, by setting the agenda for the state's governing Board of Public Works, had, effectively, control of the budget. Now, Jay proudly doesn't.) The gesture describes Jay. A blue-eyed, fast-talking man with a mind that wears cleats, he figures first what must be done, then thinks back to how to do it. If that's how, he does it himself. Trained in Far Eastern studies at Harvard, he veered into West Virginia in 1964 to help in a community development program among miners. Staggered by the state's problems, drawn by its beauty, amused by his greenhorn start, he took up West Virginia as if the whole state were his cause. It is, and, since 1967, the cause, too, of his wife, Sharon Percy Rockefeller, daughter of Senator Charles Percy of Illinois. Blond, brown-eyed, sun-voiced, she said, "I've been in politics a long time. When I married Jay, I knew what our life would be." For her, life includes work as an assistant kindergarten teacher to underprivileged children in Coal Branch Heights; with Mountain Artisans, Inc., to develop home industries; and for Operation Crossroads Africa. The Rockefellers are not soft-core. If they lost their looks, their money, their well-being, they would almost certainly remain dedicated, hard-working, and staunch—believers in the American Fact.

BRUCE DAVIDSON



live, enough to eat, and just enough money to meet the payments on her car.

Barely over thirty, attractive, she has a healthy interest in men, clothes, enjoyment. She is based in a two-bit town with a crummy dormitory arrangement to call home, hand-me-down donations for a wardrobe, a dusty bar for entertainment.

Of course her work takes her all over the country for long stretches. Organizing, publicizing, rounding up financial support among the philanthropists and philanthropoids. But her hotel room is usually a berth in a local union dormitory or, if she's lucky, a donated bed in a sympathizer's apartment. Her allowance, filtred through union headquarters, just about meets expenses.

Why? For what?

"For the 99 per cent hard work, there is one per cent exhilaration in actually seeing some progressive social change take place and knowing you've had something to do with it. And the only way you can have any effect is by sticking with a cause, a struggle you really believe in."

Such is the kind of commitment that can make a rebel of the girl next door—or a girl from the East Bronx. Like Grace Paley. Grace Paley is a writer. Her collection of short stories, *The Little Disturbances of Man*, was first published in hard cover in 1959, and a year later in paperback. In addition, she teaches writing at Sarah Lawrence College. One of the less publicized but most thoroughly involved, constant, and determined workers in the peace movement, one might call her a leader of that movement, if she didn't react to the word leader with the apoplexy with which she would greet a West Point citation: "I'm happy just to do the work." So, okay. Grace Paley is a worker for peace—an honourable enough title.

Grace, even when she is there in front of you, is somehow unexpected. Her looks—if you can stretch yourself a bit—are a combination of Molly Goldberg and Ursula Andress. She is an untidy little package, a short, round form, blunt and angular at the same time. (S-t-r-e-t-c-h yourself.) The parts seem to run into each other. Except in the face, where the lines are clear, strongly defining the bone structure, the cheekbones, one of those jutting, determined chins, and very definite teeth, which her eyes always seem to be laughing at.

The unexpectedness of Grace Paley is in her speech, too, which is a slightly less outrageous combination of Molly Goldberg and Gertrude Stein. She is disconcertingly open, honest, direct. The manner of expression is jarringly simple, but only in the straightforward sense. Like Stein. And people hardly come on that way anymore. If you ask her why she's immersed in the peace movement, she'll tell you: "I never was for war." Simple. But why, since most people have never been for war, does she work harder for peace than most people? "I sort of think of it as my civic responsibility." Which makes sense. But it's not how most people think of it.

One of her first experiences with civic involvement was the P.-T.A. of P.S. 41 in New York's Greenwich Village where she lives. Her kids (she is forty-six and has a daughter now nineteen, and a son now seventeen) were students at P.S. 41. The school was conducting civil-defense drills, of which (Continued on page 248)

## MR. AND MRS. PETER EDELMAN, *"to see poor people get their rights"*

The Edelmans, young, spontaneous, rebellious, enjoyable and enjoying, both lawyers, both working, live in Washington in the centre of the action. Born in South Carolina, and a graduate of the Yale Law School, Mrs. Edelman is the first Negro woman to be admitted to the bar in Mississippi; there she set up the office for The NAACP Legal Defense & Education Fund, Inc., there met Peter Edelman on a mission to see about poverty for Senator Robert Kennedy, whose Legislative Assistant he was, with his special field domestic law—health, welfare, drugs, and the poor. Peter Edelman, born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, was graduated from Harvard College and then from the Harvard Law School, set up as a clerk first for Federal Judge Henry J. Friendly and then for Justice Arthur Goldberg. Now Edelman is Associate Director of The Robert Kennedy Memorial, a social-action foundation, spending some of his free time finishing a book, *A Worm's Eye View of the Senate*. Now Mrs. Edelman has set up The Washington Research Project with two other lawyers and two law students to see that poor people get their legal rights. Together, the Edelmans have seen the hidden faces of the poor.

BRUCE DAVIDSON

# IN AMERICA, THE GREAT BRAIN DIVIDE

## "O breathless season, when Yale shudders like a peacock on the verge of co-education"

BY MARY ELLMANN

First thighs, now brains exposed on every city street! Pedants in pants suits! Girls with statistics, women with hypotheses! Something must be done.

Really? Do we have to start another domestic war, on Radcliffe and Pembroke? Can the Vice-President handle that? Possibly. Education is, after all, just another problem of the cities, and when you've seen one over-educated woman, you've seen them all. Still, it is absurd to alarm Mr. Agnew. The large forces of our national life tell us we are safe. Last fall, for example, both sexes enjoyed a flawless campaign. Not one abstruse argument, not one foreign word disturbed a limpid coursing toward Election Day. The leaves and the speeches fell together, the moribund to match the banal. Just at the beginning, for a moment, a too smart British woman M.P. got out of line in Chicago. But we saw what came of her. Skirt heisted up, legs spreadeagled by cops—heave-ho, lady M.P., jail's our place for repartee! Thereafter, wives and daughters smiled and candidates gestured. President Nixon hung his hands like dying squid on the top of his lifted arms, and America triumphed once again over bookishness.

And between elections, it's easy to prevent female excess, at least of the mind. The new officials pick over the universities for intellectuals, but these in turn (since universities are like governments) are men. Then the wives immerse themselves in unruffled ballgowns and Georgetown rentals and eleemosynary fêtes. Also, at the last two inaugurations, Congressional clerks were dismissed to allow first Mrs. Johnson and then Mrs. Nixon to hold the Bibles their husbands swore on. Next day, all the new Nixon Cabinet wives held the Bibles their Cabinet husbands swore on.

A few exceptions take office themselves, whereupon the press reminds them and us, repeatedly, that they are *lady* lawmakers. We all know now that Shirley Chisholm weighs ninety-six pounds, though the weights of the other two new Black Representatives, Louis Stokes and William Clay, remain imponderable political factors. But then there are foreign deviations from the Washington standard as well. One sees them lumping down our narrow passages, like frogs down snakes' throats. All those women doctors in Russia! The free world hears that one of them, the other night, refused to make a house call. Plugged in a recorded message and went back to sleep, the slut. And Mrs. Nguyen Thi Binh, a North Vietnamese emissary to Paris, is digested at last on the food-furnishings-family-fashions page of *The New York Times*. From this alliance, we infer that she too, between peace negotiations, is pressing ducks and pants—like Mrs. Cyrus Vance and Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge and all the other American women who are not sent anywhere to negotiate anything.

Why ship them out? They are comfortable where they are and know they would be less comfortable any place else. In Moscow women have to sweep the streets. So who wouldn't prefer to spend the afternoon in Dallas, shopping in Neiman-Marcus? But then don't expect to co-edit Johnson's memoirs, too. It sounds surly, but a professor at Michigan State has argued that until American women take on nasty things like trash collection, they can' expect to take on cerebral things like tax collection. And some such bargain abroad, low life for high life, must explain why, in what we dismiss as backward Pakistan, Miss Fatima Jinnah ran for President the minute her brother, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, founded the Islamic Republic. Naturally, Miss Jinnah lost to a man, Field Marshal Mohammed Ayub Khan, who then, in a good show of virility, arrested most of his political opponents. But who has ever proposed that a Kennedy *sister* run (Continued on page 244)

## MRS. PAUL McCARTNEY, *"She can talk Palestrina to Jimi Hendrix"*

The surprise of Linda Eastman, who is married to the last bachelor Beatle, Paul McCartney, is that she is no surprise. A salt-of-America girl who likes horses and tennis and living in the country, thinks Colorado mountains are great, and is described by her brother as "a good cook, a first-rate mother, a nice person," Mrs. McCartney is, at twenty-seven, a touch of the good news about the generation that walked into the rock-pop revolution open-eyed because that was where it was. No fool, no groupie, no teeny-bopper, she takes rock music, rightly, seriously, is so informed that rock musicians admire and trust her (she shook Traffic by knowing all the Elvis Presley songs of the 'fifties). But then, she knows music. She knows, too, photography, started her considerable reputation with the successful book and record album *Rock and Other Four Letter Words* that she and J Marks, with a $10,000 advance, travelled fifty thousand miles to assemble. As a photographer she met Paul McCartney first in California in 1966, became a friend over a Christmas houseparty in 1967. Theirs is no flash-in-the-pan romance. First, Linda's six-year-old daughter, Heather, fell in love with slurping Martha, Paul's English sheep dog. Plucky, unaffected, hard-working, and usually dressed in dungarees and an old trench coat, Linda McCartney is liked by musicians for simple reasons: She is adult, interested, intelligent, enjoying—why does anyone like anyone? She speaks freely, she practises no old-rule do-don'ts, but she has, said a friend, that ultimate allure, a moral line, a personal restraint. In New York, her family, affectionate but mystified on the other side of the gap—more cultural than generational—asked only, when she told them she was getting married, "Who *is* Paul McCartney?"

PENATI



# AMANDA BURDEN—*more than meets the eye*

Dark, gentle, luminous eyes and skin like the lining of a camellia petal—there are girls who would coast forever on looks like these. Mrs. Carter Burden is not one of them. She is not a coaster. In a climate of rootlessness, she has joyously put down roots; at a time when the search for identity has taken on the flavour of a Grail quest, she knows well who she is and what she's about. She is committed—not only to her husband, with whom she has campaigned vigorously since he declared for City Council in the New York Democratic primaries, and to her year-and-a-half-old son—but to the larger community. For the past four years she has been a regular volunteer teacher; working first in schools for emotionally disturbed children, she now tutors third-graders at P.S. 109 in Harlem and was recently elected to the Board of Directors of the Harlem Head Start program. . . . Intelligent, sensitive, and strong-willed, Amanda Burden doesn't simply accept responsibility—she reaches out for it with two remarkably capable hands and sees it all the way home.

AVEDON





# MIA FARROW—*small wonder.*

*American* Her simplicity is complex. By being wholly herself, she defies star quality. More on Mia, see page 80.

PENN



# MRS. RICHARD MILHOUS NIXON THE FIRST LADY

Delectable, easy, informal, Mrs. Nixon stood on an Aubusson rug in the rarely seen private drawing room of the Presidential Family in the White House. This room is so proportioned that it is a sensuous relief to the eyes, a room thoroughly American in the painting of George Washington by Rembrandt Peale over the mantelpiece, in the two paintings at the left: a sleeping girl in "The Mosquito Net" by John Singer Sargent, with, below it, "Niagara Falls" by John Frederick Kensett. (On a far wall, unshown, two extraordinary Cézannes.) A dauntless woman of fifty-six, Mrs. Nixon, who has always been inextricably bound into her husband's career which rose and fell and then rose higher, has eaten bitter political rind. Now young as May but seasoned as August, she knows exactly what and where she is, unblinded by the force of the light she lives in. Mrs. Nixon's simplicity is so authentic that it amounts to a sophistication of the heart.

*Photographed only for Vogue by Horst*





AMERICAN UNIQUES IN FRANCE

# THE SHRIVERS

"LIFE IN THE AMERICAN EMBASSY WAS NEVER LIKE THIS BEFORE"



In France Eunice Kennedy Shriver seems as phenomenal as a sun that rises from the west—a source of energy, light, warmth, but surely a surprise: She is not taken for granted. Although Mrs. R. Sargent Shriver, junior, wife of the United States Ambassador to France, is intensely, magnificently American, she is not stuck on her own or her country's image. She works to bring evidence to the French of the America she loves; but she loves, too, the French, their arts and minds. The world's energizers, thinkers, givers, and inquirers pull to her—as do children drawn by her smile that speaks a thousand tongues. *Above:* Ambassador and Mrs. Shriver with their children, in a glee of French Cub Scouts encountered by chance and with delight. *Opposite page:* Mrs. Shriver in the entrance hall of the Residence; the painting behind her, by the American Al Held; her dress, by the French Madame Grès.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HENRY CLARKE










# THE SHRIVERS

"We wanted to give an American atmosphere to the American Embassy," Mrs. Shriver said. "A little French boy who came here the other day told his teacher he had been to America. That's wonderful." The America that visitors to our Embassy in Paris see is as ranging, vibrant, and headlong as the Kennedy manner, shaking together modern paintings, historical documents, eighteenth-century porcelains, the outpour of *Funny Girl* music, Indian portraits, family pictures, and national treasures. *Above:* Ambassador and Mrs. Shriver leaving Mass at Sainte Chapelle with their children: Bobby, who is fourteen; Maria, thirteen; Timmy, eight; Mark, four, and Anthony, three. *Left:* The Residence dining room, a glorious shout of colour with, left, the Jasper Johns 1961 painting "Map" (of the United States) and, above a parade of Steuben crystal on the mantel, a 1961 painting, "God Is a Lily of the Valley," by Robert Indiana. (The loan of these and other paintings and sculptures in the Residence was arranged by New York's Museum of Modern Art.) This page, *top:* A bronze portrait of President Kennedy by Berks with, behind it, the stripe 1968 painting "Honey Bucket" by Gene Davis. *Top, centre:* In the blue salon, a Gilbert Stuart portrait of George Washington (on loan from the Boston Museum of Fine Arts) hangs above an Early American Indian mask from the Museum of Primitive Art in New York. *Below, centre:* In the panelled salon, one of a group of early 1830's paintings by George Catlin. Here, the Ojibway Strong Wind; the black hand painted across his face signalling the defeat of an enemy in hand-to-hand combat. *Below:* Mrs. Shriver, in a striped dress by Yves St. Laurent, having a bedtime tussle with Mark and Anthony.

HENRY CLARKE

# THE SHRIVERS

The impact of Mrs. Shriver's energy, informality, and forthrightness could blow people down if it were not contained by her faith, her seriousness, her devotion to helping, especially, mentally retarded children, and by the bracing sense of style set clear in her looks, her pleasures, her work, and her arrangement of the Embassy residence.

*Top right, and right:* The Shrivers save Sundays as all-day family days, were photographed here bicycling along the quais; playing soccer on the lawn behind the *hôtel particulier*, now being remodelled, that will become the new Embassy residence; sailing boats, like French kids, in the Tuileries Gardens; and, far right, Mrs. Shriver playing the Ambassador's favourite game at the Tennis Club de Paris—all this in addition to attending morning Mass and lunching with a group of French and American priests.

*Above:* In the Residence's blue salon, shelves of Early American china and Sandwich glass.

*Above right:* A painting by Edward Hicks of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence; near it, the kind of bouquet Mrs. Shriver likes, an outburst of tulips.

*Near right:* In the panelled salon, American Indian paintings by George Catlin (loaned by Washington's Smithsonian Institution) hang above a small Picasso, "Faun with Pipes," and near an abstract painting by Stuart Davis, with on the left wall a small Renoir still life—a curious and successful mix stamped by French period and modern American furniture.

*Near right, below:* Maria Shriver, at fourteen a radiant girl wearing, here, a dress from the Ungaro boutique, in her room—a peaceable zoo of stuffed animals.




















# THE SHRIVERS

Every Monday morning at 8:20 Mrs. Shriver sets out to do the work she loves best, that lights her whole week: helping with the physical education of retarded children at the Externat Médico-Pédagogique in Jouy-en-Josas. "The idea," Mrs. Shriver said, "is to demonstrate that the same opportunities given to all children should be opened up to the retarded. I happen to be doing it in physical education, but I don't think that's the most important thing. Education is."

*Far above:* Mrs. Shriver watching a sports demonstration during a three-day conference organized by The École Normale Supérieure d'Education Physique et Sportive de Jeunes Gens with the collaboration of the Kennedy Foundation. At the left, Dr. Frank Hayden, a consultant on physical education for the retarded to the Kennedy Foundation.

*Above:* Mrs. Shriver pinning a Kennedy Foundation button on one of the children who took part in the demonstration.

*Right:* Mrs. Shriver taking a physical education class, her joy in her work as transparent, complete, and unjaded as the joy of a child. "We're going to do all the things normal children do," she said. "That's why we have parties at the Embassy on Washington's birthday, the Fourth of July. . . ."



HENRY CLARKE







Countee Cullen, the great Black poet, wrote, "Yet do I marvel at this curious thing: To make a poet black, and bid him sing!" These days Black women are singing strong. Their minds sinewy, their tactics delicate, feminine, five of them shown here and on the next four pages are special women—five out of hundreds who in one way or another have the ropes of power in their hands. All of them have been on the way for years, devoted to the service of all their countrymen. Like Mrs. Elizabeth Duncan Koontz who was the first Black woman to serve as President of the National Education Association before President Nixon appointed her as the Director of the Women's Bureau in the Department of Labor. Like thousands of Black women who are teachers and principals. Like hundreds of Black women who are doctors, judges, psychologists, medical researchers. Like thousands more with bold minds, working in almost every field. They are one of the immense resources of this country, with no chance of depletion.

## MRS. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., *"classic nobility"*

Armed with faith, warmed with humour, beautiful, disciplined, as outgoing as a flower, a non-violent activist, Coretta Scott King has almost disappeared into Mrs. Martin Luther King, Jr., within the year since the murder of her husband. The Kings worked together but not always at identical tasks ever since they first met when she studied singing at the New England Conservatory of Music and he worked on his doctorate at Boston University. Now, in their house at Atlanta, Georgia, where she still lives with their four children, she spends evenings with them, perhaps singing the folk songs of the Louisiana Creoles, especially "Mr. Banjo." Much of her time still goes to the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, much to the writing of her book, *My Life with Martin Luther King, Jr.*, to be published this September. With verve and exaltation she recently gave the Sunday sermon at St. Paul's Cathedral in London, the first woman to do so. Calling her talk "The Dawn of a New Day," she preached, with a low but powerful cadence in her voice, from the same pulpit as Dr. King had in 1964 on his way to Sweden to receive the Nobel Peace Prize.

*Photographed for Vogue by Penn*



## DR. MILDRED MITCHELL-BATEMAN,

*"I go at whatever I do"* An ascetic, small, contained woman with a misleading modesty and a stubborn spine, Dr. Bateman, *above,* Director of the West Virginia Department of Mental Health, is a Menninger-trained psychiatrist with an enormous job. She administers six hospitals, twenty-six hundred employees, has advanced West Virginia from lock-up institutions ("an expensive way to spend money") to comprehensive mental-health centres that provide pre- and post-hospital care, rehabilitation, teacher training, programs for alcoholism, retardation, and prevention of mental handicapping in children. Using VISTA workers and the Federal Foster Grandparents program, she helps the state's mountaineers to find emergency services near home, gets people out to work with people. A physician, wife, mother, Dr. Bateman can draw on the discipline and devotion of her Presbyterian girlhood in curing social-medical-economic ills long neglected. She speaks so softly that legislators must listen.

## CONGRESSWOMAN SHIRLEY CHISHOLM,

*"I'm called pepper pot"* A rebel with a thrusting sense of mission, Mrs. Chisholm, *right,* wants to be known as a "politician who developed trust in public servants for the young, both Black and white, not just as the first Black woman in Congress." After service in New York's State Legislature, this Democrat was elected last November by a three-to-one majority to the House of Representatives from her Brooklyn district, Bedford-Stuyvesant, where she was born and still lives when not in Washington. (She is married to Conrad Chisholm, an investigator for the New York City Bureau of Medical Services.) A fine pianist, a good dancer, this educator, fluent in Spanish, has degrees from Brooklyn College and Columbia University. Her answer to the Power System is more women in power. She said: "When I want to pound the heads of the boys on the Hill, I pound out, instead, 'Clair de Lune.' "







# DR. DOROTHY B. FEREBEE, *charms birds off trees*

Strong, buxom, shrewd, voluble, with the kind firmness of an archetypal mother, an authority in medicine, Dr. Ferebee, *above*, for twenty years watched over ten thousand students as Director of the Howard University Health Service in Washington, D.C., before becoming Lecturer in Preventive Medicine at Tufts University School of Medicine in Boston. (When she lectured on preventive medicine for the State Department in eighteen African countries, she tried the tribal languages, found Swahili easiest.) Visits to the health centre Tufts has in Mound Bayou, Mississippi, will take her back to the spot where she headed a health project in 1935 for many of the same farm workers. Dr. Ferebee's family has included among seven lawyers the first Negro judge in Massachusetts. Her own abilities have landed her on so many national boards, associations, and committees (seventeen) that a grandson advised against listing her honours: "You'll sound like an item in the Sears, Roebuck catalogue."

# ELMA LEWIS, *"I am a breakthrough"*

Dynamic and warm, as convincing as she is convinced, Elma Lewis, *left*, a challenger with vision, faith, and energy, is changing the Roxbury district of Boston from deprived ghetto to cultural celebrant with her new National Center of Afro-American Artists. "We are growing as it grows," she said of the Center, an offshoot of the Elma Lewis School of Fine Arts. The Center will hold two vast theatres, a museum, library, studios for dance and television, a school of fine arts, and an integrated elementary school. "I believe in Black artists rather than Black art," said Elma Lewis, a ballet and drama teacher with degrees from Emerson College and Boston University. "I am a breakthrough and my kids are working in ballet, in television, and on Broadway." Elma Lewis campaigns for millions—few of the students can afford the low monthly tuition. She also lures great teachers and performers: Talley Beatty, the choreographer, Babatunde Olatunji, the Nigerian drummer, and the Boston Pops orchestra, which will give three concerts at her summer Playhouse in Franklin Park. "All the artists are cooperative. I find no problems," said Elma Lewis, "except more money."



# ROSE CUTLER AND ALEXANDRA GARDNER
## THE GREAT-GREAT-NIECES OF
## THE GREAT MRS. JACK

Fast friends and first cousins, Alexandra Gardner, *above right*, and Rose Cutler, *above left* and *opposite*, branch out from the same well-tended family tree—one of the finest specimens of *arbor familiae* Boston can boast—where the name of their great-great-aunt, Mrs. Jack, perches coquettishly far out on a limb (very far out—as legend has it, Mrs. Jack received guests perched in her own mimosa tree). The irrepressible wife of John Lowell Gardner was a formidable traveller and art collector, a patroness of Bernard Berenson, and the dauntless creator of Fenway Court—the Boston palazzo-museum where Alexandra and Rose are photographed in the skylight-filtered sun of the inner courtyard and along the Cà d'Oro balustrade. Alexandra is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Peabody Gardner and she is eighteen years old; her eyes are shining brown, her hair is shining brown, and her nickname is Shura—given her by her Russian mother. Posie is the nickname of her nineteen-year-old cousin Rose, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Cutler, who combines a dark tumble of hair with eyes that change colour as easily as the sea and are sometimes-green when they aren't sometimes-blue. Both girls are in college, Alexandra at Briarcliff and Rose at Boston University; both made their débuts together at their grandparents' house in Brookline last fall; both love tennis and skiing (Alexandra, the water variety and Rose, the snow) and both look as pretty as everyone wants to look in this spring's romantic clothes. Rose's stripe-shirted jumper is from Adolfo, her long white-ruffled black dress on the opposite page, from Annacat; Alexandra's white organza frills and black skirt are also from Annacat. The white leghorn hat is by Mr. John, the plumed Cavalier hat by Adolfo, and the coiffures are by Sidney of the Marcel Calinaud Salon.



# WHERE AMERICAN WOMEN ARE NOW

## "A world of couples instead of families or groups"

## By Dr. Margaret Mead

"Where he set her, there she stays," wrote Emily James Putnam in *Lady*, in 1910. Mrs. Putnam was speaking of pedestals for ladies. Today all women stand in, but not on, the mass magazines, the glossy ads, and the television screen, presented by men—and a few women—to the world. In the 1890's, an inquirer asking if a lady should help a gentleman put on his coat was told that "a gentleman's coat is something that no lady should have anything to do with unless it is spread at her feet in the mud." Today a woman with a child in her arms has to stand while men sit. It looks like a change, but is it?

True, formerly a woman lived in a very small world, played her part before a tiny audience, even if it included the entire fashionable world of London or New York. Even a queen could only occasionally roll in her carriage before the eyes of a large number of her subjects.

Today, women—and men, when they are treated from a purely gender point of view—have to live within the all-embracing ambience of the millions of visual images, consciously and unconsciously organized, that all of those with whom they come into contact see every day. What is a beautiful woman? Not the remembered image of a mother in a velvet gown leaning over the crib for a good-night kiss. Rather, pictures, sometimes forty feet high, projected on great screens against a bare mountainside, in a drive-in. Where once we could speak of a "daughter of the gods divinely tall and most divinely fair," we can now speak of a woman as beautiful against the backdrop of glossy images, which define her status.

Like the little countries and the new countries that have to blunder their way towards nationhood on a world stage, so each woman today has to decide who and what she is against a montage of millions of other peoples' images, disseminated in a world still majorly controlled by men.

Although there are armies of women copy writers, broadcasters, fashion writers, buyers, still, without the ultimate power, they have only about as much effect on society as do frustrated architects and planners on the shape of our cities.

It is men who make the final decisions in the fashion world, men who decide that "togetherness" is out of date, or how a true marriage should be written about. It is men who decide whether women may have their babies with them after they are born, whether women are to be given anaesthesia at childbirth or exhorted to be natural and learn to breathe correctly, whether they are to breast-feed or bottle-feed their children, what kinds of schools their children will go to, and what kind of world they will live in, what kinds (Continued on next page)

## DR. MARGARET MEAD, *"mine is the longevity factor"*

Dr. Mead, a spirited, fresh-voiced scholar with a lionheart haircut and a quick, persuasive smile, is unique: an American woman whose energies know no frustration. As Curator of Ethnology at New York's American Museum of Natural History, she works in—and out of—a golden-oak-panelled turret overflowing with books, reports, and "enough Polynesian throwing clubs to start a primaeval war." Since the first of her twelve expeditions to the Pacific islands—as a baby ethnologist to Samoa in 1925—Dr. Mead has lived with, studied, and recorded in depth the cultural evolution of South Sea peoples, especially the Balinese and the Admiralty Islanders. "I'm pulled back and forth in time tracing the development of people from childhood to maturity. Mine is the longevity factor," said Dr. Mead, who speaks seven Samoan languages. She is the author or co-author of twenty-one books, not all on South Sea peoples, and has helped make nine films: the most recent, for NET, *Dr. Margaret Mead's New Guinea Journal: 1928-1968.* A Philadelphian, educated at New York's Barnard College and Columbia University, where she is now Adjunct Professor of Anthropology, Dr. Mead, the holder of staggering supplies of honorary degrees, fellowships, and awards, leaps into new projects. After an Aegean shipboard symposium on Ekistics this summer, she returns to be Chairman of the Social Sciences Division and Professor of Anthropology at Fordham University's new liberal arts college, to complete her wired-for-television dioramas for the Natural History's new Hall of Pacific Peoples. "Things move quietly at the museum . . . the specimens don't poke you," said Dr. Mead, poker, mover, an American woman ahead of where American women are now.



CECIL BEATON



# AMERICAN WOMEN

(Continued from preceding page) of cars they will drive and what kinds of houses they will have, what kinds of kitchens they will cook in and what kinds of beds they will sleep in.

It is still substantially a man's world in which women adapt, cope, and make do; and whether any piece of it works depends upon men's views of women. So electric devices made for women are made to work, because men believe women can not understand them, and women who want to get their work done refuse to put up with devices that are made for male delight in tinkering. The inner mechanics of automobiles have become increasingly inaccessible to the owner's hands, as they have been driven by women who, it is believed, wouldn't understand an engine. So men as well as women become ignorant of the insides of their cars, and drivers of both sexes send for the car-haul truck.

Men's conceptions of what women are, should be, can be, shape the world in which men and women live, and so, reflectively, the parts of the world built for women shape men's lives also. Even women's professions still play a slight rôle. The nurse is seldom consulted about the building of hospitals in which she will have to nurse, nor is the schoolteacher consulted in the design of the schoolroom, nor the caseworker in the design of the welfare system which she administers. Trade union demands, even when the bulk of the workers are women, are still as little shaped by the imagination of the women workers as are management decisions shaped by the army of women secretaries who write the letters and determine who gets through to the boss.

Women today are living in a world where they have a false sense of freedom and, correspondingly, a false sense of frustration. Both boys and girls believe that women have been freed from the home, have been given equal opportunities with men. Both college boys and college girls question seriously what is going to happen to the home, to love, to marriage now that women have all this freedom. Men seriously believe that they are threatened, at home and abroad, by the rôles that women play today. A boy wonders if he can ever be a man, and a girl wonders how she can possibly keep a husband, jealous of her earning power and her success, preferring her in a rôle she knows they will not be able to afford for her to play, once the children are in school and it is no longer cheaper to have a wife who is a nursemaid, cook, and bottle washer than for her to work also outside the home.

Women are more deeply dependent upon being chosen, initially and continuously, by men than they were even a generation ago, and much more dependent than they were before women left the home to work outside it. Before women went to work, they could, if they chose, live in the houses of their parents, where mothers and sisters welcomed their help; they could enter convents, and if they had means they could live alone or with a sister or woman friend in dignified, non-suspect decency.

Today, no other single woman is welcome in the home of any married couple. The convent decreasingly offers a different way of life for women, in which their tenderness can be extended to the children of the world, in need of nursing, teaching, or prayer, without mediating domesticity. Today, these alternatives are closing. It is true, women can, if they can afford it, live alone, but when they do, a great deal of time and energy is expended in manoeuvring relations to men, relations that hopefully will end in marriage—and human security. Less rather than more opportunities are really given to single, divorced, or widowed women for any sort of full human (Continued on page 246)



## MRS. VINCENT ASTOR *—woman with the wit for giving*

Mrs. Astor seizes life like a water diviner looking for the spring. As President of the Vincent Astor Foundation, founded "for the amelioration of human misery," this sunny, amusing woman with her enormous zest for life, has sparked the Foundation with her happy brand of altruism, channelled its aims and through it distributed in a most practical way several million dollars. "I'm a very lucky woman," she said. "I'm strong enough to do what I want to do, feel that every dollar spent now is worth ten in a year's time. I'd hate to be thought of as a grim-faced public institution." Hardly. Bright, blond, whittled, and always fun to be with, Brooke Astor is the opposite of blasé. Her attuned interests for the interesting, her appetite for the original, make life for her an adventure to be relished, and she spins through her crowded day concentrating her remarkable energies and enthusiasm, as though time were the wrong end of a telescope. A woman with a thorough knowledge of the arts of making a house beautiful, a collector of fine silver, paintings, beautiful objects, Brooke Astor has made of her apartment in New York a place where friends—many of whom are the nation's foremost—love to gather, to talk, to meet old friends and make new, in a totally delicious atmosphere, among rooms blazing with flowers sent up from Mrs. Astor's country house not far from the city. One of the secrets of this woman, whose search for the source makes her impatient with the superficial, is that she is as happy being a catalyst as she is in being at the centre of things. When she visits one of her Foundation projects, like the imaginative Boys Brotherhood Republic clubhouse in New York's Lower East Side, *right*, and is swamped by enthusiastic children, shrieking her name with pleasure, she greets them by name right back; it is apparent that at the heart of things is where Brooke Astor belongs.



CECIL BEATON





CECIL BEATON

## DR. MARY STEICHEN CALDERONE, *Sex Educator;* *"All kids ask the same questions"*

Now in the eye of a sudden storm, Dr. Mary S. Calderone, *above,* one of the most respected, effective, and active authorities on sex education in this country, stands spattered at from the left by charges that she "mouths old platitudes," and more severely buffeted from the right for spreading "pornography." An accurate woman with blue eyes as direct as her mind and a carriage as upright as her principles, she remains determined that young Americans understand sexuality as a responsibility and a creative force far beyond sorry distortions. "I'd like less of the smell of sex permeating society today, but 'should' isn't 'is' as my mother said; unless the adult world is going back to control by rules that are enforced, the only counter is adequate preparation in order to protect the young." A daughter of the great photographer Edward Steichen, Dr. Calderone took her medical degree at the University of Rochester and a Master of Public Health degree at Columbia University. As medical director of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, she became so stirred by the number and degree of requests for help in sex education that she resigned in order, in 1964, to become a founder of the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States, an organization that offers no courses on sex but serves as consultant—only on request—to schools, and religious, medical, and professional groups on their own programs. As Executive Director of SIECUS Dr. Calderone has become a shining target for militant misunderstanders. Surprised, rueful, unshaken, bulwarked by recognitions and awards (most recently a Spirit of Achievement award presented in New York by the Albert Einstein College of Medicine), Dr. Calderone said, "I don't mind the attacks. I'm sixty-five. I know who I am."

## JANE JACOBS, *Civic Battler; "If the chores aren't done by 9:30 A.M., they remain undone"*

The author of the book *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* is back to tell more about cities—their origins, their strengths—from her unique vision. Jane Jacobs is an original; a willful, relentless pursuer of the way things work. A determined woman, she hoards her energies to unleash them against what lesser men and women would consider immovable objects—in her case, establishment thinking, bureaucracies, massive urban renewal, war—but is for birth control in underdeveloped countries. *The Economy of Cities,* to be published this month by Random House, is one woman's attempt to discover the order of things, and the order she discovers, pronounces good, and trumpets loudly is "a muddle of oddments"—her phrase for diversity—and that muddle (yes, inefficiency, if you will) is by Jacobs's canon why some cities thrive while others stagnate and decline. The Jacobs love affair with cities knows no bounds, and like any lover, she rages against those who want to harm her love. Last year at a public hearing over the Lower Manhattan Expressway, Mrs. Jacobs, mother of three, was arrested for (Continued on page 255)



ELIOT ERWITT








"IT'S NOT ALWAYS EASY TO GET SIX DOZEN EGGS AT SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING."

# THE LINDSAYS OF NEW YORK

Who could possibly want that many eggs at that hour? No one, perhaps, except Mary Lindsay, the unflagging, attractive wife of New York's charismatic Mayor, John V. Lindsay. As mistress of Gracie Mansion, the Mayor's official residence—around which much of the action swirls in the City's recurring crises—she is often called on to provide sustenance at odd hours for large numbers of people, most of them men: union leaders and negotiators, City and State officials, reporters, TV cameramen, policemen, chauffeurs. During the long-drawn-out teachers' strike last autumn, meetings were held at the Mansion almost around the clock for days and nights on end—with a different group meeting in every room, "and the Press under the stairs." At daybreak, scrambled eggs were (Continued on page 188)

Top, left: *Gracie Mansion, home of the Mayor of New York and his family. Set in spacious grounds overlooking the East River, it was built in 1798 as a gentleman's country house, now presides serenely over a city wracked with 1969 problems.* Top, right: *Entrance hall of the Reception Wing at the Mansion; the brass-bound hexagonal hanging lantern is English Georgian.* Below it, *the Mayor's personal license plate, displayed only on the Lindsays' own blue station wagon.* Right: *The Honorable John V. Lindsay, Mayor of the City of New York, and Mrs. Lindsay, photographed especially for Vogue in the library at Gracie Mansion.*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY TONI FRISSELL



# THE LINDSAYS

Above: *At Gracie Mansion, the Adam style ballroom . . . white columns and delicate plasterwork, pale-grey walls, a sparkle of crystal and mirrors; French-blue damask festoons over tall windows; mahogany furniture in the Hepplewhite and Sheraton styles, some pieces upholstered in bright-yellow damask. The superb Anglo-Irish crystal chandelier, circa 1785, came from a town house in Lisbon, and the marble-and-plaster mantelpiece from the 18th-century Bayard Mansion in downtown New York. Beautiful, stately, yet enormously festive, this room—officially called the Susan Wagner Room—is the showpiece of the new Reception Wing, presented to the City by a group of public-spirited New Yorkers—all, Gracie Mansion buffs—and opened in 1966. So skillfully was it designed, by the eminent Georgian architect Mott B. Schmidt, that few visitors realize it hasn't always been there. . . . Often, abrim with caterer's tables and chairs, the ballroom is used for official luncheons and dinners. In March, Mr. Lindsay held the press conference here at which he announced that he would run again.*



Left: *On the ground floor of the Reception Wing is an efficient conference room, a suite of offices for the Mayor and Mrs. Lindsay (who needs two secretaries to cope with her mail), a press room, and other facilities that relieve a good deal of strain on the Mansion itself. Here, in the conference room, the Mayor presides over the weekly meeting of his Super-Cabinet. In fine weather, meetings are often held on the front porch of the Mansion or on the lawn under the trees.*

Right: *Mrs. Lindsay and Margie Lindsay, 15, in the small, relaxed dining room just off the kitchen of Gracie Mansion. Behind them, a frieze of family photographs; just to the left of Margie's head is a photograph of the late Fiorello H. La Guardia, one of Mr. Lindsay's political idols, who in 1942 became the first Mayor of New York to occupy Gracie Mansion. The spider suspended overhead was left dangling after Johnny Lindsay's eighth birthday party.*

TONI FRISSELL



# THE LINDSAYS

Right: *Mrs. Lindsay cooks for the crowd at an all-day picnic and sports fest—swimming, tennis, softball —the Lindsays gave for City officials and their families, about seventy-five guests in all, at a house rented for the summer on Long Island Sound.*
Above: *The Mayor and Johnny Lindsay at the picnic.*
Below, left: *Part of the vast fleet of Lindsay bicycles in the basement of Gracie Mansion.*
Below, centre: *In the entrance hall at the Mansion, a grandfather clock by Nathaniel Hawxhurst. On a chair is the white-and-gold caftan Mrs. Lindsay often wears as an evening wrap; on the floor, Johnny's toy truck.*
Below, right: *In the family dining-room, the Lindsays' own dining table stands on a magnificent silk Persian rug loaned by the Metropolitan Museum.*
Opposite page, top: *The 1815 drawing-room, where guests assemble before large dinners in the ballroom. Over the white marble mantelpiece, brought from France, is a Robert Henri painting, "Dutch Girl in White." Embroidered screen, right, shows history of New York.*
Opposite, below: *The sun-flooded library—used as the family living room—overlooks the East River on two sides. Painting, "Marble Quarry at Carrara," by Sargent.*
Far right, centre: *Mr. Lindsay and Kathy, 18, at the Republican Convention in Miami Beach last summer.*
Below: *Anne Lindsay, 13, and Margie, at the Convention.*

TONI FRISSELL















# THE LINDSAYS

(Continued from page 182) whipped up for forty or fifty. Mrs. Lindsay, a warm, direct, witty woman with smoke-blue eyes, takes it all in stride. "When John really doesn't want people to leave—he wants them to stay and talk—you've got to feed them." What John wants comes first, not only to Mrs. Lindsay but to the four Lindsay children, all of whom pitch in loyally whenever they can. At the height of the school crisis, Kathy—the eldest Lindsay daughter, aged eighteen—was helping to make coffee and sandwiches at two o'clock one morning. There being no more cheese, she turned out a thick peanut-butter sandwich for a powerful labour leader, who ate it gratefully. "I think his jaws got stuck together," said Mrs. Lindsay, "because he agreed to everything after that."

A woman of swift intelligence—whom James Reston recently described in *The New York Times* as being "smarter than sixteen Yale men"—Mary Lindsay is deeply interested and involved in the City's problems and in her husband's efforts to solve them. Once, when a visitor to the Mansion seemed hesitant to discuss his business while she was in the room, the Mayor put him at ease. "You can say anything in front of Mary," he said. "Besides, it'll save me having to tell her all over again." . . . The problems and programs that interest her most are those that concern children and young people in New York, and she's always ready to spring into action on their behalf: opening a new Toddlers' Playground in Central Park, speaking on a Cerebral Palsy Telethon (though the Teleprompter unnerved her temporarily), leading an instructive ramble through the Museum of Natural History, which is celebrating its hundredth anniversary this year. She was once, rather briefly—between Vassar and marriage—a schoolteacher, and she clearly has at least two of the great requisites for getting along easily with children: total honesty, and a readiness to be amused. According to a reliable source, some of her best work for the City's young people goes on behind the scenes—she may disappear from Gracie Mansion for hours to talk to the director of a day-care centre, in a ghetto area, that is in trouble.

The Lindsays seem to suit Gracie Mansion perfectly, and it seems to suit them; a handsome, long-legged family, they look well and move easily in the handsome, high-ceilinged rooms. "It's a marvellous old house," said Mary Lindsay. "And the children find it very livable." The fact that Carl Schurz Park, which occupies most of the original Gracie land, runs literally up to their south windows—with only a low, rather sparse hedge between the Park and the Mayor's garden—seems to bother them not at all. The part of the Park nearest them is a ball field—baseball in spring and summer, football in autumn and winter—and the Lindsays, a sporting lot, thoroughly approve. When Mrs. Lindsay does happen to glance out and see a group of people staring in at them, she just waves. . . . On the north side of the house, where one enters through a charming fan-lighted doorway—probably designed by Major Pierre L'Enfant, the architect of Washington—the city seems far away. Nothing is visible from the French windows in the library but the sloping lawn, the old trees (one, containing a sizable tree house for Johnny), and the river, pale-blue with a gold wash, curving north and east to the Triborough Bridge and Hell Gate. Time seems measured off by the leisurely ticking, the silvery strikes of the tall grandfather clock in the entrance hall. . . . Yet in every one of the serene old rooms—furnished with superb antiques of the period especially chosen for their sturdiness, and hung with magnificent paintings that are loaned, in rotation, by the City's art museums—is a telephone with a battery of buttons: "Police," "Fire," "Press Office," "Mayor's Secretary"—reminders that the City and its turmoil are never, in fact, far away. Somehow, the Lindsays seem to jibe perfectly with both aspects of the house: the pleasant traditions of an earlier time, the modern struggle of a great city to survive and prevail over its problems. About them, as about the Federalist mansion, there is a sense of gallantry, of stability. . . . In the French windows in the library, many original panes of glass survive. In one of them, scratched with a diamond, is the inscription, "Millie, 1815." Below it is scratched, with another diamond, "Margie, 1965."

—LYDIA MCCLEAN

Right: *Mr. and Mrs. John V. Lindsay, buoyantly afloat in Long Island Sound.*





TONI FRISSELL



# THE RUGGED ART

## "All the successful climber needs – like any other aerialist – are guts, determination, and a knowledge of the new ground rules." BY STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM

It has always seemed to me that an upper crust could not exist in the United States if it were not for the thousands of persons clambering to penetrate its shell from underneath. Certainly, if this were not the case, the crust would not be as cohesive and recognizable as it is, and would simply be an amorphous collection of rich people looking worried. "Blessed be the social climbers," those who consider themselves to be our betters must—or should—murmur to themselves from time to time as they contemplate their lot: "Without them, we would be unwanted."

In Europe, it is different. Those who are of the aristocracy know who they are, so does everyone else, and that is that. You can't *climb* into European aristocracy, not even by marrying into it. In the United States, something more than a title is required to be of the topmost social level, which is probably why the topmost social level in America ends up resembling very much what a European would consider the middle class—moored there like a kite in a tree. Old Mrs. Vanderbilt, "Queen of Newport Society," repaired to her pantry after every dinner party and painstakingly counted her linens and her silver.

In the United States, the social climber's relationship to society is the opposite of the mountaineer's to Everest. The social climber doesn't climb simply because society is *there*. The social climber creates his own mountain, and the best social climbers meet at the top, at ringside tables, with all the people they moved out of Kew Gardens to avoid.

With these facts in mind, social climbing is not a difficult art. Furthermore, it has never been easier than it is at present in 1969. Essentially, all the successful social climber needs—like any other aerialist—are guts, determination, skin the thickness of rhinoceros hide, and a knowledge of the ground rules. Social climbing is not for the faint of heart or easily discouraged. Even so, there are always some who are better at it than others. It helps, for example, if you are reasonably good-looking. If you have dandruff, chronic halitosis, a wooden leg, or are hopelessly overweight, your rise will be less swift and you might well consider giving up altogether. It will, on the other hand, be helpful if you look well in clothes, have an easy smile, can dance, play tennis or at least backgammon, are witty—but not *too* funny, which is off-putting—enjoy gossip, drink well, don't make a big *thing* out of people's morals, can remember names and faces quickly, and know at any given moment just who it is that everybody hates. It goes without saying, if you are interested in climbing socially, that you are rich.

Social climbing has changed considerably in just the last generation. It used to be that the kiss of death to any social climber was to be caught in the act. The social climber used to have to affect an air of indifference towards his goal, to pretend not to care whether or not he achieved it, to insinuate himself gradually and oh-so-gently into the perfumed waters of the people he wanted to get to know. The social climber used the traditional avenues—hard work (or at least the appearance of hard work) for charities, hospitals, churches, and worthy civic causes; from there into the better clubs and dinner parties. It was a climb, in other words, within the social framework that prevailed in any given city.

Today, all that has changed. Now the social climber seldom beats around the bush. He lays his cards on the table and says, in effect, "Look, here I am. I want to get in and I'm willing to pay." Needless to say, this makes for an exciting situation. It's *exciting* to know that here, now, is this rich person nobody heard of a year ago who is willing to put cash on the barrelhead to get to know the best people in town. It adds zest and colour to the game, and everybody but the stodgiest of the fuddy-duddies gathers around to watch it played and to marvel at the—there is no other word—the *ballsy* way the old rules are flung out the window and new ones take their place.

For instance, the main thing the climber strives for is recognition. Someone should say, "Here comes So-and-So," when he or she enters the room or the restaurant. Recognition means the press, the name, or the photograph, or both, in the society columns. It used to be that this could best be achieved through the use of a social publicist who, for a fee ranging from $500 to $1,000 a month, "placed" items in columns about his clients. The publicist could also arrange for clients' names to appear on certain lists, on the committees for certain benefits, to be invited to certain art and theatre openings as well as to parties given by people the clients would like to know. The social publicist is still an important climbing tool. "They dress them up in a David Webb pin, put them in white gloves and trot them around," said one public-relations man. Marianne Strong, who operates a New York agency that has taken on socially ambitious clients, said: "All we can do is take them around to parties and introduce them to people. After that, they're on their own."

Today's climber, however—in today's less constrained, less self-conscious mood—has discovered that the social publicist may be becoming superfluous. If you want your party written up in Leonard Lyons's column, why not just invite Leonard Lyons to your party? In a recent, and brilliant, example of the dexterity with which this can be handled, an attractive woman had a large dinner party in her New York apartment with three important columnists present—three powerful and competitive women.

If, however, climbers are going to take on this task for themselves. there are certain basics to be borne in mind. Here are ten for today's upstart:

1. Find something about yourself to promote, get a label. That way, people will say, "Oh yes, I've heard of her," even when they haven't. The label can be based on anything, no matter how tenuous. Have a gimmick, an identifying fetish. Be "Mrs. Ann Kerr Slater, whose inevitable blue-

# OF SOCIAL CLIMBING

tinted glasses and huge diamond solitaire," or "Mrs. Reed Albee, who wears nothing but white in winter, nothing but black in summer," et cetera. People, including the columnists, will learn to spot you.

2. Be generous to your friendly society columnist at Christmas time. "I used to pay a publicist once a month, now I pay just once a year," said one woman, obviously pleased with the results. Cash gifts, however, are frowned upon.

3. Find a designer and spend a lot on his clothes. When asked, "Whose dress is that?" don't look puzzled and say, "Mine." Designers employ publicists too, and if you spend enough their publicists will publicize you —for free. They will feed your picture to *Women's Wear Daily* and make sure that it is a picture of you looking your loveliest.

4. Latch on, by all means—up to, if not including, threat of bodily harm—to someone *big*, someone preferably from out of town, even more preferably from out of the country, whom everyone will be dying to meet and will flock to your house in droves to see. Mrs. Robert R. Young built a whole house just to entertain the Windsors in and, when they're in residence, her parties are the most popular in Palm Beach. Royalty works wonders. Once you have made your Very Important Friend, cherish and cosset her. Lavish her with gifts and flattery and she will serve you well. Don't be shy. Zero in on the top people around. Social climbing calls for audacity and pluck. Remember that quite often the top people are sitting around twiddling their thumbs on a Saturday evening just because everyone else is too in awe of them to ask them to dinner. Splendour can create isolation.

In Washington, Mrs. Gwen Cafritz discovered long ago that Supreme Court Justices and their wives were so loftily regarded that they were being socially shortchanged. She fixed all that, made them her special property, and has decorated her parties impressively with justices ever since. There is, of course, the old but still workable technique of calling one Important Friend to say you're having a party for another Important Friend, and then calling the second one to say you're having a party for the first one. Then you hold your breath and hope that at least one of your guests of honour shows up. This is recommended only in desperate situations.

5. Be Jewish. Many of the most publicized "new" names have been Jewish, and this has nothing to do with anything in the so-called Jewish character. It is simply that it is better, in big-city society, to be Jewish today than it has ever been before. Never has social anti-Semitism been so un-chic, nor have so many people been out to prove that they are liberal, liberal, liberal. If you can't be Jewish, sprinkle your guest list liberally with fashionable Jews and even pepper it—particularly if they are stars of the Sidney Poitier and Harry Belafonte magnitude—with Blacks. Remember, this isn't just your social conscience at work. Most reporters nowadays and many metropolitan newspapers are liberal in their outlook. Your mixed racial and religious gathering will get more attention and more praise than if you confine yourself to old-hat WASPS.

6. Pay for the photographs that come to you in the mail unsolicited. Increasingly, at social gatherings—openings, benefits, private parties—photographers roam about the premises, shutters clicking. The pictures, when they arrive—handsomely displayed in leather frames—can become a costly item (the bill enclosed with the pictures always urges you to return them if you don't want them, and no hard feelings). But they are worth the cost. The photographers feed society columns. If you don't buy their wares, they have ways of taking their revenge. "They get very skillful at taking your picture while you're scratching yourself," one woman said.

7. If you're a woman, lunch out a lot—with women friends or, from time to time, a man other than your husband. This helps create talk and might even become a column item. Go to the "in" restaurants, and tip your captain, as well as your waiter, handsomely until you have successfully worked your way up to the best tables and are greeted, when you come in, by name. Be willing to withstand the humiliation of rebuffs, blank stares, and placement in "Siberia" as you progress toward your goal. In New York, the three most "in" restaurants are La Grenouille, La Côte Basque, and La Caravelle. "21" is out. Le Pavillon has come back in. As for El Morocco, this former society standby is "zero minus zero minus zero."

8. Knock, if you feel like doing so, all the old traditional society institutions—the Colony Club, Newport, coming-out parties, the Junior League, Tuxedo Park, fox hunting, Foxcroft, beagling, billiards, the *Social Register*. It's okay to speak disparagingly of these institutions, which are treated as having become hopelessly out-of-date. This does not mean, however, that if asked to go to something involving one of them you should not treat the invitation seriously.

9. Become involved with Art. Art has become one of the most effective avenues and the most rewarding for the social climber. Go to gallery openings, particularly those that are black tie. (If you are a just beginning social climber, you do not need an invitation to most gallery openings; just go, sign the guest book, and you will promptly go on the list to be invited to the next opening. An evening's roam of galleries can be, according to one art expert, "the easiest free drunk in town.") Start a collection of art. Give away your art to museums and send it on tour. Get on the board of directors of a major art museum, and you will have arrived. The easiest cities to climb in socially are New York, Washington, and San Francisco, in that order. The hardest is Philadelphia.

Aside from the importance of art, how you decorate your house matters less today than ever before. How you decorate your person matters more. Smart climbers at the moment do not admit to using interior decorators, work to make their houses exude an atmos- (Continued on page 258)

# PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Student strikes and Professor Karl W. Deutsch of Harvard who told his delighted students, after mentioning "compassion without competence," that "people who don't know where the appendix is should not offer themselves as surgeons for appendicitis." . . . The comfortable pleasures of the new record *James Taylor* with Taylor singing and playing the guitar on the cut "Carolina In My Mind," with Paul McCartney on bass, or "Taking It In" with this couplet: "Laura—look at you walk/I swear you've got eyes in my head." . . . The suspense, the felicity of the musical *1776*, all based on The Continental Congress and the writing of The Declaration of Independence.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The complex extravagance, the sense of photographic command in the new exhibition "600 Faces by Beaton" at The Museum of the City of New York. . . . The over-blown frowstiness of the graceless movie ". . . *Can Heironymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?*" with Anthony Newley showing no respect for his own talents. . . . Ada Louise Huxtable, the frail critic of architecture who said at the A.I.D. luncheon at which she received The Elsie de Wolfe Award: "The most beautiful rooms I have ever been in are artists' kitchens."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The last sculptures by the remarkable Frederick Kiesler, who died in 1965, at New York's Howard Wise Gallery. . . . This sign: "Attention car thieves. This car is stolen." . . . In London, the television show *Cilla* in which Cilla Black, who is, according to George Melly, a critic on *The Observer*, "toothy, flat-chested . . . [with] the nose of a fairly careful boxer," has the kind of charisma that keeps almost everybody listening to her. . . . Edward Bond, the irascible, controversial playwright whose play *Early Morning* now at the Royal Court Theatre has Queen Victoria as a dyke who tells Florence Nightingale: "Don't call me Your Majesty, call me Victor."

## GOLDIE HAWN, *so who is putting who on?*

A pearly, scrubbed maniac with the profile of a child painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Goldie Hawn each week infects fifty million Americans with the sound of her giggle—an infection that tickles more than it hurts. Every week on the Rowan and Martin television *Laugh-In*, audiences hang in for her small scatty jokes and then—pause—the harebrained, enchanting, morning's-at-seven laugh Goldie delivers with exact mistiming a thought too long after the joke. That, in fact, is how Goldie really laughs. A straight-arrow girl with the old-fashioned ambition dear to determined stage-mothers, Goldie grew up in Maryland. The small breaks, the hungry days, the go-go girl season at the New York World's Fair: Her young history reads as flat as a press release until in the third week of *Laugh-In*'s life she became its fixed delight. Now *Laugh-In* has boosted her into her first movie, an alley-oop boost, for that movie is *Cactus Flower* starring Ingrid Bergman, Walter Matthau—and Goldie Hawn. Yet this honest-Injun girl has mystery: She can't be that limpid—can she? The quick pretty legs, the nail-scissors haircut, the huge changeling eyes peering over a hamburger doused with mayonnaise? Is that Goldie? When she was photographed by Avedon for Vogue, she dropped two clues. Clue 1: Announcing that she felt more comfortable with her shoes off, she went barefoot in front of the camera, and, innocently clowning, ended up biting her toe. After the sitting, her agent, waiting in another room, murmured to her, "Did they go for the foot bit?" Goldie agreed. Clue 2: After she left the studio, she asked, "What was the name of that photographer?" Richard Avedon. "Oh, I knew it had a 'v' in it. I thought it was Gore Vidal, but he's the hairdresser, I guess." Pause. Giggle. Now who is funning whom?




DUANE MICHALS

## BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE, *singer of love and protest. "Indians—we don't all look like nickels."*

*Below:* Buffy Sainte-Marie, whose sound is high with a vibrato, is a massive phenomenon, was the first of the girl singers to write her own protest songs, simple, committed, moving, especially "Now That the Buffalo's Gone." An American born in Canada to Indian parents, she is a Plains Cree, educated at the University of Massachusetts, married, and she wants, in song and guitar, she said: "to open myself and let people in. My songs come down to me from a hole in the sky."



## LEE BONTECOU. *a powerful American sculptor: "what I do, just is."*

*Left:* In her downtown loft-studio in New York, Lee Bontecou, a frail, small woman works on her newest experiment, an eight-foot-high plant form in frosted transparent plastic. Famous to collectors and museums, her major work lies in her dramatic constructions of raw canvas and steel. She wants no explanations of her work, gives none. When not Bontecou, she is Mrs. William Giles, has a two-year-old daughter, believes that for "artists New York is a pressure cooker," but one that she likes.


THE NEW YORK TIMES




# BARBARA JO RUBIN

*"I sing to them"*

In racing silks, her black pigtails dangling from her helmet, Barbara Jo Rubin is, at nineteen, the hottest-riding apprentice of the American girl jockeys with a spectacular two-week record of seven wins in twelve starts. A speedball with style, she dresses in the outriders' room at Aqueduct or Charles Town, West Virginia, where she is shown here in the paddock and up on Gold Charger, her fifth winner. She becomes a full jockey either a year from February 22, her first win, or after her fortieth victory. Before riding Thoroughbreds, Barbara Jo Rubin showed quarter horses for trophies and ribbons, started riding at eight as after-polio therapy at the family place in Florida. Now racing on the East Coast tracks, Barbara Jo, who rarely gets a shoo-in, stands a long-shot chance of riding, in the Kentucky Derby, a long shot. "I get along," she said, "with problem horses."

BEAUTY *bulletin*

# *Aromatherapy*

# COULD THERE BE MORE TO PERFUME THAN MEETS THE NOSE?

"At the end of a summer in Italy," a young English dazzler told us, "my skin was like ancient Egyptian writing paper. My mother-in-law, a considerable beauty, recommended her aromatherapist. I was enormously skeptical, having long been suspicious of cranky remedies and essences—but to please her, I went. I can not tell you how marvellous aromatherapy turned out to be . . . massaging and toning, the whole point: skin feeding. Women go regularly in London—to nourish their bosoms, their backs, their necks . . . particularly their faces. An oil is prepared to order for each skin from the essence of herbs—sage, rosemary, lavender, whatever is needed. It's fantastic. You should *see* my skin." We saw. She conquered.

What exactly is "aromatherapy"? It proposes to heal through aromatics. It involves essential oils from flowers, herbs, fruits, animals. It aims at halting or slowing down the ageing process of skin through cellular regeneration. It shoots beyond that, in some aromatherapy clinics, at every sort of physical and emotional disorder. The ancient Sumerians knew it. Egyptians taught the Greeks who taught the Romans. In India and China, it's been popular a millennium. Toltecs and Aztecs practised a form of it. And in London, it's big news right now.

The late Madame Maury was London's most famous practitioner. She held that the skin is, to the trained hand, an indication of problems inside the body; that simply from looking at a person she could spot trouble; that when she got round to the treatment, her fingers confirmed it. Then she brewed an aromatic recipe in keeping. "When the oils penetrate the skin, they act as a regulator, balancing the too-tense, the too-emotional, or stimulating the sluggish and bored." Two assistants carry on Mme. Maury's work at her Chelsea clinic, which continues to send forth the scented signals of lemon grass, "good for overactive sebaceous glands"; lavender, "especially for acne and reducing puffiness"; patchouli, "rejuvenating"; Bulgarian or Moroccan rose, "not only rejuvenating but good for regularizing the menstrual cycle"; neroli, from orange blossoms, "a little hypnotic and entrancing"; petitgrain, from orange leaves, "strongly antiseptic, sharpens awareness." After a sample of blood is analyzed, selected oils are pressure-massaged into crucial points to relax patients under stress. "Some experience a release of emotion," one of the present owners said. "Mental problems come to the surface, patients may even weep and talk about them, feel calmer, see things in proportion." . . . To the fragrant clinic of another Maury trainee, Madame Micheline Arcier, go a lot of London beauties for their aromatherapy. A tall, handsome woman—open and direct, Mme. Arcier is particularly keen on sandalwood "for kidney regulation"; camomile "for strengthening the tissues"; geranium "for waking up lazy skin." She treats the bosom with oils and serums, and admits that she can't change a drooping bosom to a young and nubile one, but that she "can generally improve things considerably."

The most noted (and therefore the most controversial) medical doctor sniffing out aromatherapy is Ivan Popov, whom Patrick McGrady, Jr., interviewed for the engrossing illuminations of his book, *The Youth Doctors*. European pioneer in the introduction of pla- (Continued on page 254)

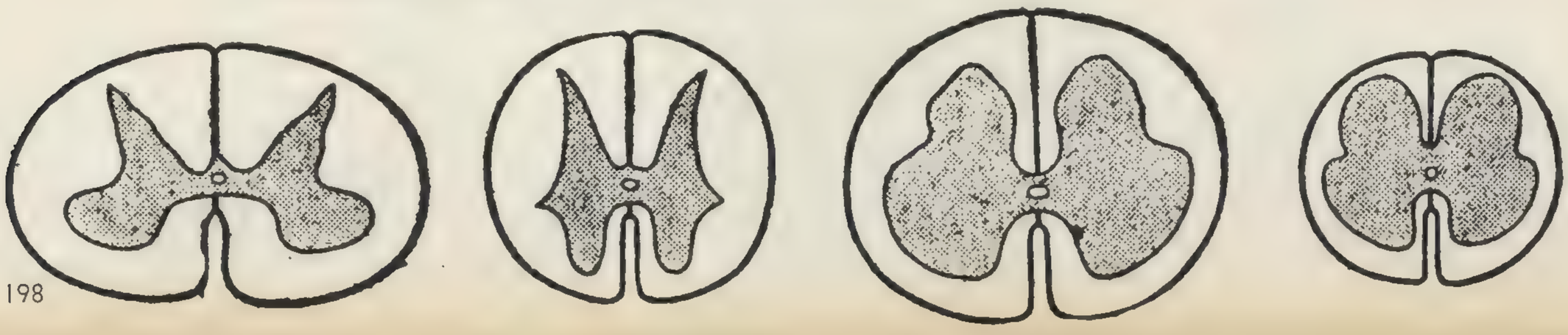


MORE TO FLOWERS
THAN MEETS THE EYE:
"WHITE VASE WITH FLOWERS"
BY ODILON REDON


## For the fabulous face, now it's base on base

*The touching bloom and clarity of complexion (opposite) are only in part a matter of elegant genes. The other—and newly attainable—aspect is the stunning cosmetic accomplishment of Charles Revson at his restless, revolutionary best: Revlon's Ultima II Perfect Makeup. Wear it in any light from blazing noon to bleakest neon—it can only praise your skin. Its concept is both new and overwhelmingly effective . . . two separate and inseparable foundations work together to give you a flawless petal texture that is yet as tender, as incandescent as if a candle were lit behind it. Phase I filters out all but the most flattering light; Phase II lays on the exquisite patina. Both, here, in Rose Beige, dusted with Amber Glowing Translucent Powder. The lipstick is Fire Coral. The hairdo is by Pablo of the House of Revlon. The fanciful bib, by Rita De Lisi for Scarabaeus. Chains, by Monet.*


MASSAGE: BACKBONE OF AROMATHERAPY

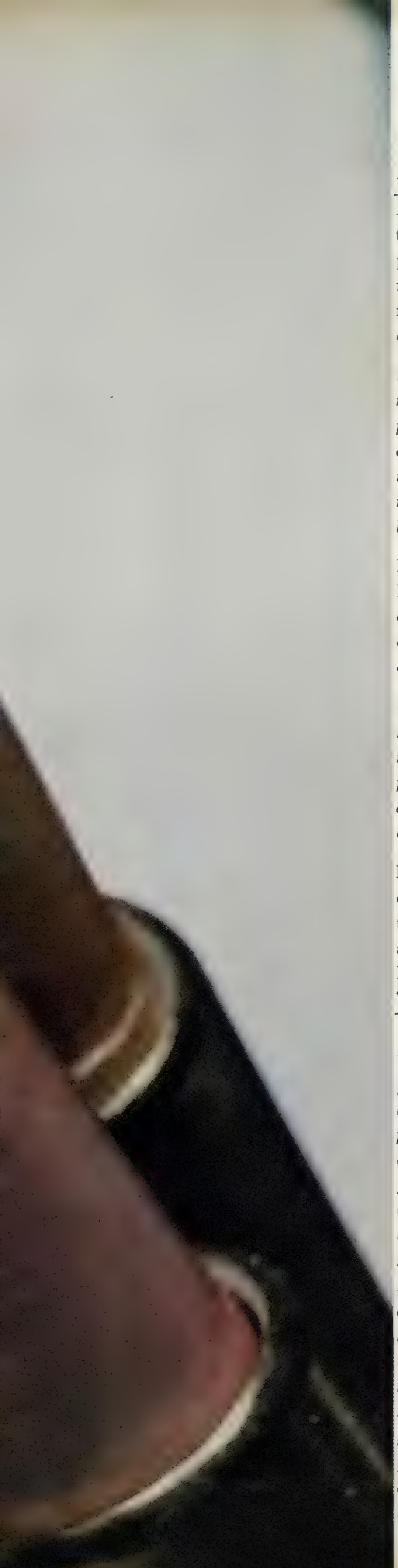




PENN







BEAUTY *bulletin*

# *Perfume power*

Aromatherapy—the new-old concept explored on the previous page—intoxicates the imagination with its heady possibilities. There may indeed be much more to perfume than meets the nose. But meanwhile, back on earth, who wouldn't settle for the old primaeval flower power that attacks the nose square on, moves mighty men, glorifies frail women, enjoins the twain to meet? That's therapy never to quibble with . . .

*What's aphrodisiac? What turns you on? Some fragrances, an erudite perfume man told us, are undeniably more sexy than others. (Jasmine is one ubiquitous perfume ingredient held to be highly erogenous. . . . Sage and cinnamon and cloves all have enjoyed alluring reputations.) "But," the gentleman went on to say, "it also depends on the individual. An odour that's pleasant to you is more aphrodisiac than one that isn't. A scent that doesn't send you is going to leave you cold, no matter how theoretically erotic its constitution."*

How does skin chemistry affect the scent? "I give you the perfume, or better I give you to the perfume, because it's you who finishes it." That French poet obviously knew something many women don't: skin changes perfume. A scent divine on one woman can go woefully wrong on another; may linger hours on one, get lost instantly on another. It's all a matter of *you.*

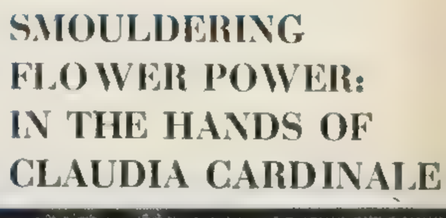
*What are the pulse points? The hot spots where perfume sets other pulses racing. Below ear, base of throat, between breasts, inside elbow and wrist. That's where the warmth concentrates, makes perfume develop and rise. Since heat sends perfume upward, hit the pulse points below the waist, too—back of knee, inside ankle. They dispatch fragrance up around you. . . . Fragrance in the hair is fine, but since hair has no heat, perfume doesn't develop fully there.*

How do those notes work—top, middle, and base? Top notes are caught first, evaporate first. Middle notes become clear with skin warmth. Base notes are the lasting ones, the "real" perfume, kept stable by fixatives (e.g., musk, civet, ambergris) which literally "fix" a perfume, control the rate of evaporation. Heaviness or lightness of fragrance has nothing to do with its "lasting" quality. The total composition, the recipe, is responsible.

(Continued, next page)



PULSATION IN OILS: VASARELY'S "SIR-RIS"



SMOULDERING FLOWER POWER: IN THE HANDS OF CLAUDIA CARDINALE

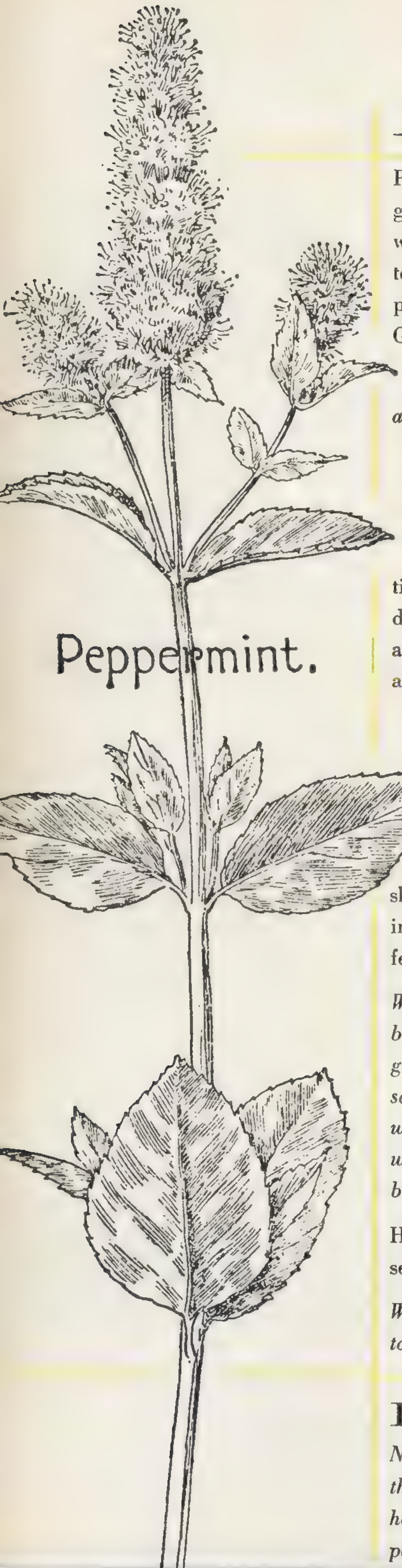
## ...at girls who wear glosses

*Any man who has been even lightly laggard in making passes had better be primed to spring into action as the advance batch of Cream Center confections sweetens lips from coast to coast. The UltraLucent Cream Center lipstick is fresh from Max Factor, and as newsy a tidbit as a first kiss. In some surreptitious way, the Factor whizzes have invented a creamy core within a lipstick— the exterior deep and glistening, the centre a breath paler, and up to its cap in creaminess. The stick itself is slant-shaped to give each colour and texture full freedom, and the resulting pout looks and feels wickedly edible. There are no less than a dozen distracting colour conspiracies.*

PENN



# *Perfume power*




Perfume, toilet water, cologne—what's their order of strength? Just in that order, generally. Perfume has the highest percentage of concentrated oils. Usually toilet water is more potent than cologne, but in the past few years those terms have tended to become interchangeable. Modern colognes may be diluted versions of perfume. But the classic eau de cologne (one of the first was 4711 from the German city) is of citrus persuasion, specifically lemon or lime.

*Does a woman's projection of perfume change during menstruation because of a quirk in skin chemistry? Not that we know of. What does change is a woman's "nose." It has been proven that, during menstruation, a woman can not smell certain aroma-chemicals. Which explains why women may think their perfume is a turncoat thing several days of the month.*

What's the authoritative way to pick a perfume? Try no more than three at a time. Just one drop on a pulse point—you smell small quantities better than dollops. Wear them for an hour to let the lasting notes blossom before you make a decision. . . . Too much perfume paralyzes the olfactory organ, gives you an acute case of Numb Nose. Professional "noses" test only fifteen minutes a clip.

*Where's the best place to keep a perfume? In the dark and cool. Maybe even in the fridge. Light can cause chemical reaction, change the fragrance. Well sealed, it will last perhaps a year. Unsealed, exposed to light and heat, it oxidizes.*

What causes perfume "brown spots"? Photosensitivity, a reaction of some skins in strong sun to a fragrance that contains bergamot. (Bergamot is often in citrus-y colognes.) Now a synthetic bergamot oil is made without the offending constituent.

*What are the basic perfume personalities?* Florals: *single, such as rose or violet; bouquet—a blending of several flower notes.* Woodsy-mossy-leafy: *the so-called green perfumes, with the cool foresty aura of ferns and herbs.* Spicy: *pungent scent—cinnamon, clove, vanilla.* Oriental: *dubbed "sophisticated" by virtue of warm, intense, heady ingredients—the likes of patchouli, vetiver, often mingling with woody, spicy odours.* Fruity: *citrus-y or peachy.* Modern: *aroma chemicals blended with "naturals" to create sharp, sparkling fragrances.*

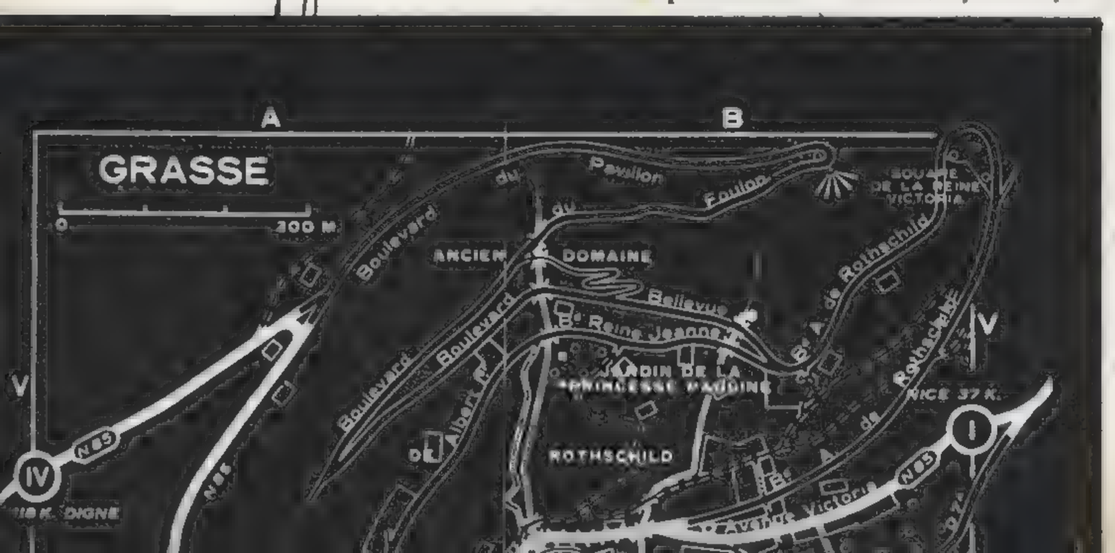
How should perfume travel? Preferably, in a small aerosol—or in a well-sealed bottle, not plastic. Scents tend to evaporate through plastic.

*What roots do most good perfumes have in common? Grasse roots. The sunny town in southwestern France is the centre of the world perfume industry.*

## Baths of glory, fragrant new story

*Not far from Antibes, there is a high-rising chute that sends you plummeting past the rocks and into the warm, sapphire splash of the Mediterranean. Estée Lauder has gathered up the smell, sparkle, and euphoria of the South of France, and poured them into a fleet of bath fancies, which she calls Azurée.*

*There is, among a prodigality of blisses (more, page 114), Mint Pick-Up Bath, which billows with bubbles, permeates the bathroom with the sweet shock of peppermint, and does a skin-smoothing stint besides. The relaxed and fragrant beauty, facing, is snuggled in a Hanae Mori-designed bath square and head wrap (both by Martex), and has plainly been steeping in Azurée.*




PENN







# LEIGH TAYLOR-YOUNG

## *The body beautifuls*

Serene and cat-sleek and glowing with health . . . actress Leigh Taylor-Young—all-American hippie of *I Love You, Alice B. Toklas,* South-American beauty in *The Adventurers* coming up—starts shooting this month on *The Buttercup Chain.* She and her husband, actor Ryan O'Neal, have jettisoned all California ballast to follow each other around the world on location: "We'll be living like gypsies. We want to explore. We've got all our lives for roots." For adventurous young Americans like these, roots are portable. . . . For colouring like Leigh's—golden skin, hazel-green eyes, copper-light hair—black is super. She's into it here, clingy, zingy, close-to-the-body black, opting for bareness at the drop of a hat.

The black bathing-suit dress, left: just a bib over bareness, a few thin straps, and a twinkling of skirt, all black knit and nifty. By Maggi Browning, of Trevira (Jasco fabric). About $65.
At Franklin Simon; Famous-Barr; Marie Leavell.

The black body-dress, above—snug sleeves, sashed-and-wrapped skirt, the look of a shirt with cling, plunge, and a billion buttons to button or not, wot? Kloss-Pruzan; Trevira (Soptra fabric). About $135. Henri Bendel; I. Magnin.

# *LEIGH TAYLOR-YOUNG*

Leigh Taylor-Young has just the kind of perfect, perfectly strong and healthy young figure that looks terrific in bathing suits—and in these little black knit dresses that are cut as bare and close to the body as bathing suits…to wear with the kind of gilded, glowing tan that Leigh seems always to have…to wear in the heat of the beach or the late of the day, as you like.

Bare in black, bare in back, left: a blink of black knit that's not much more than bareness and a couple of crisscrossed straps. It's really something else.

Taking a dip in black knit, right: little T-shirt-sleeved dress plunged down front to a triangular cutout and tied. Dresses, both pages, by Stan Herman for Mr. Mort, of knitted acetate. Each, about $45. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Lazarus; Dayton's; Neusteters. Leigh Taylor-Young's coiffures on these four pages, by Suga; Tovar-Tresses hairpieces.

*Little black dresses*
*something like*
*bathing suits*





# BLACK

## IS THE COLOUR OF A SEE-THROUGH BATHING SUIT

***Gauzy black with breast pockets; bikini pants. Top: Stevetex georgette tricot by Stevens of Wear Dated Monsanto Blue C nylon; pants, Dacron-nylon. By Catalina; $35 at Gimbels, N.Y.; Sanger-Harris; Joseph Magnin. Deep-tan for skin you see through to: Bain de Soleil gelée.***

***Long-sleeved suit of black nylon, see-through but for bikini pants, a band around neck and down front. By Oscar de La Renta Swimwear; $40 at Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. These six pages: Suga coiffures, Tovar-Tresses hairpieces.***

PENN

*Above, a black jersey bikini tied at the bosom and hips. By Bill Blass for Roxanne, of Antron nylon and Lycra (Milliken fabric); $23 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Dayton's; Gus Mayer. Right, a great shirt of black nylon ciré, straight and slick to the hips. By Peter Pan; $21 at Best & Co.; Hudson's; Marshall Field; Joske's, San Antonio.*

# BLACK
IS THE COLOUR
OF A BARE-BONES
BATHING
SUIT
A CIRÉ SHIRT

PENN



PENN



*Left, a teardrop cutout, thin straps down the back. By Elisabeth Stewart, a Ban-Lon maillot of black nylon jersey; $25 at Saks Fifth Avenue. Above, a tank top, very low back, high-cut armholes. By DeWeese, of black nylon and Lycra; $24 at Lord & Taylor. Below, a black water-sport suit with long sleeves; two layers of stretch nylon, a warming layer of sponginess laminated between. Back zip. Hood separate. By Parkway Fabricators. Suit, $65; hood, $11. Both at Henri Bendel.*

# BLACK
## IS THE COLOUR OF MY TRUE-LOVE BATHING SUIT



# FISHERWIVES' SKIRTS— great American catch for summer

Nothing bouncier. Or brighter. Summer's sensational fling of skirts lifted—four, eight, even twelve at a flip—from the vivid chaos of reds, greens, blues, yellows the Portuguese fisherwives flaunt as they beach the boats, spread the nets, or swing barefoot across the sands—their strong arms akimbo and a lolloping roll to their hips. . . .
The look is yours to catch—to apron this way and scarf that, to shuffle and reshuffle so a different skirt is always on top. Madras plaids, *left*, flounce it up along every seam, tossing tiers of lively colour over black and white—Paisley, plaid, ticking, dotted Swiss. Black-and-white Paisley and plaid dress, skirt of Far Eastern Madras, slip of Springmaid ticking, all by Deanna Littell in cotton. All, at Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin. Scarf by David St. David at waist; Ray Strauss scarf at elbow. A wealth of coquetry, *right*, reckoned in flowers, rick-rack, Paisley, dots, lace—one evening's boast of skirts tumbling out from under a white muslin apron and a long-sleeved peasant blouse; over and over they go, all the way to the anklebone. By Pat Ashley for Craig Craeley, in junior sizes. Paisley skirt, of Wamsutta cotton; yellow and red skirt, of Dan River cotton. Dress, about $45; apron, about $16; each of the skirts, about $20. All, at Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; O'Neil's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. On these and the next two pages: coiffures by Suga, with Tovar-Tresses hairpieces; bare feet and elbows polished to smoothness with that summer see-worthy: Pretty Feet.

PENN





# FISHERWIVES' SKIRTS— great American whirl and twirl

Laced over the bosom, *left,* and layered over the hip—with as many skirts as there are nights in the week—this look's enticing enough to bring a girl's ship pell-mell to shore. All by Pat Ashley, in junior sizes, for Craig Craeley. Dress, about $40. Rick-rack muslin apron, about $16. Scalloped, fringed, flowered, and ribboned skirts, about $20 each. All, at Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; O'Neil's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

Whirligig snatches of this colour, that colour—tossed on, four or more at a time, over snug little stretch-knit tops . . . the top *above* in navy blue, the one *at right* in black. All by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo. Tops, about $30 each, of Enkalure nylon jersey (Stretchnit fabric). Paisley skirts, of Orlon (Lonsdale Mills fabric). Four skirts on one waistband, right, about $70; other skirts, about $20 each. Sant' Angelo bead necklaces and wool pompons. Everything, at Bonwit Teller S'fari Room. Tops and skirts, also at Jordan Marsh, Florida; Sakowitz.

PENN





# U.S. Sun champs

## FASHIONS FOR SUMMER THAT MAKE IT A KNOCKOUT

Summer lives. . . . Time for vitality, for glowing good looks, for knowing that every sunny moment is a glorious Now to be soaked up and savoured. And these are the clothes for it—the great fashion champs. All, photographed in Barbados, British West Indies—and a happy hop there could be via BWIA that gets things going with delightful West Indian meals, served by a charming line-up of hostesses turned out in vivid Caribbean colours. The jump on summer colours, opposite: sky-blue shirt, shell-orange pants—both, transparent organza with smocking. Donald Brooks jumpsuit; Bianchini silk. K. J. L. belt. Both: Henri Bendel. Turnout, also at Nan Duskin; Amelia Gray. Sheer white pleats, above, baring a bead-wrapped midriff. By Gregory, of Arnel; $16. Black uncut-corduroy pants by Lynn Stuart for Mister Pants; $16. Both: Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Beaded belt by Marvella. Caste marks: Body Jewelry by Thomas Robbins. These twenty pages: Maury of Kenneth coiffures.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

Slipover shirt, right, white and classic over short brown shorts. Shirt of Enka rayon, by Evan-Picone; about $19. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's, Cleveland; Nordstrom Best. Shorts of cotton gabardine, by Frank Smith for Saks Fifth Avenue; about $20. White belts by Calderon.

Striped T-shirt, opposite above, knitted cotton in chocolate-brown and white with straight-across neck, long sleeves; white scooter shorts with brown buttons, of Arnel and cotton. Both by The Villager. Top, about $7; scooters, about $16. At Altman's; Famous-Barr; J. W. Robinson.

Blowy pleats, opposite below, for a short flutter of beach cover in white Arnel and nylon, with brown bands that X across the front. By Rose Marie Reid; about $38. Available in late May. At Bloomingdale's; Higbee's; Joseph Magnin.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

U.S. SUNchamps–

BITS OF BROWN
AND WHITE THAT WALK
ALONG THE BEACH



# U.S. Sunchamps—
## SHIRTDRESS-BY-THE-SEA

Sheer, billowy, opposite: a shirtdress of coffee-beige voile, zipped up the front, gathered up by a wide sash and elastic cuffs. By Ruth Bekker, of Kodel and cotton (Loomtex fabric); about $28. At Lord & Taylor; Jacobson's, Michigan; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Sant'Angelo ring. New sunchamp idea for skin that's worth dewing; the Dew Tan plan of Frances Denney, in three forms—gel for deep-tanning, cream for protecting, lotion for after-sunning. Western power, right: a yoke of white stitching on a crisp brown shirtdress with a long row of buttons, low-slung belt (added). By Susan Thomas, of Avisco tweedy rayon; about $30. Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Plaidchamp, below: a smashing shirtdress of white with brown and navy, crisp shaping to belt once, twice. By Bert Geiger for Campioni, in Qiana (Galey & Lord fabric); about $185. At Bonwit Teller; Woolf Brothers; I. Magnin. This page: belts by Calderon.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

# U.S. Sunchamps—
## PANTS WITH NEW PRINTING

Confetti, left, printed on pants - and scattered, perhaps, to celebrate the climate of Barbados where beauty and charm are somehow mixed with efficiency (as they are on BWIA, which takes you there). The pants, wide-bottomed, with double loops for multiple belts; the confetti scattered two ways, mostly black down one side, mostly white down the other. The tank top with three-button tab, of black ciré. Both by Vera. Pants of cotton duck; about $20. Top of Enkalure nylon, about $11. At Bloomingdale's: H.&S. Pogue. Latinas shoulderbags - white with a navy disc. The fish course, right, in silk-screen print, blocks of glossy pink on pants of pale turquoise with wide bottoms, a snug Lip top that cries for belts. Man-type shirt of crinkled cotton crêpe, also turquoise. Both by Lilly Pulitzer. Pants of polyester and cotton, about $30. Shirt, about $25. At Lord & Taylor; Halle's, Cleveland; Neiman-Marcus; J. W. Robinson. Both pages: Calderon belts.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

# U.S. sunchamps—
## THE LITTLE AMPHIBIANS

Terry rompers, above, in sunny gold-colour, cut like a soft little jumpsuit with long sleeves, high neck, a zipper up the front. Elastic keeps things snug at wrists, at legs. By Erika Elias for Charlie's Girls, of Acrilan and nylon terry (Armtex fabric); about $15. Junior sizes. At Altman's; Halle's, Cleveland. Beach-walking dress, left: a good-looking Sunchamp in navy-blue velours with a shirt collar, little sleeves, breast pockets, a linked belt slung through low loops. By Daniel Hechter for Fox Run, of cotton velours; about $32. At Henri Bendel. Big Eye sunglasses, bold, white-framed, by Renauld. Checks that swim, opposite: an enchanting bit of bathing suit in pink and white with the scoopiest neck, puff sleeves, a high sash. Buttons close it at the back. Bikini pants of the same checks. By Cole of California, of Dacron and cotton (Berkshire Hathaway fabric); about $20. Available middle of May, at Peck & Peck; Foley's; I. Magnin.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY





# U.S. sunchamps—
## SWEATERY THINGS, LONG AND SHORT

Short ribs, left, of cashmere pure and natural—soft and marvellous with fresh tanned skin and an active committee of belts. High neck with closer ribs, low pockets. By Jeanne Campbell for Sportwhirl; about $60. At De Pinna; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Rings: Sant' Angelo. Belt: Kenneth J. Lane for Juness. Goggling overhead: Big Eye sunglasses by Renauld. Wrapped all over, right, in a long hooded robe of wine red cashmere with a tied belt, no buttons—a delicious Sunchamp when sun is early, late, faltering. By Hadley; about $110. Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Long velours sweater, far right: a black V-necked cardigan to the ankles with buttons all the way down, low pockets, banded edges. By Michael Mott for Paraphernalia, of Acele acetate and cotton (Fonda fabric); about $66.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

# U.S. sunchamps—

## MIDRIFFS, BARE AND BAREST



Skirting the waves, left—a nifty little navy kilt, pleated and held by two side buckles. Worn with a navy jersey that stops short just under the bosom. Both by Ginori. Kilt, permanently pressed in Dacron and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric), about $26. Top of Trevira, about $30. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Jordan Marsh, Florida; L. S. Ayres; Sakowitz. White earrings: Napier. Bands of colour on black, right, playing close to the sea—red, yellow, and blue squared off on a long-sleeved top; the same colours banding the tiniest shorts. Playsuit by Mr. Dino, knitted of Arnel. About $40. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Burdine's; Sakowitz.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY



U.S.
Sunchamps–
THE CLEAN
SPARKLE
OF WHITE

Transparent pants, transparent midriff, right—white organza showing tanned skin against a long white cotton shirt-tunic, opened at the throat. By B. H. Wragge, of rayon organza and cotton. About $125. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Burdine's; Swanson's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Hoop earrings by K.J.L. Hairpiece by Tovar-Tresses. Hold-up for summer, far right: the halter-top dress—freshest white piqué outlined in navy linen and tied with a navy shoestring. By Jacques Tiffeau, of Onondaga cotton. About $190. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Sanger-Harris. White earrings: Napier. Take a shine to white, right, below: crisp white Fibranne easy as a little tennis-dress, with line-ups of golden grommets and a white leather belt laced through grommets at the waist. By Oscar de La Renta. About $215. Saks Fifth Avenue. Calderon belt added (dress has a rope belt). Monet earrings.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY



## U.S. sunchamps—
### SOFTEST BLACK, STARCHIEST WHITE

A plunge of black jersey, left, wrapped, tied with a long fringed sash and just falling against the body—very soft and easy, and delicious to wear. A Ban-Lon dress by Adri for Collector's Items. Of Enkalure nylon (Fair-Tex fabric). About $70. At Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Jacobson's, Michigan; J. W. Robinson. Chalk-white plastic rings and bracelet: Sam'Angelo. Sharp lines of white, right: the longer tunic tailored up in clean white piqué, polished with gleamy shoulder buttons and tasselled gilt chains crossing over one side, brushing the top of straight white piqué pants. Melba Hobson for Tanner of North Carolina, of cotton (Lucien Benedek fabric). About $60. At Abercrombie & Fitch; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Frances Brewster, Palm Beach; L.S. Ayres. Earrings by Castlecliff. Bagatelle chains. Tovar-Tresses hairpiece.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY



ARNAUD DE ROSNAY



# U.S. SUNchamps—
## SHIRTS, SCARFS, AND THE JEANS IDEA

The Western blues, above: a snapped-up cowboy shirt in denim-like navy cotton—patch-pocketed, buttoned down everywhere, and filled in with a bright scarf-tie—held over matching navy pants by a pair of clean white leather belts. Shirt, about $10. Pants, about $14. Both by Jantzen. At Best & Co.; Frederick & Nelson. Silk Paisley scarf from Far Eastern. Calderon leather belts on both pages, at Bloomingdale's.

Whistle stop, above left: navy-and-white railroad-striped cotton denim—the great American jeans sharper than ever with straight legs—terrific with a long-sleeved navy cotton T-shirt and a miles-long scarf. Jeans, of Sanforized denim (Graniteville fabric): Levi's for Gals. About $7. Available in June, at Gimbels; Woodward & Lothrop. Shirt from Jax, about $8. Odyssey scarf.

The big pants wrap-up, below left—a wide wide Burgundy print scarf wrapped around off-white pants and a skinny apricot cotton shirt, banded at the neck. Activair shirt, about $8. Pants by Gordon of Philadelphia, of Kodel and cotton. About $16. Both: Lord & Taylor. Pants, also at Hudson's; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Odyssey scarf. Coiffures here and the preceding eighteen pages: Maury of Kenneth.

# VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

## OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



# *New York: What a city to dance in!*

***And if you've got to dance you've just got to . . . it doesn't matter if it's steamy hot summer . . . two in the morning—and the party's over . . . who cares! . . .***

***1 a.m. in the depths of the Village,*** above, and Berkeley and her beaux are just beginning to go. . . . Berkeley in her little switch of black-and-white BanLon print, laced open-close over one bosom, slashed open to show a petticoat of swinging white fringe. $40, Paraphernalia, 795 Madison Ave. . . . Tony, left, in two shirts from The Different Drummer, 792 Lexington Ave. . . . Michael, right, in slinky skin-tight python-print jersey shirt from Just Men, 17 East 67th St. . . .

***2 a.m. on Sutton Place,*** right. Tonight was Berkeley's uptight uptown night. Now, Bob, she's ready to *go,* please!—in her black satin soigné pyjamas, $45. . . . Her glorious snake belt by Kenneth Lane. . . .

***3 a.m. in Chinatown,*** left. Jaz is jumping and Berkeley's in her absolutely-nothing-of-a-wrap wrap dress of oyster matte jersey, $40. All dresses by Joel Schumacher for Paraphernalia, 795 Madison Ave. Latinas shoes. . . .

COIFFURE BY FRANKLYN WELSH

***More on next page***

CHARLES TRACY

# VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

## *Are people dancing?*

**They certainly are. It's part of our life now from the first time we can take a step . . . or hear a beat—we're old hands by age eleven. . . . Generally going now: more patterned, more co-ordinated dances—still variations on the Funky Broadway. . . .**

**New York: The real dancers have gone underground. . . .** We're talking about the dance addicts . . . the people who used to kill to go to Trude Hellers every night when it all started . . . who *had* to stop at their favourite discothèque every night just to dance for a few minutes . . . all over. The places they go to now they go to only because the other fabulous dancers are there. And the records are terrific. And hot. They're pretty awful places—sordid, packed with seamy types. And smells. No place to sit. No décor. And nobody gives you an inch. But you can *dance* to the best. With the best. And that's all that counts. . . .

***Dancing is for real dancers only because the new dances are so complex, so African, you have to be able to feel every single beat with every single part of your body. . . . "The rhythm is like a drum and sooo fast you have to use your head and your hands move and shake . . . you have to really feel it out there on the floor—in the heat, the smell, the noise. . . ."***

***Fire Island: "Last summer** we touched a lot. This summer we wouldn't dream of touching." . . . Fire Island, of course, gets the best of the dancers—after all, dancing is such a sensual, free thing. . . .*

**New York: "But the old warhorse discothèques are still stuffed** to the hilt." . . . Crammed on the weekends with bodies gyrating in any, every, old out way, everyone sublimely happy. . . .

**Paris: "It hasn't changed one bit." The dancers are still big mobs together, crushed on the dance floors of "Castel's" and "New Jimmy's." . . .**

**San Francisco: "No one dances with his feet."** "They dance with their *ears*. That's the rock scene out here. People go to listen, not move." . . . "If they *are* dancing it's in little private group experiences . . . twenty people together in a loft—a vibration between the whole group—an experimental experience." . . .

***London: "The whole scene has calmed down. Oh, people still go to Annabel's or occasionally to Raffles, on the Kings Road, but one never hears of new clubs opening. . . . Personally, I think it has lots to do with the pot scene . . . the young do that instead."***

**Suburbia, L. I.: "How do we dance to these?"**—The teenage dancers are all on to the rhythms, the 1940's—Mills Brothers approaches—revivals of 'forties' songs like "Stardust," "Till Then." . . . They like it. But they're not sure how to *move* to it. . . .



## *Cerruti*



**1, 2, 3, 4 . . . Cerruti** shows us how he gets a nice fat knot on an everyday tie. "One short end always. Then tie the knot twice. Then fiddle a little . . . like that. . . ." **5. About scarfs,** Cerruti says: "Every scarf has his best points . . . blue is the best here, so I fold it so the blue will show. . . . Always have one short end, then the long one does the work. Then the thickest part of the scarf comes not in the back of the collar but under the wider side part. . . . Button the collar, tie the scarf like a tie. Then unbutton the top button. Give a little twist. Looks good, casual. . . . Use a regular silk square. If it is the bigger, longer one, it is good on a woman . . . a man must tuck it in his vest." . . .

# Ah, the Italians—they can show us

***because isn't the right, perfectly tied tie or scarf what we all want to wear—with everything? . . . And those marvellous Italians—they do everything with such dash and style . . . easily wrapping the right knot is second nature perfection to them. . . .***





BERRY BERENSON





## Valentino

wasn't talking. Above, he just did it . . . tied scarfs this way and that around Lisa Tysen's slender throat. . . . Valentino's partial to the scarf worn *inside* the collar against the skin. . . . Folds it, three-corner with the V point down into the neck of the shirt. Wraps it around the throat once, brings it back around, ties the knot ends flying. Lisa's Indian silk scarf from Just Men, 17 East 67th Street. Her black Enkalure shirt by Ginori at Charlotte's Fancy, 1031 3rd Avenue. . . . Valentino's black and white shirt, scarf by Valentino, of course. . . .

## Show-time ties

Right, a bit of frivolity this—only not really. . . . It's the way Bill Blass showed his new men's summer ties at a fashion show. But Bill thinks women could certainly wear his ties—maybe not en masse like this, but one at a time, tied around a throat, an arm, a waist, a brow. . . .

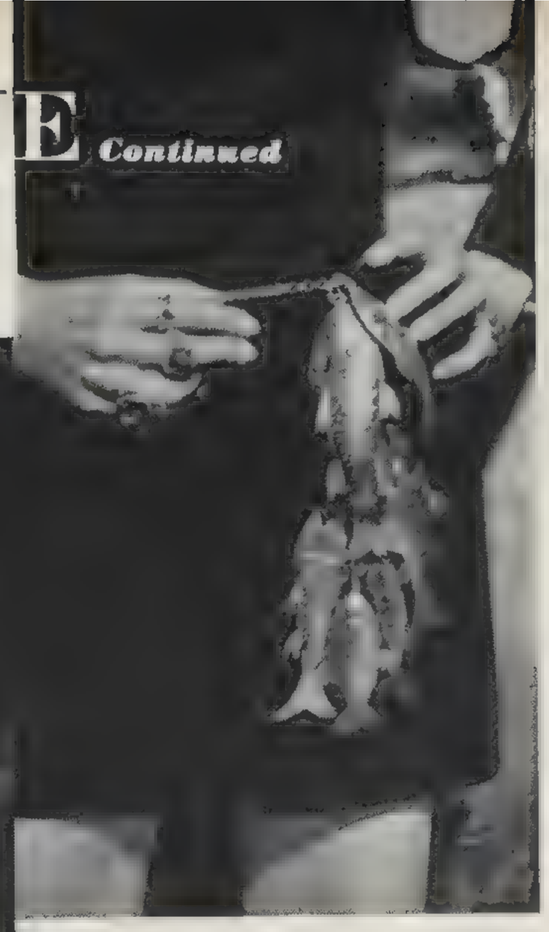
***More on next page***



# VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

## *Fishing for treasures*





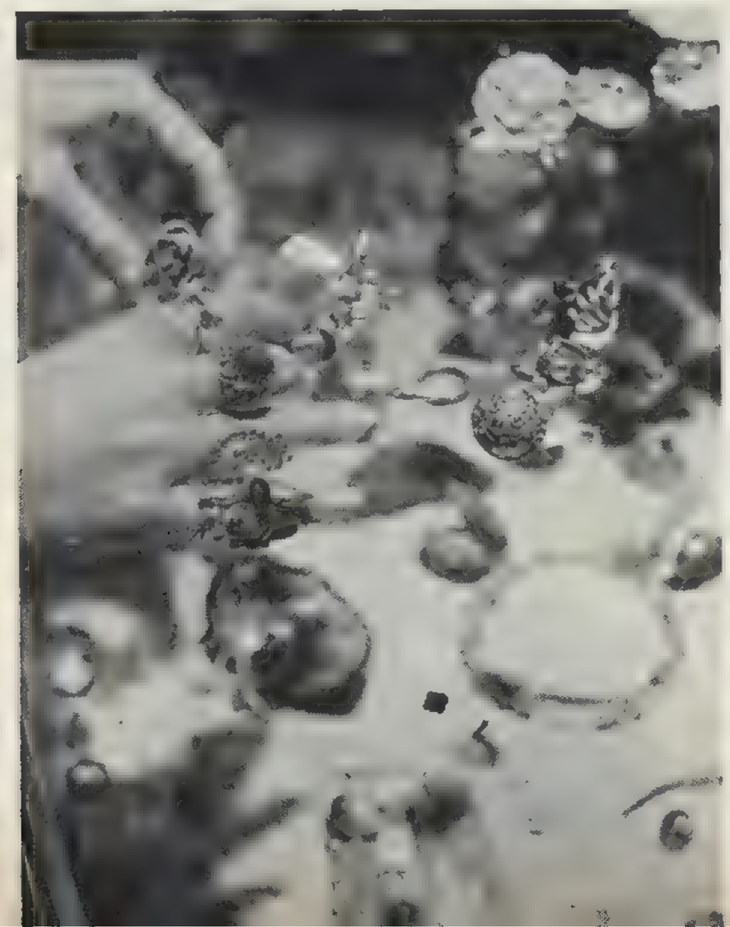

***Fishing for treasures*** —left and above, that's a bit like what it is—delving around, dipping into the vitrines and finding something exotic, something special that was scooped up somewhere around the world and deposited in Bendel's Ports of Call boutique . . . it's where Sharon Harts found her school of silver fish fastened to a silver chain. Made in Bolivia. About $200. . . .

***Securing the sailor's knot,*** below—nice way to hold a throat-scarf in place—with a square-cut black onyx buckle. By Ruza Creations. White silk square, $7.50. At Henri Bendel. . . .





***Antelope at sea,*** below. After all, it's a funny—but a delightful—place for an antelope to be—swinging from golden chains—made into a silver shoulder minaudière. . . . Made in Cambodia. About $680. Ports of Call boutique, Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th Street. . . .



***Shimmering like the bottom of the sea,*** left, the glassy reaches of the ring vitrine, all sorts of serpents, nuggets of stones to twist on every finger . . . from $12 to $850. Ports of Call boutique at Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th St. . . .

BERRY BERENSON



***A pirate's hand?*** above. Anyway, it's amusing to buckle a corded waist—a hand, made of slivers of mirror, black jet, ruby beads. From Thea Porter, 8 Greek St., London. About $50. . . .



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**The Towle Reputation.**

It rests on the fact
that the woman
who chose our silver
twenty years ago would
choose it again today.

Our tradition goes back
over 275 years to a time
when proud craftsmen strove
for perfection and women
would accept nothing less.
Neither our craftsmen nor
the women who use our silver
have changed.
From the left: Candlelight*,
Legato**, Old Master*.
For pattern folders write:
Towle Silversmiths,
Newburyport, Mass.

Towle




## *In America*

(Continued from page 152)

for office, even to lose? And who left the Southern Christian Leadership Conference to Ralph Abernathy instead of Mrs. Martin Luther King, Jr.? The low-to-high theory collapses, since if the way up was working hard for other people, Black women would fill the whole Senate by now.

For women still not warned off braininess by our public affairs, there is always our public entertainment. A little feminine craft is relished on television, a sly working behind the rational scenes. Give them their due, the chicks and the birds are foxes. But never let them run loose around the studio. The trap, the second the script might suggest judgment, deliberation, God-forbid scholarship. Let every domestic non-plot end in an exchange of ethical concepts between Dad and the faintly wayward son. Mother will have previously signalled, mutely, across the casserole that it is wisdom time.

But now with the first Black family television show, *Julia,* there is no Dad. Dad is dead. What to do? First, make clear that Diahann Carroll likes to do everything white women like to do. She cooks, she shops, she vacuums, she spreads peanut butter. She finds her son a baby-sitter (Black female), she takes him to the dentist (Black male), she keeps her appointment with his school principal (Black male). And then, besides, she is an exemplary nurse to a fun doctor (white male). This does not mean that Black males (forget about Black females) can only be dentists, not doctors. It's just that if you had a Black doctor too, you wouldn't find out that Julia gets on splendidly, in a perky, don't-knock-me-around way, with a white bossman. Bossman makes crude, cruel jokes at the expense of his frowsy old white nurse, but he respects Julia's good looks.

However, all this competence is pitiable. Julia needs a husband. Then she could stop being an exemplary nurse and have more babies. Downstairs, there's a kooky chummy happy white woman who's home all the livelong day and has a second baby —because she also has her husband the policeman. And everyone keeps fixing Julia up so she and Mrs. Downstairs can go to integrated seed together. Even the small boy, that engaging child, is busy week after obscene week finding men for his mother.

Well, at least the Virginia Slim people are happy that all women are free now to inhale carcinogens. And in the subways, signs say, Get Educated. And now it looks as though it's better for the boys to get educated with girls than without girls. O breathless season, when Yale shudders like a peacock on the verge of co-education! Such little comminglings can do no harm, as long as the girl knows when to quit. Her major in endocrinology is virginal, a trousseau in the head, a brief bright avocation. Even the precocity of girls proves, somehow, that they will fizzle out soon. They always score better on those college tests like coarse expletives, the PSAT and SAT. But no one's fooled. Look in again in ten years, department chairmen grunt, and see who's making X-ray photographs of DNA crystals. Rosalind Franklin, as a matter of fact, to James Watson's considerable, if grudging, benefit.

Curious, that girl children should hop about in this culture, long enough to do well even in high school. Perhaps it helps that in most schools women teach the early grades. Now in New York, though, boys avoiding the draft are joining up. One of them was surprised to find that he liked the work: "I thought it would be a desert filled with old ladies." In my children's school, pupils advanced only in the sixth grade, as in a puberty rite, to a man teacher. This sexual shift was intended to sober and steady them for the harsh demands of junior high. But that junior high proved to be courtly, in its fashion. It showed a grim gallantry the day Miss Boynton, who taught Social Studies, was knocked to the floor for some impertinence or other, by a boy in her class. All the bells rang, and men teachers came running from all directions. Nobody likes a desert filled with *dead* old ladies. And, who knows, it may become necessary to excuse women from teaching as from all kinds of work that involves their being unarmed in the presence of others. Then it will be true at last, and we will admit with chagrin, that the lab technicians and airline stewardesses and comparison shoppers have all been ridiculously over-educated.

For a few weeks more, though, American women seem merely underschooled. Schooling is any activity that is public, paid (or, better yet, well paid), and enterprising. In this sense of experience, women remain largely inexperienced. Indispensably so. *Good Housekeeping* promises all sellers these eclectic, impressionable creatures, waiting to be told to buy synthetic shrimps and French Provincial dryers. At the same time, every seller for himself needs a relief for himself, a privacy at the end of the blatant day. A wife. Half the society makes it possible for the other half to endure the society. So the economic separation, like the political, insures a balance of pains—the women are buried, the men are bruised.

Along with getting hurt comes blurring into each other. Men of public affairs affect a certain asexuality, a physical incredibility. Only President Kennedy has dared to be plausible, and even he fell back on Rusk and McNamara. The most shocking picture ever printed in an English newspaper was one of the Tory minister Quintin Hogg, rising from the sea. It was not his obesity, *all* that flesh. Any flesh at all was unnerving. To get or stay elected, politicians are born in two-piece suits. They get rumpled in the process, and so disarm the working-class vote. There are no beauty contests for secretaries of state, however bland and blinking their countenances, and Rudi Gernreich decided, on further thought, not to show his new patent-leather codpieces and see-through vests.

It's obvious who took up the slack in see-throughs. Along with privacy, women equal provocation. The universal round of everyone's provoking everyone else devolves into a national

scrutiny of women alone—that bloated business which allots large pores to the one sex and saliva to the other. Between contraception and inflation, all women may be tearing out to work soon in utterly opaque overalls, and yet still be seen exclusively in bikinis, stuffing cabbages in kitchens. And yet each will always be seen by herself, whatever her little task may be. In poem "No. 348," John Berryman calls Christine Keeler a whore, but he doesn't call anyone a whoremonger. Then who was Keeler with? Of course, she was with an abstraction, a *government.* What times we live in when "a whore can almost overthrow a government!" Savour the rotund sanctity of this word, as fat and fine as though there had never been governments that cried out for God-sent whores to overthrow them. Eva Braun should have had such power over her moustached Third Reich.

Usually, relegations to sex and home are made tolerable by flattery. Give her Arpège, but since she smells of Mr. Clean all day, also call her *homemaker* instead of *housewife.* Surround her with poisons labelled Zest, Pride, Joy, Jubilee, and Glory, and rejoice that she is uniquely qualified, by her delicate nature, to open bottles. And in time, some women catch this insistent euphoria and run fevers of loyalty to their hot trays and freezers. Betty Friedan can mind her own business, they write in letters to editors. Such as these jobs are, they are ours. What's thawed, we brown in the oven. What's spent, we squander. What's slept or sat in, we design.

But women don't. In all their courses except childbirth, they're at the bottom of the class. They teach little moral lessons, but the big ones are reserved for the male clergy. So vital is the distinction between these major and minor pieties that priests must not marry. Their sole sexual function is to argue about birth control. Women also buy adhesive bandages and dole out aspirin. But when the sick relative turns dark green, the lady of the house calls Dr. Henry F. Mead. Our sage of thyme and sesame seeds is Craig, not Clara, Claiborne. Our gauge of restaurants is the ascent from waitresses to waiters. My backyard backs onto the Culinary Institute of America, where fat boys in white pants learn to carve swans in ice; there are no girls in the CIA. Chefs are not girls. Girls are some cooks (the divine Child) and all supper-getters.

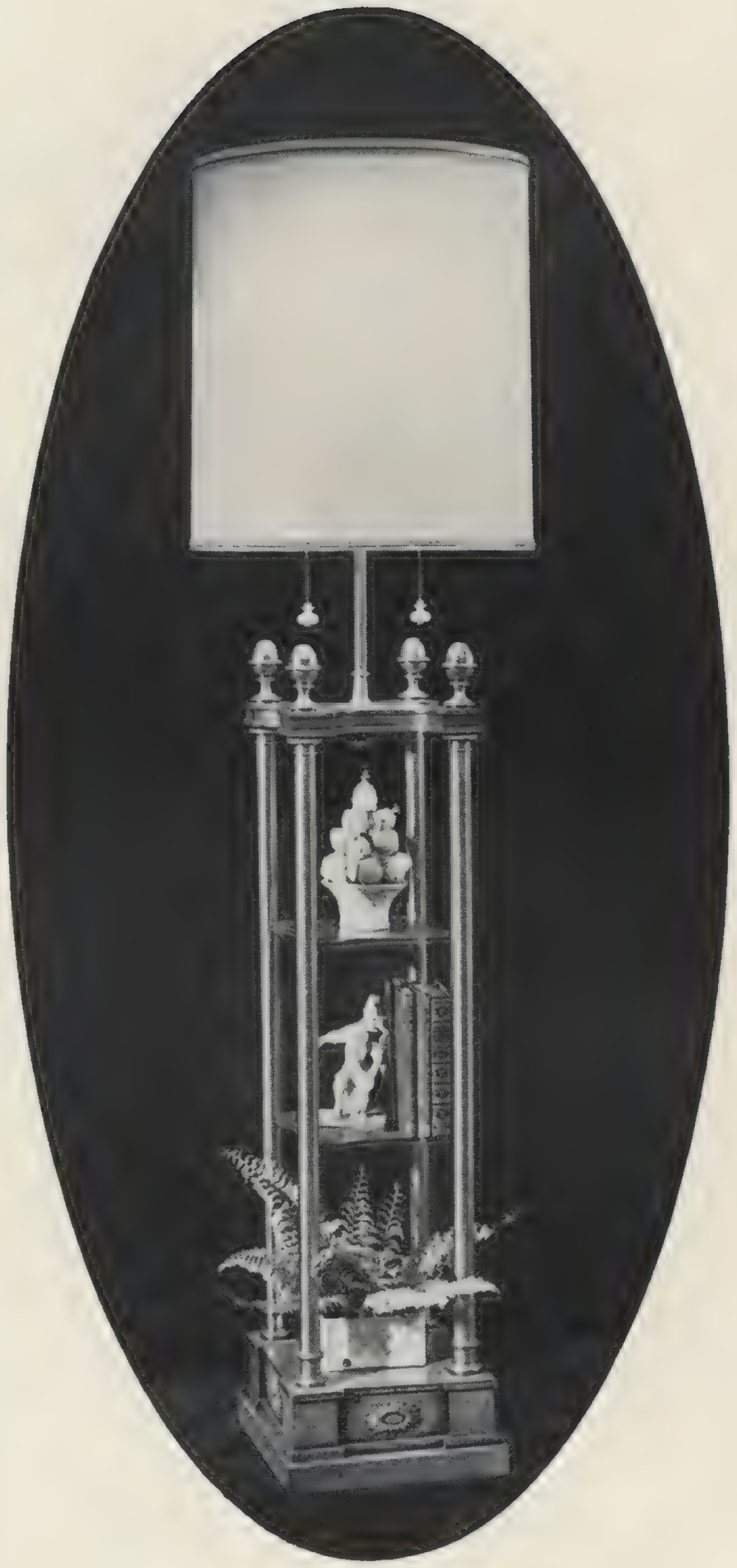
Alan Dugan has called the inevitable sequel of appetite, "the cartage, slops and increments of day." In the end, it is not their domestic or erogenous or amateur standing that impedes women so much as their identification with the consequences of others' spirited forays and plunges. For every messing about, however ingenious or exploratory, there must be a cleaning up. Women clean up. The Apollo 8 astronauts sent back appalling news, that up close the moon looked like "dirty sand." A flat-minded slander on an old beauty, but worse. Before women there loomed a whole new planet, like a huge round summer cottage, waiting to be swept.

Or consider just the secretary, just on Earth. The mind of the executive heaves and turns, thoughts form. The mouth opens, words come out. Unless they go into a telephone (and operators are women, too), some woman in the office must tend these words. Transfer them to paper, seal them in envelopes, send them down chutes. Typed and almost perfectly spelled, how the bromides sparkle! And the office is restored to its original silence, ready for the rugged executions of the next day.

So, too, in the bowels of university libraries, there are always wives like elves binding away for $4,500 a year. Why? Because if students are to devour knowledge, to tear at books like lamb chops, someone must paste them together again. But why for $4,500 a year? Because upstairs, the head of the library (*librarian* sounds too feminine, like stamping due dates) needs lots of money to bid on first editions of *Bleak House* and *The Song of the Shirt.*

The link between women and humble order is particularly clear in the hospital. The sur-

(Continued on page 247)

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## *American Women*

(Continued from page 178)

life. Every friendly hour has to be planned; there is no one there on whom one can count for unplanned and easy companionship. The over-emphasis on sex in the last decade and the fact that single women in large cities can have an active, if essentially precarious and unsatisfying, sex life has obscured much of this.

American women are faced with a world that is increasingly organized in couples rather than families or groups. Adolescents spend their time getting in and out of going steady; young people spend their time getting into, staying in, and getting out of marriages, where two will keep house and no intruders are welcome. And, in a world where a living must be earned where a living can be found, where professional and business people, and blue- and white-collar workers, all are expected to go wherever the work is, the earning power of one member of the couple is dependent on being able to move.

If the earning member is the man, and the woman simply expects to say, "Whither thou goest I will go," couples can be created and maintained with relative ease. The permanence of this relationship will depend on how they get on with each other, not on the circumstances and mobility of modern life. But if the woman is to have any kind of individuality of her own, if she cares about what she does when she works, before the children are born, after they go to school, after they leave home and leave her with twenty-five years on her hands, then the present mobile society presents grave difficulties. Moving where her husband's work takes him may take her away from the kind of work she wants to do—indeed usually does. If she is to remain part of the couple, she has to settle for being less than she might have been. And this is true of any other pair of adults who try to make a home today, two men, two women, related or unrelated. The career of one—unless they are partners in a common enterprise that will fold up or continue for both or neither, like a theatrical act or a television broadcast—always threatens the spatial continuity of their relationship.

So the modern woman faces the dilemma: to be a full person in her own right with all the rights and privileges we attach to that status, in which case her chances of staying as a comfortable member of a couple for long are poor, or to learn to prune and pare her personality, to make herself the less demanding, less individual member of a couple.

The various alternatives that are being tried and discussed today represent a continuing dialogue on the subject of whether, after all, it is not more trouble than it is worth—for everyone—to turn women into people. So we hear talk of marriages that will only last during the parental years, when both a man and a woman will make sacrifices of all sorts, he in the kind of work he accepts and she in the kind of part-time work she does, both in where they live and how they spend their time while they are engaged in the common venture of rearing children.

After the children are reared, there is a new set of alternatives: Will the marriage break up, and she turn to a career or to loneliness, he to a new marriage or, less often, to doing what he has always wanted to do? Are women's career lines to be treated as asymmetrical and complementary, she being the one who sacrifices most and adapts most, while he is getting a start—including getting the necessary higher education—and she waiting to come into her own in middle life? Can this be arranged so he really feels it is her turn, and out of a long shared child-rearing activity can they start a second stage in which he gets the breakfast and holds her hand when she takes an exam or is up for promotion? Or will men most of the time elect a second marriage where, again, it is the girl who adapts and the man who proposes and disposes?

Will we perhaps accept a different, more fluid relationship between men and women past the child-rearing period; husbands and wives who can be invited out without their spouses; half-years apart, other relationships that are not seen as competing with the ties based on shared parenthood? And the youngsters and those who egg them on by writing books like *The Harrad Experiment* are advocating various fluid arrangements in the early days when sex behaviour and relationships between boys and girls are being experimented with.

They talk of group marriages, of trios and quartets and they dance as individuals forming temporary combinations. As far as we know, group marriage has never worked as a social institution; the stability of the family demands more binding ties, even when it is a question of one husband and several wives or, less frequently, one wife and several husbands. And the simplest arrangement is that which flows from one man and one woman, rearing children, who must always be the biological offspring of a single pair.

If the mobility in search of jobs is reduced, as it may well be if we have the bulk of the population living in great metropolitan urban areas, rapid transit, and a guaranteed annual income that permits greater stability for the temporarily unemployed, then perhaps we may solve one of the principal difficulties that occur when one member of a couple has to move and the other must follow.

If we bring jobs and income stability to people and agree that children do best when they grow up in a neighbourhood where the surroundings and the people are familiar, then it may be possible for women to be both individuals, with past and future career interests of their own, and also the feminine partners in couples. Possible—if one other problem is solved, and that is homekeeping. This could also be solved by higher density, shared services, more group planning.

If a mother doesn't have to fear that her daughter's lot will be worse than her own, if a daughter doesn't have to look at her mother's lot and shudder, if both see the difficulties as temporary, then women's rôle is more bearable. Today, girls have little choice in the form of

their lives. They must marry, they must try to keep their husbands at least till the children are grown, they must be willing to adopt children and imitate parenthood if they are biologically denied it. They must dress and make up, smile and allure, cook and entertain, as the ads say they should. They must appear outside and inside the home as the men in charge of the design of the world say they should. And they must look as if they enjoy it, and echo the male belief that women today have enormous and threatening freedom.

But women have always had a greater capacity to feign satisfaction than have men. In times of change, men's refusal to put up with any more of whatever they feel they have had enough of is infinitely valuable. Thus we may see the long hair of boys today, the fine feathers, and the refusal to take part in a system that is seen as archaic. At the moment it gives females short shrift but at least they have been educated, they can participate in what is going on; a girl need no longer, as one small girl phrased it, "sit up in the tower waiting for her knight to come riding by. She can be right down there beside him fighting the dragons."

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## *In America*

(Continued from page 245)

geon operates, the resident takes out the stitches, the interne changes the bandage, the nurse brings the thermometer, the pain pills, the bedpan, the clean sheets, the cornmeal mush. The status of each attendant is strictly defined. The interplays of caste achieve an exotic, Indian complexity, but the game is without hope of startling advancements only for the nurse. Consequently, girls now are not eager to enter nursing schools. And those already in go out on strike. So nursing creates a financial crisis in an otherwise affluent field, and in *Sickness and Society* August Hollingshead and Raymond Duff address themselves to its solution. It is not so cynical of them as realistic to propose male nurses. Why not admit that work done by men, even if it is also done by women, means more and earns more than work done by women alone?

Male nurses, then, only suggest what we should have exploited long ago in the working world: the corrective force of masculinity. With some judicious shuffling about, all citizens might relieve themselves of inequities. The research chemist Mrs. Mohsen Esfandiary, who headed the United Nations Delegations Women's Club, has probably become a research chemist again. A man, say a Black man, now confined by the building unions to wheeling a wheelbarrow, could have taken over the United Nations work. (Actually, Mrs. John I. McK. Rhodes of the United Kingdom took over that job.) His appointment would change the women's club —and whatever they accomplish, women's clubs are dismissed as women's clubs—into a men's club. Meanwhile, some large strong housebound woman would emerge to fill the construction vacancy. Her husband, who has written commercials for Hawaiian Punch for seven years, would go home and pour it into Dixie cups instead.

Say the entire staff of the advertising agency were sent down this way for seven more years. Housekeeping would be entirely changed. Congress would pass, unanimously, laws forbidding more than two children to any one family. The American Federation of Homemakers would strike against detergent rashes and Sunday dinners. The government would subsidize leftovers and imprison encyclopaedia salesmen. Medals of Domestic Honour would be awarded annually, in April, in the Rose Garden. President Nixon would take the occasion to argue the superiority, not parity, of privacy to prestige, of selflessness to ambition, of aprons to antiballistic missiles. He would himself be flushed and somewhat dishevelled, fresh from an afternoon's spring cleaning of the East Room.


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## *Passionate Rebels*

(Continued from page 151)

a group of mothers, Grace included, disapproved. They made a fuss. Partially as a result of this fuss, the drills were discontinued.

And being consistent, she was one of a number of New Yorkers who made a fuss about civil-defense drills for the community at large. They dramatized their protest by refusing to take cover during one of the city's early civil-defense drills.

One thing led to another—and specifically to being one of the original members of the Greenwich Village Peace Center. Which led to everything else. "Once you start, you finish," goes another of Grace's simple sayings—simple unless you insist on living by it. The Center (originally a Quaker project that was soon taken over, as is every Village project, by the residents of that hyperactive community) had planned to concentrate on neighbourhood projects on anti-violence. "But," said Grace, "the war deflected us." It deflected them into co-operation with projects such as "The Angry Arts," a series of anti-war exhibits, marches, dances, plays, and readings by Villagers in the arts; and "Support in Action," a group of adults who support young men who resist the draft. In January, 1968, for instance, Support in Action drew up a statement of this support, signed by two hundred and fifty people, many of them well known. The number is remarkable because the signers are liable to Federal prosecution.

But Federal prison would be a step up in gracious confinement for Grace, who, in July, 1966, spent six days in one of New York City's worst dungeons, The House of Detention for Women. Her offense lay in being one of a group who briefly sat down in front of an Armed Forces Day Parade. Or, as Grace wrote in a *Village Voice* article, "for sitting down in the middle of Fifth Avenue for about three minutes among people, lilacs, and daisies in order to confront tanks, missiles, and people—a symbolic action meaning Man Can Stop War. . . ."

Writing of the experience, as well as of the contributing circumstances, she conceded: "I accepted these related injustices rather cheerfully because of the jail on Greenwich Avenue. I've used most of the neighbourhood facilities and services—the schools, the streets, the parks, the pool, the hospital; I had not until July 1 used our own jail."

But the whimsical compensations were far outweighed by the cold reality: "Even if it were less crowded there would not be room . . . for plain physical movement . . . the gates clang shut. It's hard to get paper to write on or pencils. If you do, it's all confiscated when you leave. You don't know how the family really is, and every trouble about young kids and old parents grows all night. . . ."

Why spend even one day like that? Why spend every afternoon that you're not teaching working in a dingy church basement which is the Peace Center headquarters, and then, every night you can spare, counselling young men considering draft resistance? Why "vigil" every Saturday, standing on Eighth Street handing out leaflets and often receiving abuse? This is the life of Grace Paley.

"What I fear most is that this war will end and other little wars will begin," she said. "It doesn't even have to come to a nuclear war—just people going on destroying themselves. There's no place left to run and hide. And even without war, the natural environment is practically destroyed. All those cars, that awful amount of steel and fuel and earth being ravished. . . . We have to get less rich."

She thinks things are not just bad; she thinks they're hopeless —which, paradoxically, is why she feels she has to act: "I just keep my head down and my flanks covered and keep working."

That describes the program for all of this breed—for the ghetto girl who elects to stay to try to unlock the door from the inside, for the middle-class girl who has taken on voluntary poverty for one per cent exhilaration, and for Grace Paley.

The motive for this kind of rebel against the inhuman condition seems to be rather like a variation on that business of the mountain. It's there, so they try to remove it.

# *HOT-DOG DIET THE ★★★ WAY*

When it comes to folkloristic food, what's more American than apple pie? . . . Easy question—it's hot dogs. They're the things that go better with ball games, a day at the races, picnics on the beach. Recently, since a famous American beauty has declared her attachment to the hot dog, it's taken on new cachet. What's more, if you'd look just that much better minus three to five pounds, this five-day hot-dog diet—the full range from chunky kosher frankfurters to some of the best wursts—will turn the trick. It was prepared by Mrs. Jean Gerrity, Co-director of New York's Kennedy Diet Center, formerly known as The Kennedy Clinic, where dieters report that the low-cal food is as good as—well, even hot dogs....Wines are optional; Mrs. Gerrity likes Soave or Valpolicella.

***First diet day***

BREAKFAST

Choice of black coffee, tea, or Sanka with non-nutritive sweetener

Choice of 6-oz. glass of tomato juice, ½ grapefruit, 8-oz. glass artificially sweetened cranberry juice or ½ small cantaloupe

Two Arti-Stix (may be bought in health food stores)

LUNCH

Four oz. Lite 'n Lively cottage cheese mixed with 1 fresh tomato, seeded and chopped; 1 cucumber, peeled and chopped; 3 or 4 small scallions, chopped; 1 heaping tablespoon of finely chopped green pepper. Mound on a few lettuce leaves and sprinkle with seasoning—salt, freshly-ground pepper, and a little minced parsley. Serve with 2 small Saltines.

1 serving of Louis Sherry "Shimmer" gelatin

Coffee, tea, et cetera, as for breakfast

DINNER

*Mini stuffed cabbage rolls—5 to each serving

2 Arti-Stix

Baked apple (core 1 large apple, fill cavity with liquid artificial sweetener to slightly overflowing, sprinkle with a dusting of nutmeg and ground mace, and bake)

Coffee, tea, et cetera, as for breakfast

1 small glass dry red or white wine (optional)

**Mini Stuffed Cabbage Rolls*

2 oz. Avorio rice (bought in health food stores)

1 tsp. freeze-dried chives

1 tsp. Spice Islands chicken-seasoned stock base

¼ tsp. each of ground ginger and ground nutmeg

2 scant tbsps. seedless white raisins, chopped

3 kosher hot dogs

1 small can tomato purée

2 tbsps. dry sherry

1 tbsp. chopped green pepper

2 tbsps. chopped onion

1 tsp. dried sweet basil

¼ tsp. dried rosemary

Dash each of Tabasco and artificial sweetener

¼ tsp. salt

1 small firm green cabbage (approx. 4¼" diameter)

Carefully remove 10 outer leaves from cabbage, drop in boiling water until just wilted, drain, reserving liquid, and set aside. Drop hot dogs into boiling water from which cabbage leaves have been removed, turn off heat, and allow to remain for 2 or 3 minutes; drain, and set aside. Using same liquid to which Spice Islands stock base has been added, cook rice as directed on package. When rice is dry and fluffy, mix with chives, ginger, nutmeg, raisins, and 1½ finely chopped hot dogs. Fill drained cabbage leaves with this mixture, fold—making sure sides are tucked in. Meanwhile, core and chop the rest of the cabbage and cook until very

(Continued on page 250)


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## *Hot-Dog Diet*

(Continued from page 249)

crisp (3 or 4 minutes) in the reserved liquid, drain, and place in bottom of heavy covered baking dish or covered casserole. Place cabbage rolls on top, seam down, pour over top tomato purée to which next 7 ingredients have been added. If mixture seems too thick, thin it with a little of the reserved liquid. Slice remaining 1½ hot dogs (¼-inch slices), place on top of cabbage rolls, cover, and put in 250-degree oven for 35 to 45 minutes.

Serves two. Approximate calories: 750, including wine.

### *Second diet day*

BREAKFAST

Same each day.

LUNCH

One open-face sandwich: Place on one thin slice of rye bread, lettuce, 1¼" centre slice of large ripe tomato, 1 slice liverwurst (3½" dia. x ⅛"), 1 paper-thin slice Bermuda onion; garnish top with 1 small ripe cherry tomato, sprinkle lightly with dill weed

Coffee, tea, et cetera, as first day

DINNER

*Hot-dog vegetable soup

1 small serving Vanilla Ice Milk

Wine (optional) and coffee, tea, et cetera, as first day

**Hot-dog Vegetable Soup*

6 kosher cocktail sausages

2 level tbsps. Maggi Spaetzle

1 tsp. Spice Islands beef-seasoned stock base

1 small zucchini

1 medium leek (white part only)

1 inside stalk celery with leaves

2 small white onions, peeled and quartered

1 head escarole

1 large ripe tomato

10 fresh or frozen Chinese peapods

1 clove garlic (optional)

Salt and freshly-ground pepper to taste

½ bay leaf

½ tsp. sweet basil

¼ tsp. oregano

1 tbsp. chopped fresh parsley

2 tbsps. dry sherry

Drop Spaetzle in boiling water to which Spice Islands stock base has been added; cook for about 7 or 8 minutes, then add onions, garlic, celery, and leek, which have been cut into thin slices. Turn heat down to simmer. Meanwhile, slice hot dogs lengthwise and brown on both sides, pour off fat, and add dogs to simmering stock. Add zucchini cut into ¼-inch slices. Discard outer leaves of escarole, wash and tear remainder into bite-size pieces. Chop tomato into small pieces. Add salt, pepper, and herbs to soup. Next add peapods two minutes before serving; tomatoes and escarole one minute before; add sherry, sprinkle with 2 teaspoons of grated Parmesan cheese, and serve. Vegetables should be crisp and bright in colour and entire cooking time should not exceed 20 minutes.

This makes two servings. Approximate calories: 700, including wine.

### *Third diet day*

BREAKFAST

Same each day.

LUNCH

One poached egg on 1 slice of Thomas protein toast, buttered with ½ pat of butter

Small lettuce and tomato salad, seasoned with salt, pepper, fresh lemon juice or wine vinegar, and dried salad herbs

Coffee, tea, et cetera, as for first day

DINNER

*Weisswurst and fruit Oriental

½ fresh pear served with 1 oz. Roquefort cheese

Wine (optional) and coffee, tea, et cetera, as other days

**Weisswurst and Fruit Oriental*

2 oz. Avorio rice

3 Weisswurst (or Bratwurst)

1 8-oz. can of dietetic fruit for salads

1 medium green pepper

½ medium Bermuda onion

1 tbsp. soy sauce

½ tsp. curry powder

1 tsp. ginger

1 fresh ripe tomato

1 clove garlic, crushed (optional)

¼ tsp. grated nutmeg

1 scant tbsp. arrowroot

Cook rice as directed on pack-

age, season with nutmeg. Slice Weisswurst in ¼-inch pieces, brown on both sides in hot pan. Turn heat down and sauté green pepper and onion (cut into 1" squares) for 2 minutes in fat which has accumulated from meat, along with garlic, if desired. Add can of fruit, chopped tomato, and remaining seasonings. Thicken with arrowroot as directed on jar. Do *not* overcook. Serve hot with rice and salad of watercress seasoned with tarragon-flavoured white wine vinegar.
Serves two. Approximate calories: 750, including wine.

### *Fourth diet day*

BREAKFAST

Same each day.

LUNCH

*Vegetable plate with hot-dog dressing
2 Arti-Stix
Coffee, tea, et cetera, as for breakfast

**Vegetable Plate with Hot-dog Dressing*
Cook only until crisp ½ cup cauliflower flowerets, ½ cup baby carrots, and 6 or 8 whole green beans in lightly salted boiling water; drain and chill in refrigerator. To serve: arrange on two or three leaves of romaine with ripe tomato cut into sections, and pour over all the following dressing:
Combine 1 tbsp. of olive oil with 3 tbsps. white wine vinegar, ½ tsp. Dijon mustard, 1 tbsp. fresh lemon juice, and salt and freshly-ground pepper to taste. Mix well and add 1 small finely chopped pimiento, 2 finely chopped cocktail-size hot dogs, and 1 tsp. chopped chives.

DINNER

*Hot dogs and cheese
1 serving of "Shimmer" gelatin
Wine (optional) and coffee, tea, et cetera, as other days

**Hot Dogs and Cheese*
Split 2 kosher hot dogs lengthwise, spread lightly with Dijon mustard, sprinkle each with 1 tbsp. grated Cheddar cheese, and broil until cheese is melted and bubbly.
Serve with 6 jumbo fresh asparagus spears cooked in a small amount of boiling water to which ½ teaspoon chicken-seasoned stock base has been added, and a salad made of two small, fresh-grated carrots mixed with 1 tbsp. low-calorie mayonnaise and ¼ tsp. freshly-ground pepper. Serve on lettuce leaf with sprinkle of chopped chives on top. Serves two.
Approximate calories: 800, including wine.

### *Fifth diet day*

BREAKFAST

Same each day.

LUNCH

*Hot-dog omelette
2 Arti-Stix
Coffee, tea, et cetera, as for breakfast

**Hot-dog Omelette*
Lightly beat 2 eggs with ¼ tsp. each of salt and white pepper, ½ tsp. each of freeze-dried chives and parsley, and 1 finely chopped cocktail-size hot dog. Cook in Teflon-lined pan to desired firmness.
Serve with small, fresh raw mushrooms-and-spinach salad, seasoned with herbed white wine vinegar, salt and pepper to taste.

DINNER

*Knockwurst and sauerkraut
1 serving fresh strawberries (10 large)
Wine (optional) and coffee, tea, et cetera, as other days

**Knockwurst and Sauerkraut*
Drain 1 lb. can of sauerkraut, rinse in cold water and place in heavy pot or casserole with following:
1 apple, cored and chopped (small)
1 onion, chopped
1 clove garlic, crushed (optional)
1 tsp. caraway seeds
1 saccharin tablet
½ cup dry white wine
½ cup tomato juice
¼ tsp. each sweet basil and rosemary
Place on top of sauerkraut 3 knockwurst cut into 1-inch pieces and simmer for an hour. Serve with 1 small, peeled boiled potato which has been rolled in finely minced fresh parsley, and 1 thick slice ripe tomato.
Serves two. Approximate calories: 750, including wine.


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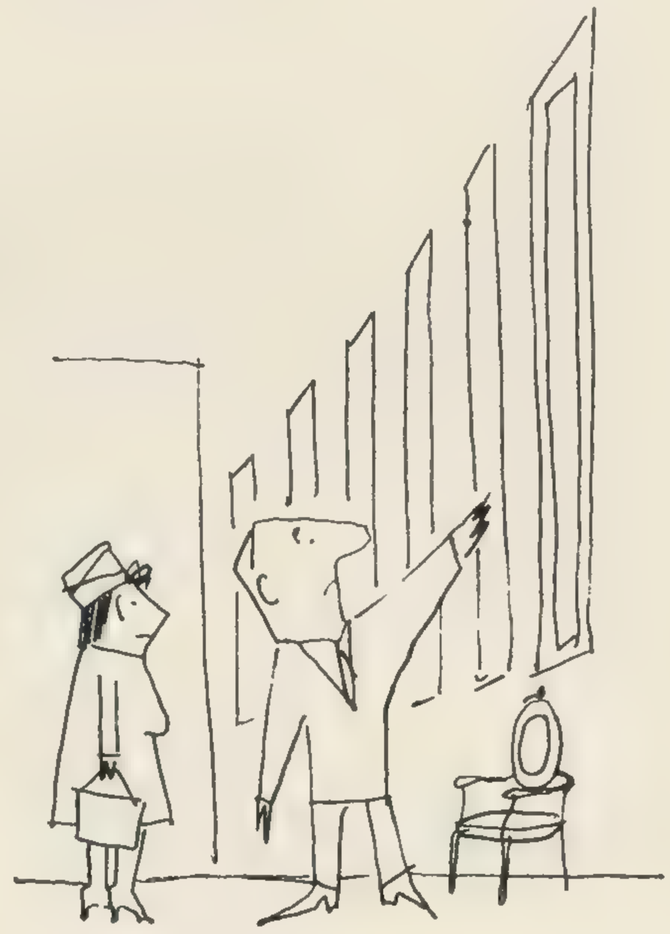




# *Puzzles to devil the mind*

## *By Ivan Morris*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *These brain-testers, requiring no special technical knowledge or advanced mathematical skill, come from the book* The Riverside Puzzles *by Professor Ivan Morris of Columbia University with illustrations by Sir Hugh Casson. This parcel of puzzles, ranging in difficulty from Brief Diversions to Hard Nuts to Herculeans, will be published this June by Walker & Company.*



(a) (Time: 1 minute) Pointing to one of the family portraits hanging in the gallery, he remarked, "Brother and sister have I none, but that man's father is my father's son." How is the speaker related to the person in the portrait?

(b) Some moments later he continued in a plaintive tone: "Daughter, cousin, wife, half-sister—they're all the same for this poor mister." How is this possible if there have been no divorces in the family? [BRIEF DIVERSION]

*(a) His father's son can only be himself. So he is in fact saying, "That man's father is I," in other words, "He is my son."*

*(b) A married her cousin B and gave birth to the speaker: After B's death A lived with the speaker and by him had a daughter, C, whom the speaker married after A's death (their son being the man in the portrait). The speaker is therefore C's father, second cousin, husband, and half-brother.*

(Time: 1 minute) There are 18 similar silver earrings and 18 similar gold earrings in a drawer. What is the minimum number of earrings that one must take out of the drawer (without looking) to make sure of having (a) one matching pair, (b) 9 pairs? [BRIEF DIVERSION]

*(a) 3 earrings, (b) 19 earrings. It is always one more than double the number of pairs needed.*




(Time: 30 seconds) Two Abyssinians enter a bar; one Abyssinian is the father of the other Abyssinian's son. How are they related? [BRIEF DIVERSION]

*Husband and wife. It would also work with Americans, but not with people who are, e.g., English or French.*

What have the following 6- and 7-letter words got in common apart from having 6 or 7 letters: tramps, craters, brandy, pirated, scampi, stores? What 8-letter word shares this property? [HARD NUT]

*Each of these words can be reduced to a one-letter word by removing the initial or terminal letters one by one in such a way that after each removal one is left with a full word, e.g., pirated—pirate—irate—rate—ate—at—a. Among 8-letter words with which this is possible are* gangers, swingers, chastens, stowing. *James Michie, Esq., has produced the following 9-letter word:* prelatess, *and Michael Knibbs, Esq., is responsible for* aspirated. *I know of no 10-letter word in this category.*



(Suggested by Samuel S. Walker, Jr.) A publisher, a bookseller, and a librarian meet to talk about their favourite books. To limit conversation they agree that, while each may speak in turn as often as he pleases, he will speak only half as long as the previous speaker. The publisher starts at 10 P.M. and speaks for exactly one hour. Why does the meeting end before midnight, and why is the publisher so unpopular? [BRIEF DIVERSION]

*It is mathematically impossible to continue until midnight in a sequence that will never reach 120 minutes: 60, 30, 15, 7.5, 3.75, 1.875, etc. The publisher (greedy rascal) speaks at least twice as long as the bookseller and at least four times as long as the librarian.*


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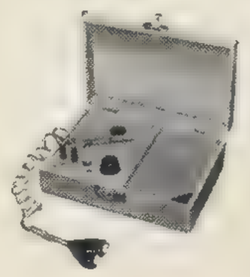
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## *Aromatherapy*

(Continued from page 198)

centa and embryo extracts into cosmetics, Popov has experimented with an impressive assortment of rejuvenation ideas. But rejuvenation's future, he believes, lies with aromatics—"especially stimulating and tranquillizing aromatics," he told McGrady. Popov has charted the properties of four hundred common aromatics, divided them into opposite categories: Fresh vs. Heavy, Erogenous vs. Anti-erogenous, Tranquillizer vs. Exaltant, Stimulant vs. Narcotic. Controlled clinical trials were held to estimate proper dosage, precise effects of each, alone and in combination with other aromatics and other rejuvenation therapy.

Of basic ways of applying aromatic mixtures (direct absorption into the body and inhalation are two), Popov is especially interested in the instant action of reflexotherapy. On this, McGrady quoted him in *The Youth Doctors*. "Reflexotherapy has to do with simply smelling the aromatics. Through action of certain extremities of the sympathetic nervous system they can have a direct effect on the brain. It is now being studied in the Paris Medical School. . . . They cured many illnesses, including certain cases of paralysis. They affected hormonal disturbances."

Popov feels aromatics could put people to sleep without the attendant side effects of ordinary medication. "I would use bergamot, for example; some neroli; geraniol; the whole group of roses. They can be given in a bath." To overcome frigidity in a woman, he proposes erogenous baths—might throw in sterax (an opium derivative), civet, musk, or jasmine. "Jasmine is used in all modern perfumes. It is highly erogenous. Both the man and the woman who smell it are aroused by it." . . . But Popov stressed to McGrady that, while many aromatics have easily predictable properties, each individual's needs differ. He, for instance, was at that point using eau de citronnelle for his heart. "But it would be bad for somebody else."

In the United States, aromatherapy is much more modest in its claims. (Uncle Sam's eye is quick to narrow, you know.)

Christine Valmy, the engaging Rumanian aesthetician whose salons are now pretty well scattered over the American map, is a fascinated advocate of aromatics for the skin. She has been working with Dr. Popov to introduce the active elements of aromatics into many of her products. Orange blossoms, roses, and willow have found their way into Valmy recipes as hydrating agents, hydration being generally agreed an important ingredient of young-looking skin. Mrs. Valmy feels that dehydrated complexions can be spectacularly improved with lotion sprays that contain azulene, a camomile extract.

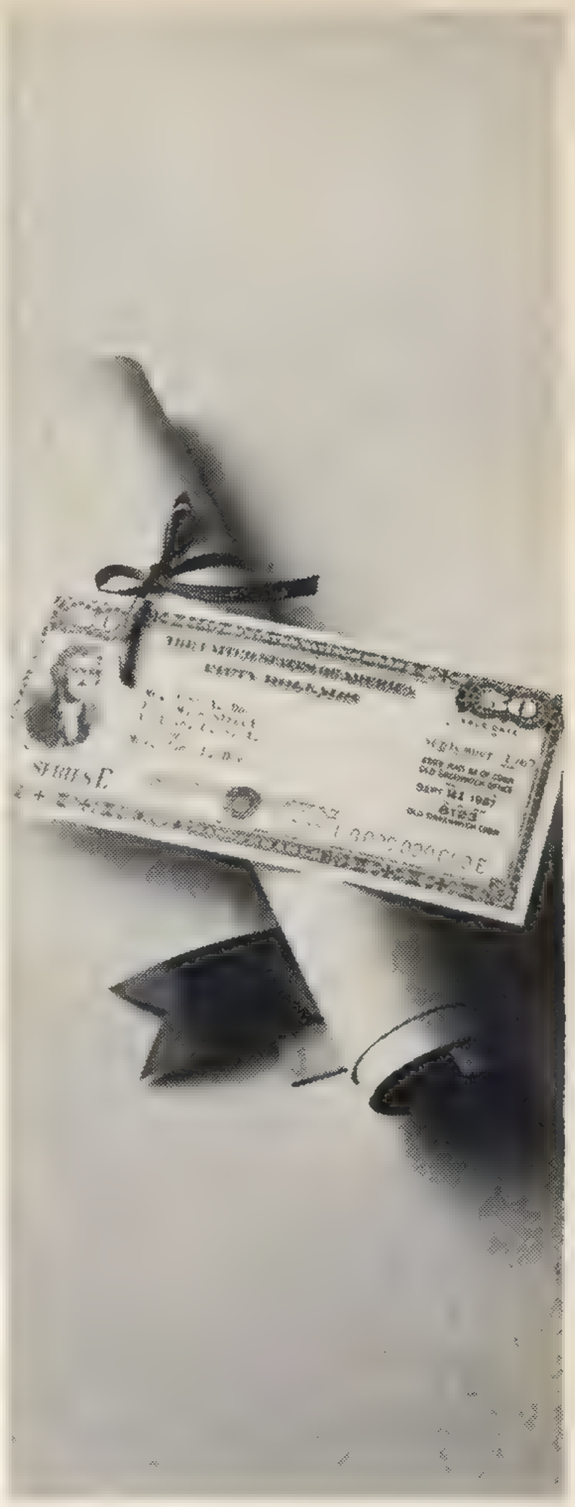
For problem skins that harbour the likes of acne, a Valmy ionized mist is said to quicken the skin-cleansing process by roughly fifty per cent due to the natural antiseptic values of the Australian tree aromatic and thyme in its construction. . . . More issue of the Valmy-Popov collaboration seems to be forthcoming shortly.

At certain luxe spas, there are meditation rooms redolent with an exotic aura. The aromatic "vapour room" at California's luscious Golden Door retreat is, by admission of a descriptive brochure, "a blissful place where you smell fragrant herbs, chat dreamily or sit with eyes half-closed, while you effortlessly shed weight and your skin takes on the texture of rich silk velvet."

Edmond Bordeaux Szekely, an ardent exponent of "psychophysiological fragrance therapy," deems it high time to bring the until-now lost case of fragrances to the surface. "The fragrance sense, deeply enmeshed in glandular functions, is the most primaeval and primordial of all senses, possessing tremendous impact on the sexual functions of animals and man."

In his *The Golden Door Book of Beauty and Health*, Szekely wrote that the spa's vapour room owes quite a lot to the *temezcal*, a small room of adobe or stone built adjacent to

(Continued on page 257)

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## *Jane Jacobs*

(Continued from page 180)

causing a near riot. It was her first arrest. "I resent, to tell you the truth," she said, "the time I've had to spend on these civic battles. The new book was begun two years later than it should have been because of that expressway and the urban renewal fight in New York's West Village. It's a terrible imposition when the city threatens its citizens in such a way that they can't finish their work. Why, I know artists who aren't getting their pictures painted because of an expressway, poets who aren't getting their poems done. . . ."

Work is what interests Jane Jacobs, how it develops—spin-offs, breakaways, a centrifugal flow from that "great, confused economic laboratory" (the City) to suburbia and the rural districts beyond. Yes, even new agricultural work is a product of city experimentation. "People talk about attracting commerce and industry," scoffed Jacobs, "as if industry were some block in the sky that lets down pieces."

Her own work, her writing, is done at home. Jane Jacobs writes at a desk in a corner of her bedroom from 9:30 in the morning to four in the afternoon. "If the chores aren't done by 9:30," she said imperturbably, "they remain undone. The beds, the marketing, whatever." Her children, Jim, Ned, and Mary, were trained early that mother does not take any telephone calls during work hours. The children learned the lesson well. Once Mayor Lindsay himself called. Her daughter Mary, now fourteen, knew how to handle him. "My mother will not be available for conversation before 4 P.M.," the girl told the startled Mayor. Lindsay called back when Jacobs was "available," asking, "How does one get past your secretary, Mrs. Jacobs?"

Queen Jane. She is instantly the centre of attention in any room she enters, not for her celebrity but for her conversation. Her voice rises and falls, her gestures are exuberant and full. To know Jane Jacobs is to know a genuine raconteur, a spinner of stories which often turn on the teller and show Mrs. Jacobs in an amusing Jacobsian predicament of her own making. Like the time she was summoned to a White House luncheon presided over by Mrs. Lyndon Johnson. Mrs. Carpenter, Mrs. Johnson's press secretary and a model of efficiency, rang up to say that Mrs. Johnson would really appreciate, honey, a nice, nine-minute talk on beautification.

"I wanted to talk sense to those women," she said, "not a lot of inspirational stuff about tulips. Beautification is a superficial, cosmetic idea. If things aren't functioning right in people's lives, you don't get anywhere by making the wrong, unworkable things look pretty." Mrs. Jacobs made her feelings known to Mrs. Carpenter. She would be glad to talk for nine minutes, but not on Beautification. She *could* talk, however, on *amenities*—how a government should deal with its people and leave them with a feeling that they weren't being kicked around. Or she didn't have to talk at all. Mrs. Jacobs spoke on amenities.

Anti-ideological Jane. The new book takes equal swipes at Adam Smith (*Wealth of Nations* Smith) and Karl Marx. "Ideology is narrowing and limiting," she said. "Cities are not chaotic. They have an order of economic development, but they work without ideology. Ideology only prevents us from seeing the order."

Mrs. Jacobs is a puzzle-solver, jigsaws, crosswords, Double-Crostics, and cities. "I like puzzles," she said. "My recreation is a hunger for using my head that way." She is also a traditionalist. Easter baskets, all the Thanksgiving things, homemade cookies with hard-to-find black walnuts, a Christmas ham hung in the house each summer the way a Christmas ham should be hung: "It gives me a sense of security."

Jane Jacobs of Greenwich Village now lives in Toronto, Canada. The Jacobs family moved to Canada last winter, bag and baggage, when Jane's

(Continued on page 257)

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# *ON PROCEEDING M.A.*

## *By T. S. Matthews*

When I took my Bachelor's degree at Oxford, I wasn't there. My absence cost me a fee of five pounds to the University; I also had to pay a pound to my college porter for carrying (theoretically) my gown (nonexistent) from the porter's lodge to the Sheldonian Theatre. Later, a thoughtful friend sent me a clipping from the London *Times*, a paragraph of names in very small type, mine among them. That was how I knew I had taken my degree.

To get a Bachelor's degree at Oxford you have to do a certain amount of work; but once you've got it you can "proceed M.A." without doing another lick. If you are going to be a teacher or a parson, it is generally thought that "M.A. Oxon." may add a little something to your getup; otherwise you don't bother. At least, that's the way it used to be. Now, all is changed, changed utterly: The election of Oxford's poetry professor has become an international sporting event, and the M.A.'s of Oxford are the only sportsmen allowed in the enclosure. Nobody else can vote in this contest.

So, when a friend of mine asked me how I was going to vote, and I said I couldn't because I wasn't an M.A., he told me that all I had to do was write to my college and tell them I wanted to be. I could hardly believe that it was as simple as that, but I did write, rather guardedly, and got a brisk reply: The next degree days would be on such and such dates, the fee would be seven pounds, two shillings, and would I be staying to lunch with the Dean of Arts?

I picked my degree day, accepted the invitation to lunch, and inquired about the proper dress for the occasion. "Academic dress" was the answer, and in case I had forgotten what that was, it was spelled out for me: subfusc suit, white tie, white shirt, black shoes, dark socks; the head porter would supply me with the requisite gowns and hoods. Subfusc! The very word is like the slam of an Oxford college door. Just to be sure, I looked it up: "dark and dull; dingy, drab."

The day came. I presented myself at my old college. The porter, having glanced noncommittally at my subfusc suit, helped me into my gown, handed me a mortarboard and directed me to the assembly point. I was a little dashed to find myself the oldest man there. A young whippersnapper who was taking his doctor's degree was the only candidate, however, who outranked me; as the lone M.A., I took precedence over the mere Bachelors. Our little procession set off up New College Lane. It was a seasonable November day but not raining very hard.

Each of us had in our hands a leaflet, beautifully printed by the Oxford University Press, which set forth the degree ceremony, admitting its oddities but pointing out that all this flummery was nothing like as complicated and lengthy as it used to be. Oxford makes quite a fuss about its own degrees but has never taken much stock in degrees from other places.

As an undergraduate I was accepted, without examination, as a "senior foreign student"—not because of my American degree but because I had been in residence at an American university which was not unfavourably regarded by Oxford's rulers, the Hebdomadal Council. (At the same time, as a barbarian I was required to fork out fifty pounds "caution money"—insurance against such likely overseas behaviour as chipping off a bit of the chapel as a souvenir—a surety which was duly returned to me at the end of my two innocuous years.)

Now, as the Oxford bells began their long-drawn-out tintinnabulation, not so much declaring as arguing over the hour of noon, the Vice-Chancellor and his henchmen entered, in full panoply, and preceded by a bedel (pronounced b'*del, not beadle*) carrying a mace. We all stood up, and as they reached their throne-like seats, we bowed. They bowed back. The Registrar then stood up and told the Vice-Chancellor (in Latin) that we were all eminently qualified to receive our degrees. The Junior Proctor adjured us to observe "the statutes, privileges, customs, and liberties of this University," and to swear that we would so do. We swore it: *Do fidem*.

The Proctors then marched the length of the hall and back, between our facing ranks. "The picturesque theory that a dissatisfied tradesman has the right to 'pluck' the Proctor's gown (to tell him that one of the candidates owes him money) has no historical justification."

The rest of it was rather like a confirmation service, with the Vice-Chancellor as Bishop. Shepherded by our Deans, we advanced to the throne, knelt, felt a gentle pressure on the head from the New Testament in the Vice-Chancellor's hands, and received a Latin blessing. We got up and went out to a neighbouring building, where our college porters awaited us. Mine shifted me out of my Bachelor's outfit and into my Master's. As we paraded back into the Sheldonian, to my surprise, we were greeted by a hearty round of applause. All we had done—and that with the help of the porters—was to change our clothes.

Totting it all up, including the purchase of a white tie, which cost ten shillings, sixpence and was the only thing I actually bought, thirty shillings to the college porter for the hire of hoods and gowns, and an estimated ten shillings for the drive to Oxford and back, the whole thing came to nine pounds, twelve shillings and sixpence (about $28). For that modest expenditure, not only can I vote for the next Professor of Poetry but also I am licensed "to lecture, to dispute, and to do all the other things that pertain to the rank of Master." I call it a bargain.

## *Jane Jacobs*

(Continued from page 255)

husband, Robert, a hospital architect, was commissioned to design a Toronto hospital. The famous house on New York's Hudson Street, inspiration for many provocative points in *Death and Life*, has a new set of occupants.

Jane Jacobs will be back, because Jane is New York, too much a part of the cityscape to stay away. The doctor's daughter from Scranton, Pennsylvania, who skipped college to come to the city and write. "We know less about cities than we know about what's going on in the sun," she said.

BY SUSAN BROWNMILLER

## *Aromatherapy*

(Continued from page 254)

temples of the Toltecs and the Aztecs. There flowers and herbs floated in ponds of hot water and stones. The hot, scented air was thought to have a salutary effect on circulation and metabolism. Early Hindu vapour rooms, too, were looked upon as a place to soften skin and induce a desirable frame of mind, the fragrance created by oils and herbs poured into pots of boiling water.

At The Golden Door, the flavour of the vapour room gets changed daily. Eucalyptus leaves one day, elderberry flowers the next, et cetera, to stimulate various senses, various parts of the body. Lemon grass to make hair lustrous, camomile to brighten eyes. "None of their therapeutic qualities are medically proven," said Deborah Szekely, the spa's founder and director. "But, as part of our heritage of ancient lore, they're interesting—and enormously pleasant. And the penetrating quality of aromatic vapours is high."

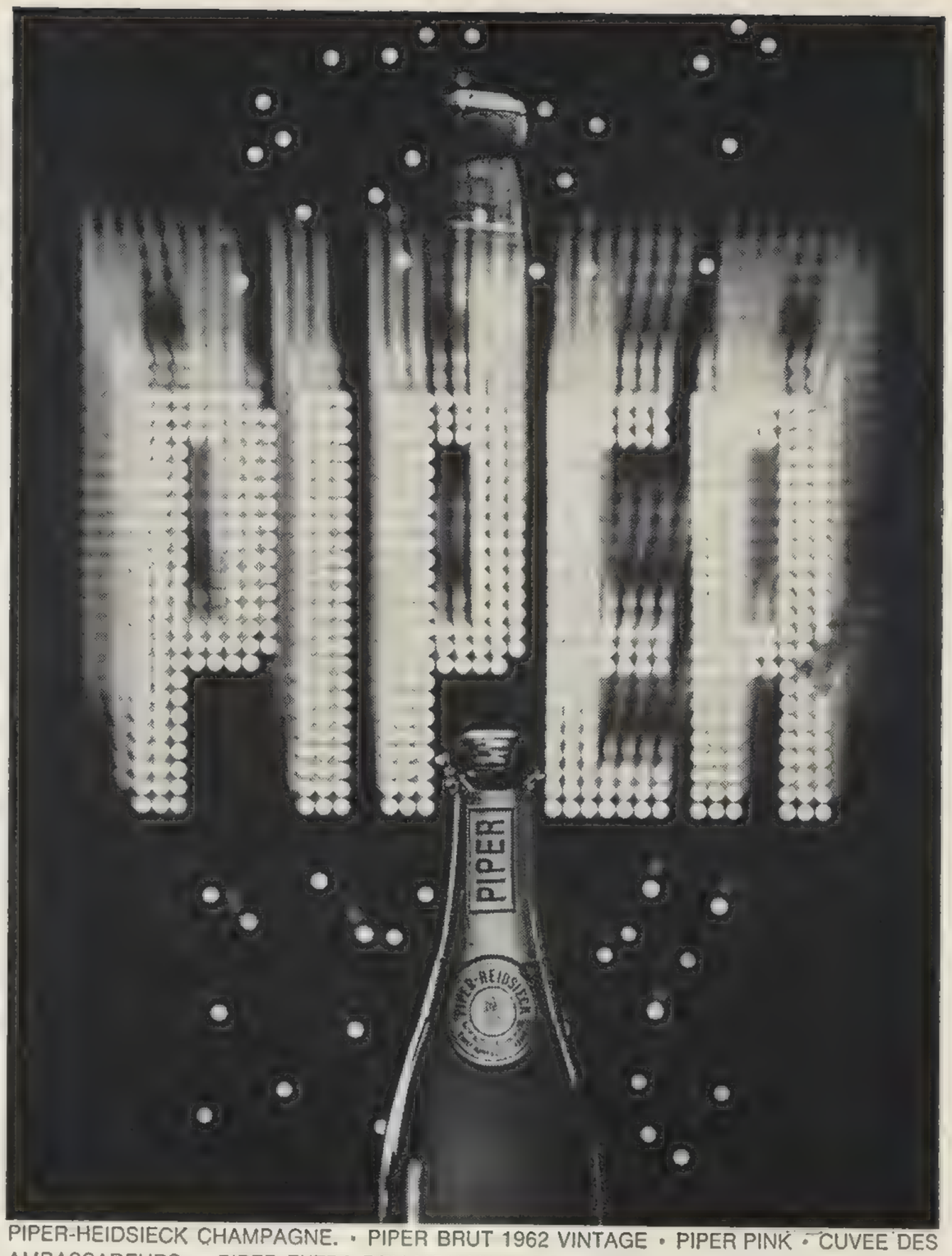
The Golden Door grows its own herbs and flowers for the vapour room. (Mrs. Szekely pointed out that one can have a rather do-it-yourself vapour room in one's own bathroom, or any other small closed space, with an electric frying pan. "Mix a little oil such as coconut with water, drop in fresh flower petals and herbs, and let simmer." A plug-in vapourizer is an alternate method.)

At Anne-Marie Bennstrom's delightful Los Angeles spa, The Sanctuary, a psychedelic room coordinates special fragrances (usually jasmine in oil "for relaxation") with music and kaleidoscopic lights. "We live in an ocean of senses," said the glorious Miss Bennstrom, who feels there is much yet to be sensed about aromatherapy. "Visual, auditory, tactile senses, not to mention taste buds. But the olfactory sense has been lagging behind all these years. We don't use it as a source for anything. Certain fragrances stimulate the thyroid gland. Aphrodisiac aromatics stimulate the gonads. Other scents send messages to the pituitary gland. Some scents even put people in a more generous mood, as witness the perfumed shops where the most money gets spent."

Miss Bennstrom has, in the planning stage, a small "machine" that apparently involves heat and essences that you can choose from at will to induce the mood you seek. "Fragrance taps the thing which is most important to the psyche: the endocrine system. It's the control system of the body."

How does her machine work? "If you've had a bad business conversation and you want to relax, for instance, you turn on the jasmine."

Unfortunately, a good conversation was interrupted right there. And we failed to get the formula for certain other moods we might conceivably want to turn on some rainy day. . . .




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## *Social climbing*

(Continued from page 191)

phere of cultivated clutter and, as soon as the decorator is out of earshot, claim to have done it all themselves.

10. When you entertain, serve good food. Remember that not just women but men too have a say in which invitations are accepted and which are not. His wife may call you "that silly little climber," but if he knows that you will reward him with a spectacular meal at your table, they will more than likely both show up. (Superb food is, after all, available in only a handful of restaurants and clubs in the world.) In most cities, the most fashionable night to entertain is Monday. Next comes Thursday. No one knows why. Friday and Saturday nights are for entertaining in the country. Sunday is for cocktail parties. Think twice before giving a cocktail party.

Go to charity balls selectively—favouring only the best ones, that is, those for the best charities. Go to those by making up a big table which, being a climber, you'll want to be ringside, up front. Go, and don't be too surprised if you spot, at the ringside table next to yours, the old Kew Gardens crowd. After all, it's a fact of life that social climbers meet mostly other social climbers. Where, then, are real society, the Old Guard, the founding families of our cities, the great names to conjure with? Well, most of them have moved out of town—to Arizona, to a ranch in Wyoming, to Hobe Sound, or just to Manhasset. They've tired of the sort of thing you're having so much fun doing, and you'd find them very boring. What's more, now that you've been climbing, and have made it up so far, you've undergone certain important changes. Social climbing is supposed to be self-improving, and the new you is much more snappy than the old. And take another look at the old Kew Gardens crowd. They're not so tacky, after all.

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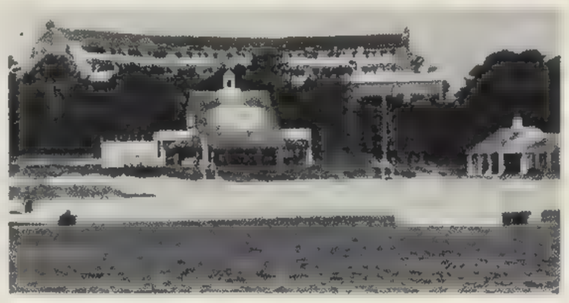
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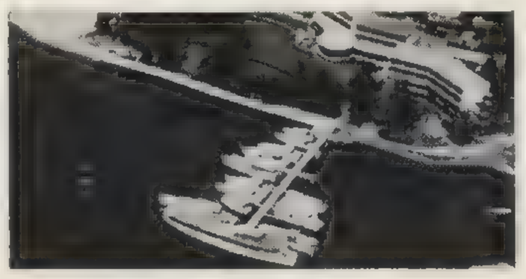
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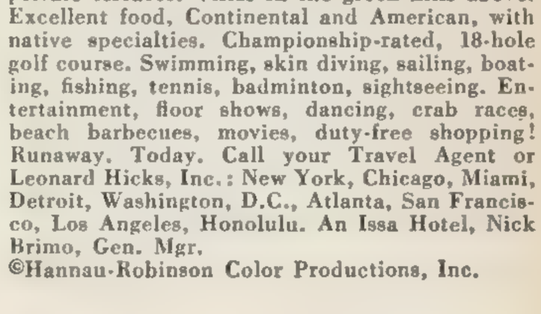
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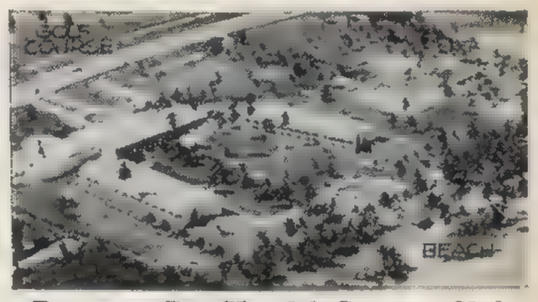


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# *WHERE I LIVE*

## *By Ilse Aichinger*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Ilse Aichinger, a leading German writer born in Vienna in 1921, is now a member of Gruppe 47 and the wife of the German author Gunter Eich. She aroused considerable enthusiasm with her first two books, one a novel,* Herod's Children, *and the other a group of short stories,* The Bound Man, *that includes an extraordinarily imaginative account of a life lived backwards from graveside to womb. Her translator, Alisa Weinreich, has won two Avery Hopwood Awards in Creative Writing at the University of Michigan.*

Since yesterday I've been living one floor lower down. I don't want to say it out loud, but I am living lower. I don't want to say it out loud, because I did not move. Last night I came home from the concert, as usual on Saturday evening, and I went up the stairs, having first unlocked the door and pressed the light switch. I went up the stairs with no misgivings—the elevator has been out of commission since the war—and when I arrived on the third floor I thought, "I wish I were already there!" and I leaned for a moment against the wall next to the elevator door. Usually a kind of exhaustion comes over me on the third floor which sometimes goes so far that I think I must already have walked up four flights. But this time I didn't think that. I knew there was one more floor above me. So I opened my eyes again to walk up the last flight, and in that moment I saw my nameplate on the door to the left of the elevator. Had I made a mistake after all and gone up four flights already? I wanted to look at the sign that gives the floor number, but just then the light went out.

Since the light switch is on the other side of the floor, I went the two steps up to my door in the dark and unlocked it. Up to my door? But whose door would it be, if my name were on it? I must already have gone up four flights after all.

And indeed, the door opened immediately without resistance, I found the light switch and stood in the lit-up vestibule, in my vestibule, and everything was as usual: the red wallpaper that I've long since wanted to replace, the bench pushed up against it, and, on the left, the hallway to the kitchen. Everything was as usual. The bread I hadn't eaten for supper was still lying in the kitchen, in the bread box. Everything was unchanged. I cut a piece of bread and began to eat, but I remembered suddenly that I hadn't closed the door out to the corridor when I came in, and I went back to the vestibule to close it.

Then, by the light falling from the vestibule onto the corridor, I saw the sign that designates the floor number. It said: Third Floor. I ran out, pressed the light switch, and read it once again. Then I read the nameplates on the other doors. They were the names of the people who up to now had lived below me. I wanted to go up the stairs to find out who lived next to the people who had until then lived next to me, to find out whether the doctor, who had up to then lived below me, now lived above me, but suddenly I felt so weak that I had to go to bed.

Since then I've been lying awake and thinking about what is going to happen tomorrow. I'm still tempted, from time to time, to get up and to go upstairs, and to find out for sure. But I feel too weak, and it is also possible that someone up there might wake up from the light in the corridor and come out and ask me: "What are you doing here?" And I am so afraid of this question, asked by a previous neighbour, that I remain in bed, even though I know that

(Continued on page 263)


I like to be dainty, too



Oh, I don't wear long dresses and carry parasols all the time. That's a very tiny part of being a girl. But it's nice to feel really feminine and dainty sometimes.

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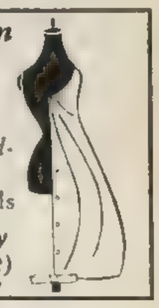
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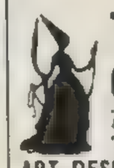


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## *Where I Live*

(Continued from page 259)

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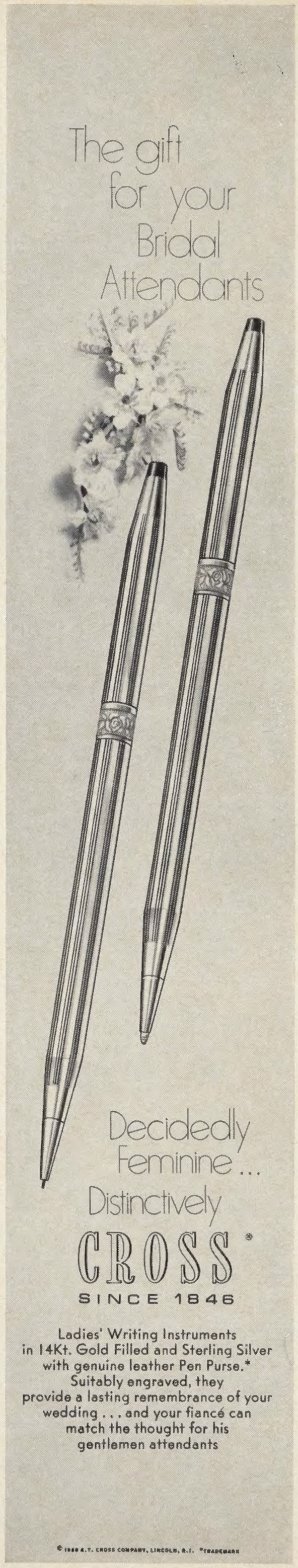
Next door I can hear the breathing of the student who lives with me; he is a student of marine engineering and he breathes deeply and regularly. He has no inkling of what happened. He has no inkling, and I am lying here awake. I ask myself whether I will ask him tomorrow. He doesn't go out much and was probably at home while I was at the concert. He would have to know. Maybe I'll also ask the cleaning woman.

No. I won't do it. How could I ask anyone who doesn't ask me? How could I go up to him and say, "Do you happen to know whether I wasn't still living one flight higher up yesterday?" And what is he supposed to answer to that? My hope remains that someone will ask me, that someone will ask me tomorrow, "Excuse me, but weren't you still living one storey higher up yesterday?" But the way I know my cleaning woman, she won't ask. Or one of my former neighbours: "Weren't you still living next to us yesterday?" Or one of my new neighbours. But the way I know them, none of them will ask. And then I'll have no choice but to act as though I had lived one floor lower all my life.

I ask myself, what would have happened if I hadn't gone to the concert? But from today that question has become as idle as all other questions. I will try to go to sleep.

I am now living in the cellar. It has the advantage that my cleaning woman no longer has to go downstairs for coal, we have it in the next room, and she seems quite pleased with that. I suspect her of not asking because she likes it better this way. She never took housecleaning too seriously; especially not here. It would be silly to demand of her that she wipe the coal dust off the furniture every hour. She is content, I can tell by looking at her. And the student runs whis-

(Continued on page 264)



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## *Where I Live*

(Continued from page 263)

tling up the stairs every day and returns in the evening. At night I hear him breathing deeply and regularly. I wish some day he would bring a girl along who would find it strange that he is living in the cellar, but he's not going to bring any girl.

And no one else is asking either. The coal men, who deposit their loads with a noisy clatter right and left into the cellar, tip their caps and greet me when I meet them on the stairs. Often they put down their sacks and stop till I have passed them. The superintendent also greets me in a friendly way when he sees me before I go out the door. I thought for a moment at first that he greeted me in a friendlier way than before, but that was an illusion. Some things appear friendlier when you are climbing up out of the cellar.

On the street I stop and clean my coat of coal dust, but there is only a small amount clinging to it. Also it is my winter coat, and that is dark. On the streetcar I am surprised that the conductor treats me like the rest of the passengers, and that no one backs away from me. I ask myself how it will be when I'll be living in the sewer. Because I am slowly getting used to that idea.

Since I've been living in the cellar I am going to concerts again on some evenings. Mostly on Saturday, but also, at times, during the week. After all, my not going didn't prevent my being in the cellar one day. Now I sometimes wonder at my self-reproaches, at all the things with which I originally tried to connect this descent. At first I used to think, "If only I hadn't gone to the concert, or across the street for a glass of wine." Now I no longer think that. Since I'm in the cellar, I'm quite reassured, and I go for wine as soon as I have a yen for it. It would be senseless to be afraid of the mists in the sewer, because then I would have to start being afraid of the fire in the interior of the earth as well—there is too much of which I would have to be afraid. And even if I stayed at home and never took another step onto the street, I'd be in the sewer one day.

I only ask myself what my cleaning woman will say to that. It would relieve her from having to air the rooms, at any rate. And the student would climb in and out through the manholes, whistling. I also ask myself how it will be then with the concerts and with the glass of wine. And if the student should decide then to bring a girl along? I ask myself whether my rooms will still be the same, even in the sewer. So far they have been, but the house stops at the sewer. And I can't imagine that the arrangement of room and kitchen and sitting room and the student's room goes on into the interior of the earth. But so far everything is unchanged. The red wall covering and the chest in front of it, the hallway to the kitchen, every picture on the wall, the old club chairs and the book shelves—every book on them. And the bread box and the curtains at the windows.

The windows, of course, the windows are changed. But at this time I am usually in the kitchen, and the kitchen window always opened onto the corridor. It was always barred. I have no reason to go to the superintendent about that, and still less to go because of the changed view. He could tell me, and rightly so, that a view does not belong to the apartment, that the rent has to do with the size but not with the view. He could tell me that my view is my own affair.

And I'm not going to go to him, I'm happy as long as he is friendly. The only objection I could raise might be that the windows are smaller by half. But then he might reply that in the cellar it's not possible any other way. And I wouldn't know any answer to that. I couldn't say, after all, that I wasn't used to it, because a short time ago I still lived on the fourth floor. Then I would have had already to have complained on the third floor. Now it is too late.

TRANSLATED BY ALISA WEINREICH




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